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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST SEPTEMBER 5 · 1964 25c

## LITERARY TESTAMENT OF WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

## GOOD-BYE, BURMA-SHAVE

## LIVING UNDER THE SEA

Sealab diver
at 32 fathoms

## THE UNTOLD STORY OF THE MISSISSIPPI MURDERS By William Bradford Huie

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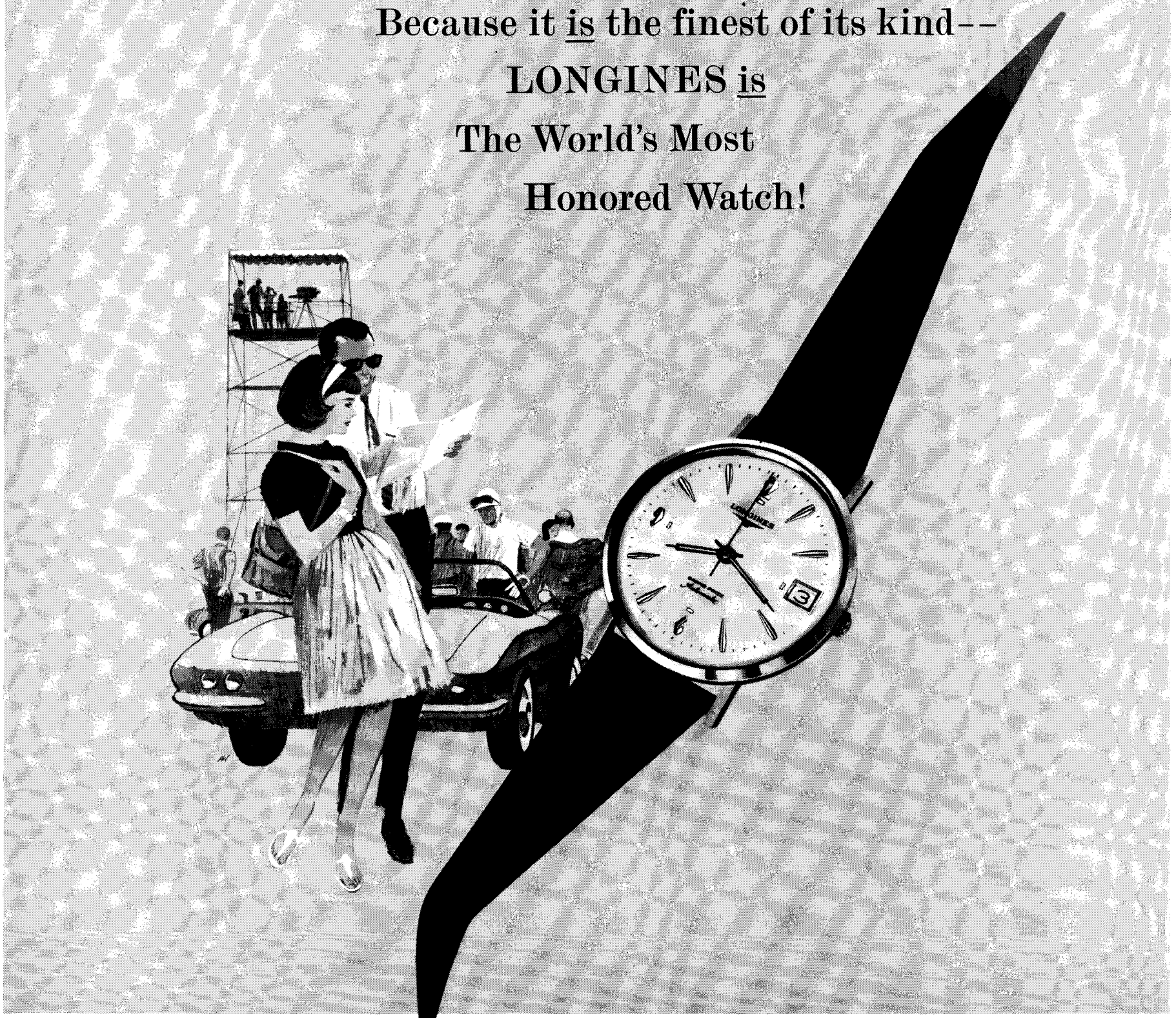

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# POST

SEPTEMBER 5, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 30

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After weeks of searching for three missing civil-rights workers in Mississippi, FBI agents placed a $25,000 bribe in the hands of some unknown informer who steered them to the earthen dam where the three youths were buried. Who was the man who risked his life for the money? Who are the murderers? William Bradford Huie, the reporter who broke open the Emmett Till case, combed the area of the crime and now reveals, as nearly as the law allows, the answers that he found.

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**The authors.** Published in 10 languages as author of *The Execution of Private Slovik,* **William Bradford Huie** has lately specialized in journalism relating to the civil-rights crisis. . . . **Vernon Scott** is the Hollywood correspondent for United Press International. . . . Of his last book, excerpted in this issue, **Whittaker Chambers** wrote in his notes that he hoped it would serve his son, just drafted, as "a little dagger that might help him to cut his way among the enemies and perplexities of life." . . . Researching *Project Sealab,* **James Atwater** and **Roger Vaughan,** both *Post* staffers, lived on a Navy barge and swam through waters full of barracuda to the Texas tower from which the deep dives were made. . . . Still remembered as one of the most entertaining movie critics ever to function in New York, **William Zinsser** is now an equally entertaining observer of off-screen life. . . . Contributing writer **Trevor Armbrister** is a frequent traveler to Latin America for *The Post.* . . . Author of *Horses and their Bosses,* **Bill Ballantine's** specialty is chronicling men of action. . . . A young bachelor Yaleman, *Post* writer **Lewis Lapham** is a handy man to have on a guest list even at a party as out of the way as the one he reports in Wichita.

**The cover** photograph of Navy cameraman Bernie Campoli was taken from a porthole 200 feet down by Robert Barth, one of the Sealab aquanauts.

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# LETTERS

## Red China on the map

Amid the emotional outpourings that have passed for discussion of U.S. policy toward China, it is encouraging to see this cool, reasonable analysis of the facts [LET'S OPEN THE DOOR TO CHINA, July 25–August 1].

RICHARD R. WOOD
*Riverton, N.J.*

• Has Clare Boothe Luce asked the Indian soldier on the Tibetan frontier, watching Chinese soldiers in trenches dug in Indian soil, how much good trying to "open the door to China" did India?

JOHN THINESEN
*Minot, N. Dak.*

• Your editorial is amazing. Since when has it been a Christian's duty to commit suicide?

B. A. HAWLEY
*Charlotte, N.C.*

• Communism is not the fundamental issue between China and the United States. We are engaged in a *nationalistic* power struggle in Asia. Even if Chiang Kai-shek were head of this country of 700 million people, the regime would be pressing against the U.S. in Southeast Asia—Chinese dynasties controlled the entire area in earlier centuries. Someday we may take off our Red-shade glasses and really see the problems of the world—industrialization and racial prejudice and nationalism.

DAVID R. STEVENSON
*Madison, Wis.*

• May we not broaden this viewpoint to include Cuba?

PEARL MCGUIRE
*Dallas, Tex.*

• Let's stop dreaming and face the reality of a vicious and implacable adversary whose hostility has no inverse relationship to a beltline. Let us hasten the fall of chains which shackle 700 million Chinese. Let us reaffirm our diplomatic and military support of Free China. But let us not feed the stomach which seeks to digest us along with our food.

JAMES M. BELLAROSA
*Berlin, Mass.*

## Fair's stowaway

If the Phantom of the Fair [DOMINIC TUCCI SLEPT HERE by Alfred G. Aronowitz, July 25–August 1] lived at our house, my mother would have burned his clothes all right, but not before my father took him out back and got his clothes and him *spanking* clean and *lickin'* good.

HARRY BEACH
*Philadelphia, Pa.*

• I think he is a very brave boy. If I weren't a girl I'd do the same thing.

PAULA RICHARDS
*Dorchester, Mass.*

## Mississippi

I am one of those who are called "invading subversives," and I can attest to the coming crisis if there doesn't begin to emerge some real efforts to understand both sides of this terrible question ["IF WE CAN CRACK MISSISSIPPI . . ." by James Atwater, July 25–August 1].

JAMES B. GUINAN
*Detroit, Mich.*

• Those Northern students bent on "cracking Mississippi" could use their energies more effectively at home. Let them try to devise a solution to the horrible racial problem in New York, a state that has been "cracked" for a long time.

N. EARL MUSGRAVE
*Tampa, Fla.*

• I thought your article was very good, although I am no critic. You see, I don't bother with these matters. Most people are like that, they don't bother with things that don't directly affect them. I am 14 and I think we younger generation should take up this racial matter.

SANDRA BARGER
*Flint, Mich.*

• James Atwater seems to think Mississippians are stupid prejudiced hatemongers out to destroy the Negro race. This is totally untrue. There are a few such people in our state, like every state in the Union, but most Mississippians feel as I do—we want to live our own lives, both Negro and white, without the "benefit" of outside agitators.

There are in the South those Negroes who have tried to better themselves. They own property, vote, and have as high a standard of living as whites of similar circumstances. Do you realize what you are doing to these worthwhile people?

MRS. JESSE M. DEAN
*Sardis, Miss.*

• I have canvassed for voter registration down South and what I have found is not apathy, but fear. Many people will not sign the Freedom Registration forms for fear that their names will be published and they will lose their jobs or be foreclosed or shot.

JANE ADAMS
*Ave, Ill.*

• I object to your implied approval of the scum from the North and East barging into Mississippi in a bold and impudent attempt to inflame illiterate and backward Negroes into open rebellion against order and decency.

I. M. DARDEN
*Houston, Tex.*

## Everybody happy?

Thanks, Mr. Fromm, for saying what so many of us feel and try to say without your ability to do so [OUR WAY OF LIFE MAKES US MISERABLE by Erich Fromm, July 25–August 1].

HILDA DARNTON
*Rochester, Mich.*

• I came here penniless in 1940, a European refugee, and I've made a great deal of money since then. It hasn't made me miserable at all.

JOE BRODY
*New York, N.Y.*

*Old Spice* – with that crisp, clean masculine aroma! | SHULTON


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• Exactly how is your splendid new man, "the man who loves life, who has faith in life, who is productive and independent," to be brought into being—by what alchemy, science or act of government? For without this essential information, your words are merely incantatory.

O. D. ERICKSON
*Vancouver, B. C.*

• I suggest we need freedom from brainprobers and brainwashers long enough to get our bearings. Then *we* will decide what will make us happy, how much *we* can pursue collectively and how much must be left to individual pursuit.

MRS. C. G. HOPPE
*Berryville, Ark.*

• As I understand the practical implications of Erich Fromm's appeal, the true humanist will reject the role of passive observer of the political scene, will vigorously strive to counteract the selfish, pseudo-individualist and anti-humanist program of Goldwater reactionism.

IRVING BLUMBERG
*Bronx, N.Y.*

### Ruby's trial

Please tell author Edward Linn that THE UNTOLD STORY OF JACK RUBY [July 25–August 1] is one of the finest and most compassionate pieces of reporting I have ever read.

MARY JANE LOVE
*Philadelphia, Pa.*

• Poor, poor Jack Ruby. Isn't it a pity that poor Jack Ruby lost his self-respect in a Dallas courtroom? And, after this humiliation, that cruel jury found him guilty. How could they be so utterly blind? After all, the several million people who saw the murder on TV weren't *sure* it was poor Jack Ruby.

JACK SHRIVER
*Riverside, N.J.*

• I think most attorneys would disagree with the author's comment that an attorney has the duty to take "whatever unfair advantage he can" of his adversary. Competent representation of a client is not the equivalent of gouging out the opponent's eyes. Attorneys are ethically bound not to take unfair advantage—the *Canons of Professional Ethics* are in writing, are quite detailed and are generally followed.

EARL C. SHEEHAN
*Carson, Vogelgesang & Sheehan*
*Canton, Ohio*

### Pass the sumac

I was most interested in STALKING THE WEED EATER [by David L. Goodrich, July 25–August 1], particularly so in the lemonade made from sumac. Even as a child I was taught that sumac is a deadly poison—could there be two kinds?

MRS. THOMAS J. TODARELLI
*New York, N.Y.*

*The over 30 varieties of sumac are mostly friendly. Fuzzy clusters of sour* red *berries are used by scroungers in a summery cooler or a hot toddy mixed with maple syrup. But watch out for* whitish *berries, particularly in swampy areas. They belong to poison sumac and its near relations, poison ivy and oak. To be safe, stay away from* unidentified *berries of any color.—Ed.*


COMING SOON... in The Post

"More and worse riots will erupt!"

*Explosive autobiography of*

MALCOLM X

The fiery leader tells his own spectacular story of crime, conversion and Black Muslims in action

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S "IRISH SWEEPSTAKES"

BEWARE OF SMOKEY THE BEAR

Senator Dirksen speaks out against the Supreme Court


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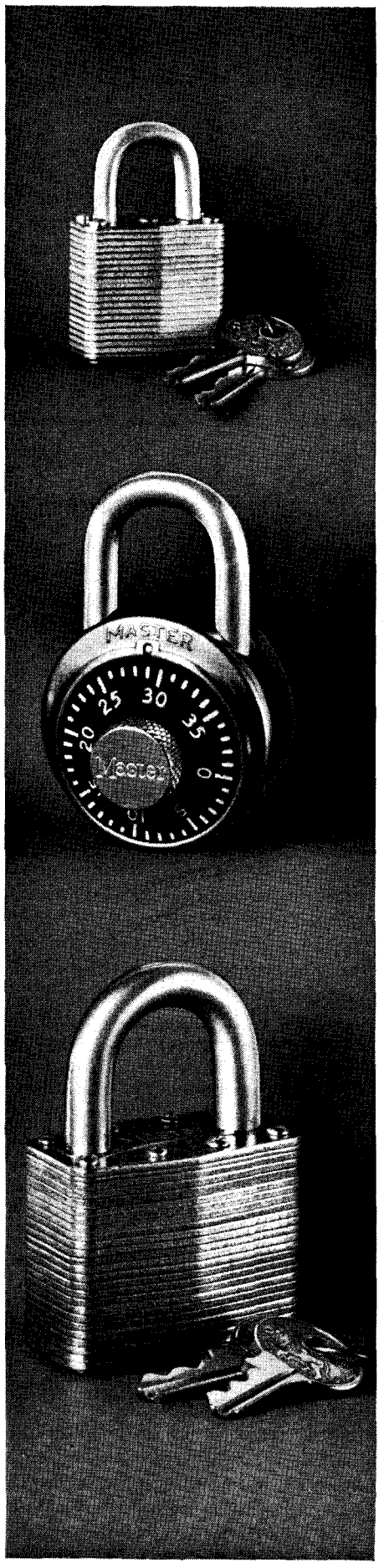


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SPEAKING OUT

# WHY DO THEY SLANDER OUR MILITARY MEN?

*A reckless "hate-the-generals" fad is poisoning the public mind—and it could make the plot of "Dr. Strangelove" tragically prophetic.*

*Military historian and critic, Brig. Gen. Marshall served 40 years in the U.S. Army, including both World Wars and Korea. He is author of many books and a syndicated newspaper column.*

**By S. L. A. Marshall**

Possibly everyone who has seen *Dr. Strangelove*, the recent movie in which insane American generals contrive to destroy the world, will agree with me that it is eye-popping entertainment. The film is a cliff-hanger, up to the happy ending where the human race dissolves in nuclear holocaust to the tune *We'll Meet Again*. Yet, though I found the movie engrossing, I despise it as the latest event in a perilous trend.

In the past three years a whole new literature has developed around the theme that the American military are power-hungry maniacs, capable of betraying everything they are sworn to defend. Some of these works are fiction—*Dr. Strangelove*, for example, and *Seven Days in May*, a novel later made into a movie. Others, including *The Passion of the Hawks* and *The Military Establishment*, pretend to be scholarly studies. Their authors tell us that militarism is on the rise in America, and that arrogant brass hats may take over the country.

This weird literary upsurge is without precedent in our history. Of course, there have been hundreds of books and movies preaching that war is loathsome. Of these there cannot be too many. And, ever since the novel *On the Beach* appeared, serious works have reminded us how easily political adventuring, combined with military miscalculations, might destroy all of mankind. If *Dr. Strangelove* and the rest were merely more of the same, they could be suffered.

They are not sincere warnings, however, but reckless slander, and the effect of the whole is to poison the public mind. Without the trust of the people, the American military character cannot indefinitely remain steadfast. Keep smearing a profession, and ultimately the stain rubs in. Unless the trend is stopped, it may have an effect on the military that could make the plot of *Dr. Strangelove* tragically prophetic.

In this story one Air Force brigadier, a SAC base commander, goes crazy on John Birch beer and sends his B-52's to knock out Russia. After the bombers are on their way, word of what is aflight gets to Washington. The Air Force chief of staff is making love to a young woman and doesn't want to leave his fun. Eventually he ambles over to his command post. There's no hurry. This gum-chewing slob, who laughs like an idiot, is ecstatic that his wacky subordinate has started the kind of war he himself wants.

The characterization of the chief of staff is typical of the way the film portrays senior officers. In fact, the only military people in this picture who act professionally competent, heroic, resourceful and decent are the crewmen of one bomber. Every higher commander is either a buffoon or a treason-minded loony.

The movie does open with an official Air Force statement assuring us that doomsday can't be brought on exactly as the film suggests. But the actors use flawless military jargon; they know all the right words. And the surface realism is slick enough to take in the average moviegoer. He leaves the theater half convinced that the nation's top military men are wildly irresponsible.

The most flagrant and most destructive of the "hate-the-military" outpourings, *Dr. Strangelove* did not pioneer the trend but merely capitalized on it. *Seven Days in May*, which represents the Joint Chiefs of Staff as traitors, was an established best seller long before *Strangelove* appeared. Badly written and implausible, its main characters half formed, *Seven Days in May* drew readers because it was a shocker. Like *Strangelove*, it sought a sensational effect by demeaning the military. Its authors later wrote an essay for a national magazine warning that their novel outlined a palpable danger.

In *The Passion of the Hawks* by Tristram Coffin, a man without any military experience, there appears this remarkable passage: "The manner of recruiting officer candidates, a provincial education and a tribal caste system conspire to produce a cottage-cheese-type officer. He is easily digested in the military machine. Officer candidates are picked in the haphazard way that marriages are arranged, and we can look at the divorce rate to see how well that works." In other words, the truly qualified officer is an accident of nature, and the average officer is a clod.

From John M. Swomley Jr.'s *The Military Establishment* come these lines: "World War II marked the end of military acceptance of civilian control. . . . The new influence of the military was the result of conscious planning for power." At that, I wink, catch my breath and sneeze. Either Swomley, who has never seen a day of service, is smelling boogeymen under the bed, or the generals and admirals are guilty of villainous conspiracy.

What has stimulated this blackguarding of the American military these past three years? To be honest about it, I must admit that suspicion of the American military is a recurrent phenomenon, though it is neither justified by our tradition nor bred in the American home. Rather, it is rooted in our politics. Beating the military with a stick, irrespective of truth and fair play, costs the pseudo-liberal critic or the ranting demagogue nothing. The late Senator McCarthy thought himself on safe ground so long as he merely reviled the military. Recently Senator Fulbright won wide approval by denouncing the defense budget and our respect for the military.

Politically fomented mistrust of the military has cost us dearly in the past. In the summer of 1917 there were only 92 officers on the Army general staff. The number had been set by law, owing to fear of "Prussianization." In consequence, though the Congress voted about one billion dollars each for tank and air fleets and an artillery array, all programs failed, and not one American-made heavy weapon got to France in time to fight. There were too few general-staff officers to serve industry in solving its technical problems.

I joined the Army during that war. In the almost half century since, in the Army and out, I have worked as a military critic and historian. My assignments have given me practically limitless exposure to military attitudes. In all that time I have never discovered the "military mind," if that term means something invidiously unlike the mind of the literate, natural man. True, I have met the officer type who despises any civilian and regards the establishment as his private game preserve. But there are few such officers, and even within the services they are considered oddballs. Likewise, I have encountered many in the officer corps who rock with the grain, toady to higher authority, and resist any policy which might jeopardize their personal interests. But this behavior is not peculiar to the military. It is common to bureaucracy.

The American military, like all the rest of us, want a better deal for themselves if it can be got. But I maintain that they are beyond the rest of us in their active, thinking support of the time-tested ideals that have kept this a government of, by and for the people. Here I speak of the principle of civilian control in its broadest, most meaningful implication. The principle has stayed firm through almost two centuries, because the American

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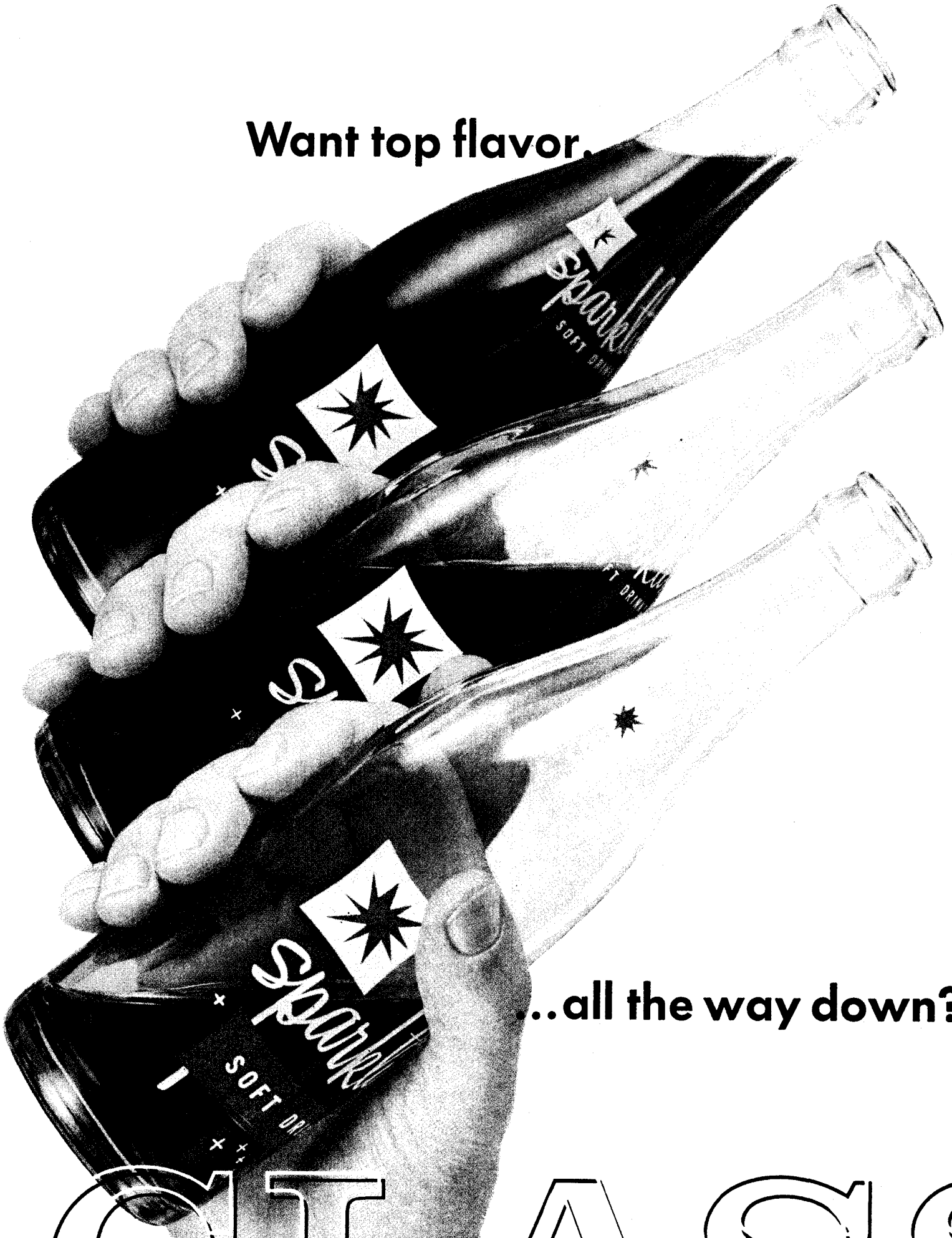


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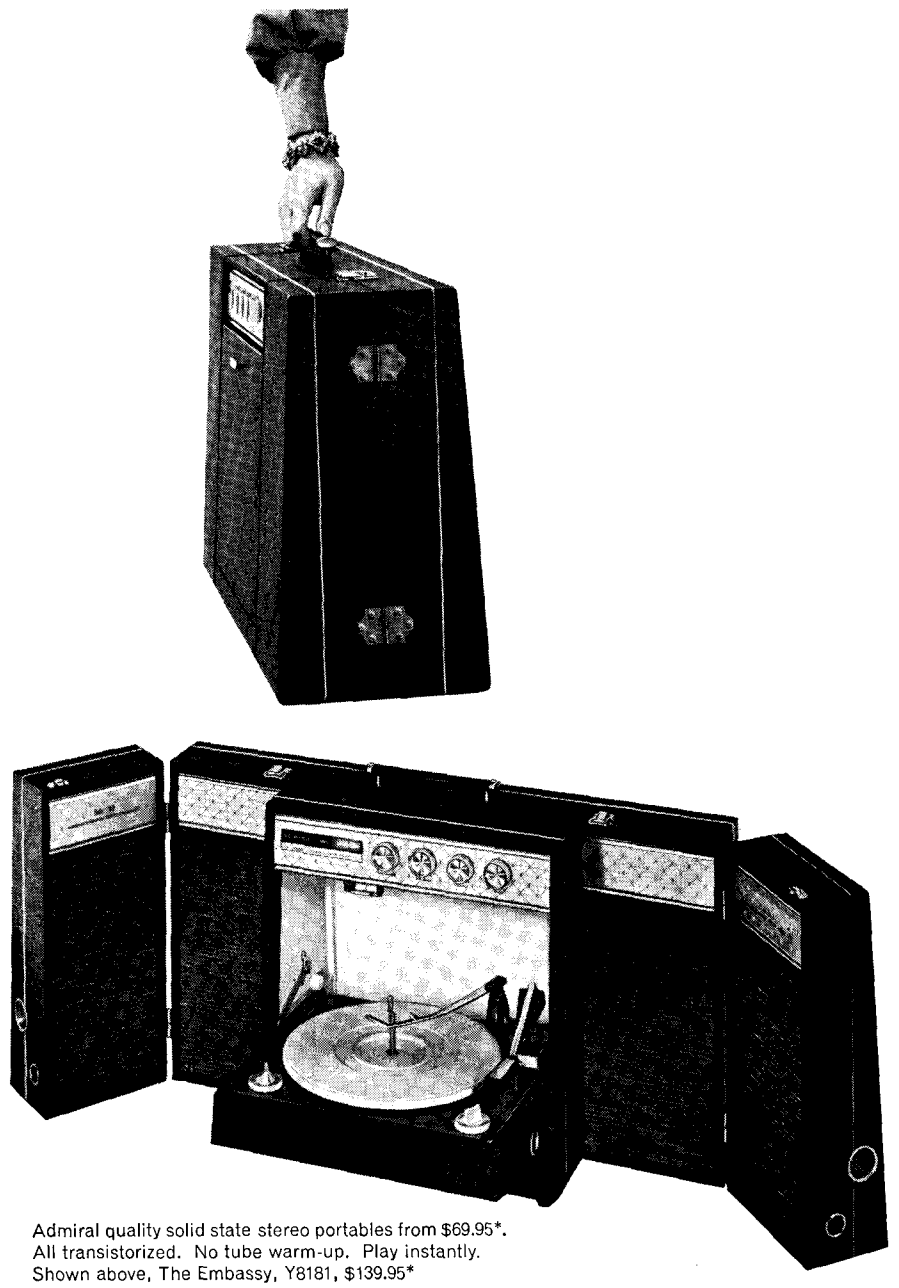

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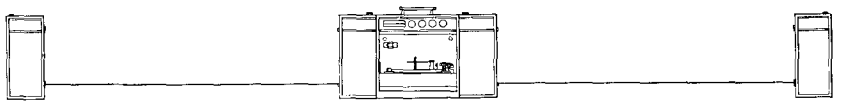

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## Speaking Out

military have given it wholehearted support. Had they not been so dedicated, constitutionality might have run as devious a course in the U.S. as in a banana republic. In our union, the military alone have had the power to challenge Government decisively—and they have served but to uphold Government.

The fundamental fact is that as to ideals, standards and deportment, the military establishment is what its founder, George Washington, made it. The precepts he laid down are its rules of behavior. He first said that the military should not pressure civil authority or take sides in politics. Asking Congress for money to raise an army, he took pains to state his views as recommendations, not demands. "It would be well for their own sakes," he wrote, speaking of his soldiers, "and for the public good, that these things be furnished."

That principle—subordination to the civil power—set a precedent that has survived almost unbroken. Almost. The record shows some breaches in isolated cases. General McClellan overstepped the bounds when he offered unsolicited advice to President Lincoln on issues lying outside the military field, but for so doing he lost face among his fellow soldiers. It is also reasonably clear that General MacArthur transgressed in Korea when he tried to scuttle a decision arrived at by his political superiors. I was in the establishment then, having just left the 8th Army in Korea for duty in the Pentagon, and it was pikestaff plain to me that military opinion was far more united behind the President than was public sentiment. While the Congress took sides, according to personal or partisan sympathies, the Joint Chiefs and other high echelons solidified in support of the principle.

But, if the military has behaved so responsibly for so long, why has vilifying the military become a new fad, and why has there been no protest? If I am correct in believing that the loyalty of the officer corps is as steadfast as ever, then for various reasons public anxiety concerning it must be greater. Otherwise the fire would fall off, and book and script writers, who turn out what publishers and producers believe will sell, would shift to other topics. I suggest these as contributing factors:

1. The vast size and heavy cost of the military establishment, now at all-time high for the nation at peace.

2. Public awareness that any "little irresponsible" in a military suit might by one willful act bring on doomsday.

3. The General Walker case, which the general public misunderstood, and which was used as an excuse to tighten the gag on the military.

4. Former President Eisenhower's warning against the dangers of the military-industrial combine. Because a soldier-statesman said it, every word in this statement weighed a megaton.

One other cause of public alarm deserves discussion—the military's resentment of Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara. The press especially interprets this as a challenge and threat to the principle of civilian control of the military. Actually, the resentment is a protest against the Secretary's abuse of that principle and his arrogation of autocratic power over all matters military.

For somewhat different reasons I share the concern of the military. My fear is that Secretary McNamara, and those who see him as the infallible servant whose omniscience insures our future, and the alarmists now crying against the military, are all, wittingly or unwittingly, helping create the menace they deplore.

There are two main points to be made here. First, it is the concentration of autocratic power over the military in a single hand which makes possible the coup, the military take-over, the surrender to dictatorship. We can agree that the Secretary has only benignly patriotic motives. That is quite beside the point. It is what he is doing to our institutions through his all-or-nothing temperament, his desire for power, his disregard of precedent and his automated manner of leading that is frightening. He spurns those values of the spirit that are essential to effective military command. Under him the Department of Defense has become a colossus. Its swollen authority, accumulated at the expense of the service Secretaries, the military professionals and Congress, is a fixed condition. The clock cannot be turned back. Any extreme emergency in the future will find the top man in the Pentagon more truly the master of our national fate than the man in the White House.

### What the military thinks

That is what is abhorrent to military people. To their minds, there is no duty of the President in any way comparable to that which the Constitution vests in him as Commander in Chief. It carries with it responsibilities which cannot be delegated to any other person, in or out of uniform. He heads the only chain of command which is universally recognized, and would be so, no matter how chaotic conditions might become.

But loyalty is not self-perpetuating—my second point. If it does not flow as a two-way current, no code will indefinitely preserve it. Ideals do not flourish in a hostile climate. One man may stay incorruptible despite all adversity, but an entire system will not. Within all human organization, when men are treated as unworthy of full trust, the time comes when they are untrustworthy. The day could come when the officer corps—humiliated by its civilian superiors and held in public contempt—grows subversive, renounces honor and betrays its oath. The danger thickens because the problem is not even grasped by the people at the top of the Government.

Consequently, I have no impulse to take lightly the scare novels and movies like *Seven Days in May* and *Dr. Strangelove*, or to laugh off the warnings that militarism is on the rise. It is exactly because *it could happen here* that we should take heed, lest we feed the monster that we assail.

J. H. Hallaran

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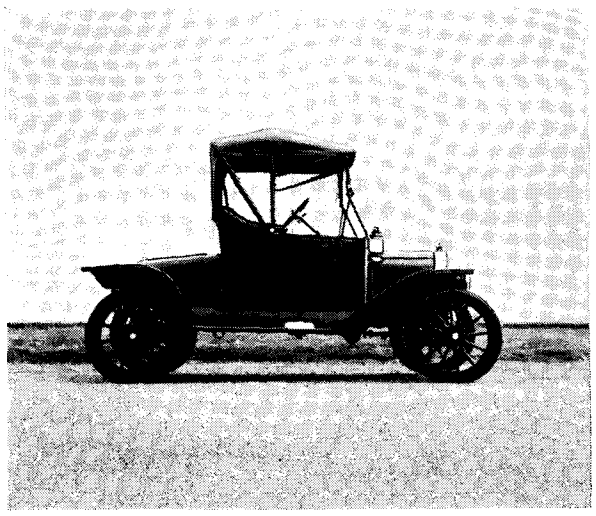

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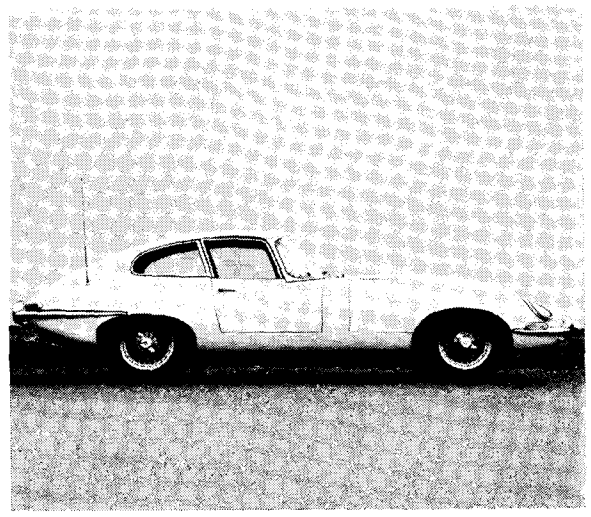

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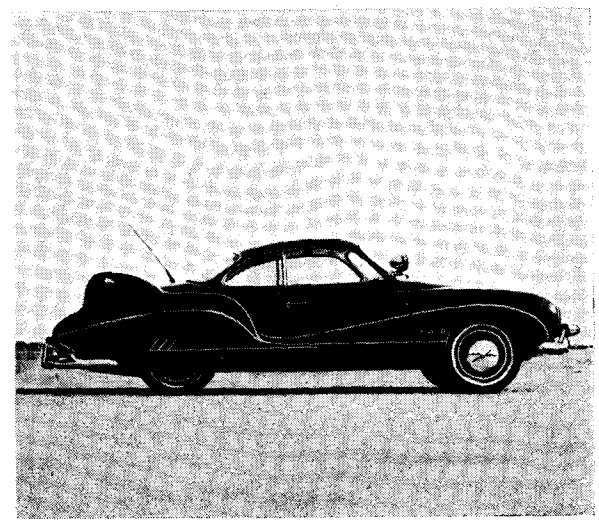

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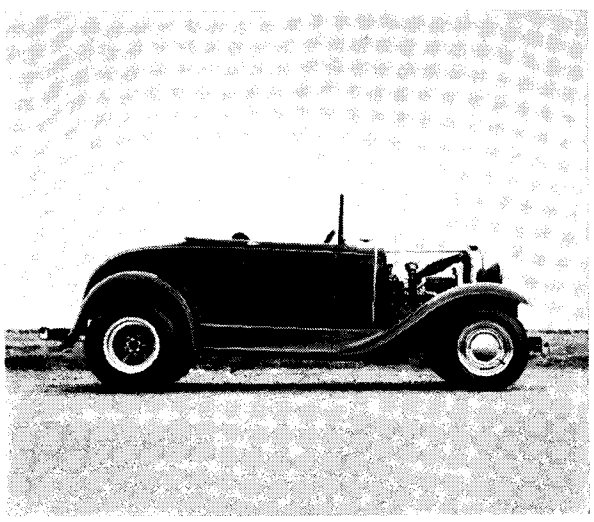

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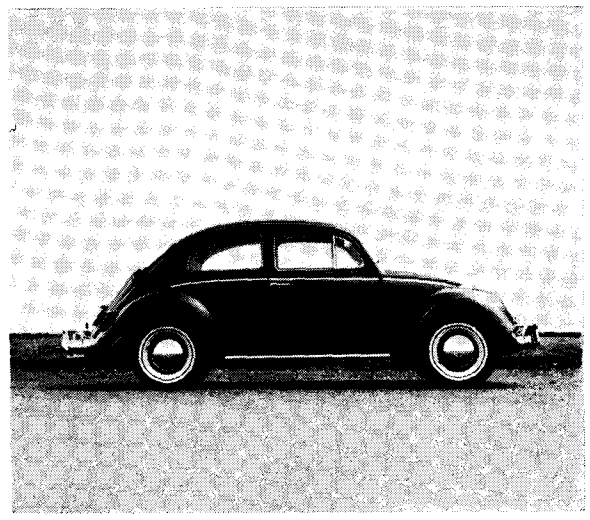

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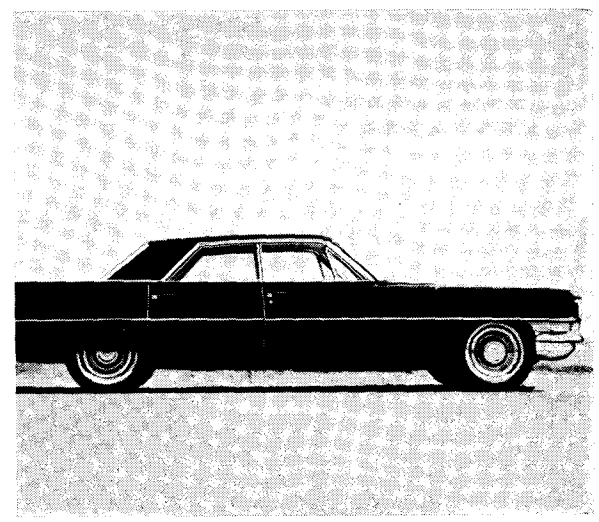

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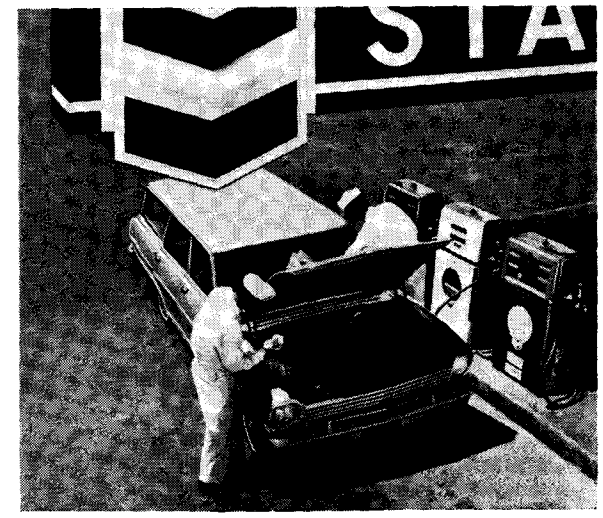

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

*The Robert Goodmans of New York yield to grief as their son's body arrives by plane from Mississippi.*

# The untold story of
# The Mississippi murders

*After weeks of perilous investigation, a famous reporter sheds dramatic new light on how the three civil-rights workers died—and what the FBI knows about their killers.*

By WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

At dusk two cars met on a narrow, lonely red-clay road. They stopped side by side. One driver passed a shoe box to the other. Then they sped away. In that box was $25,000 in $20 bills, belonging to the people of the United States. It was paid for three bodies which had been hidden 44 days in an earthen dam.

Who were these two anxious men who met at dusk?

There is little curiosity as to the identity of the payer. He acted for the United States Government. In seeking the bodies of murder victims, he employed avarice, and avarice can overpower hate and fear. He played one emotion against others and found the bodies in the only way they could have been found.

But everyone who has followed this story, or is part of it, is curious about the payee. He may never be identified: He may live in legend. He is one of perhaps a dozen citizens of East Central Mississippi who knew where the bodies were; and he has bet his life that the other 11 will never believe that he is the one who informed.

Consider the risks he took. His deal with the Federal Bureau of Investigation was C.O.D. So he had to map the location of the bodies for them, then wait for his money until they found and identified the bodies. How could he be sure they'd pay him, once they had the bodies? He had to risk their recording his conversations with him. He had to risk their photographing his receiving the payoff.

How does he know his money isn't marked, perhaps with chemicals which will cause it to turn red next month? How can he ever sleep soundly again, when one piece of tape or film slipped into the right hands could cause him to be riddled with buckshot in his own bed?

In Philadelphia, Miss., a week before the bodies were found, one of its citizens said to me, "I don't believe a million dollars could buy those bodies."

"I think they can be bought for twenty-five thousand or less," I said. "Just go down the list of suspected lynchers. Some of the scum of this county. They'd sell their mothers or children."

"But this is different," he insisted.

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*Sheriff Lawrence Rainey of Neshoba County, Miss., has killed Negroes in the line of duty, was off duty when the three youths were stopped.*

*Deputy Cecil Price arrested the three.*

# A possible reason why there were no signs of a struggle: The youths may have been shot whi

## Mississippi Murders

"This is a hate lynching. To these lynchers their victims were an agitating nigger and two Jew-atheist-Communist-beatnik-nigger-lovers. Hell, these killers think they are patriots. They think they killed to protect the Mississippi way of life. This lynching is the only act in their crummy lives which they think becomes them. This is their finest hour. I can't believe that a million dollars would cause one of them to squeal to the bureau or to any other representative of Lyndon Johnson or Bobby Kennedy or Martin Luther King."

"Maybe the informer will be a man who wasn't party to the lynching," I suggested. "One way or another he might learn where the bodies are. Assuming the bureau never identifies him, he could inform with little risk."

The citizen shook his head. "Any man in that position would know that the lynchers would suspect him if the bodies were found. He'd know that they might kill him on no more than suspicion. So he'd be the last one to inform."

"Well, maybe," I said. "But I believe that in every lynch mob there is always one potential informer. Just give him time. Keep the heat on him. Promise him immunity and secrecy. Show him that big pile of green money, and set him to thinking about what he could do with it. He'll come around."

One of them did come around. In Mississippi his name is "Judas." I think I know his real name, but there are laws against writing what one merely thinks. So here I'll present the known facts, the apparent facts, some of the suppositions and theories, and each reader can decide for himself who did the killing and who got the money.

Neshoba County is 25 miles square. It is hill country, mostly piney woods and pastures. At its center is its county seat, Philadelphia, and half of the county's 20,000 population lives in or near Philadelphia, which is industrializing, growing and prospering.

The countryside looks vacant: There has been an exodus. "Cotton," as the saying goes, "has moved to town." Since 1945 rural Neshoba County has lost 10,000 residents. The sharecroppers have gone with the row crops. There are only 5,000 nonwhites left in the county, half of whom are Choctaw Indians living on a reservation. Of the 2,500 remaining Negroes, about 1,500 live around Philadelphia in "nigger towns." They work in the three lumber mills. The other 1,000 Negroes live in several rural pockets. They own small patches of land. They cluster about their tiny Baptist and Methodist churches and graveyards. They "scratch out a little cotton." The young ones are in a hurry to get old enough to go to Chicago; the old ones wait to die, to be buried next to Mamma and Papa and Grandpa and Grandma in those old graveyards.

These few remaining Negroes are no real threat to any white man. They are only a psychological threat. If they all voted, they couldn't elect a candidate: Their bloc support would only assure his defeat. But, as one man put it, "If niggers aren't gonna be kept in their place in Mississippi, then what's a pore white man gonna feel he's superior to?"

During May and early June, Michael Schwerner, 24, white, of New York, and James Chaney, 21, Negro, of Meridian, made several trips to Longdale, an all-Negro farm community eight miles east of Philadelphia. They asked the Negro farmers to let them speak at the Methodist church, and in their speeches they urged the Negroes to allow "freedom meetings" to be held in the church, meetings in which Negroes would be instructed in how to register to vote.

On a Tuesday evening in June, as 30 Negroes were leaving the church, a dozen white men struck back. They beat four of the Negroes, including one woman. They shouted, "Keep that Red Jew nigger-lover out of here, or you'll all wind up in the river." They drove the Negroes off and burned down their church.

Schwerner and Chaney were in Oxford, Ohio, when the church burned, training recruits with money furnished by the National Council of Churches. But the church burners had descriptions of them. They had photographed the youths' blue Ford station wagon. They broadcast its license number and description. They let it be known that "We're laying for that bearded Red Jew agitator. We'll get him the next time he comes in here."

On one point the Negroes who were beaten and threatened at the church are unanimous: One of the white men wore a uniform.

Two men in Neshoba County wear sheriffs' uniforms. Lawrence A. Rainey, the sheriff, is a formidable figure: At 41, he is six-foot-two, 240 pounds, meaty, barrel-chested, and keeps a fist-sized chaw of Red Man tobacco in his jaw. He wears a khaki uniform with calf-length boots and a cattleman's hat turned up on the sides; his belt line bulges with polished leather, burnished brass-and-lead ammunition and a heavy, holstered gun. He drives a new, tan Oldsmobile, which has a powerful red light on top and is filled with guns, nightsticks and extra cartons of Red Man.

The sheriff was born on a farm in adjoining Kemper County. By profession he is an automobile mechanic: He learned it and worked at it in Canton, Miss. A kidney ailment is said to have kept him out of military service. In 1957 he became a Canton city policeman, and in 1959 he killed his first Negro. "A Chicago nigger," Rainey explained to me. "He had me down choking me." He then moved to Philadelphia where, in 1961, he became a sheriff's deputy. He killed a second Negro. "A crazy nigger. We were taking him to the state hospital. He grabbed a gun out of a glove compartment, and I killed him in an exchange of gunfire." In 1963 he was elected sheriff, and in January, 1964, he assumed office.

The only deputy, Cecil Price, is a younger and slightly less formidable copy of the sheriff. Only 27, he came from Madison County (Canton) to Philadelphia eight years ago as a salesman of dairy supplies. He has traveled every back road and pig trail in the county and knows it like the back of his hand. As fire chief of Philadelphia for two years, he served as a weekend policeman, handling ball games and dances. When Rainey became sheriff, Price was his first choice for deputy. Like Rainey, Price and his wife are southern Methodists; they are expecting their first child in October.

A sheriff and his deputy are particularly close in Mississippi, because neither is salaried. The sheriff works on a fee system, and he himself hires, fires and pays his deputy.

A third, but not uniformed, law-enforcement figure in Neshoba County is a justice of the peace, Leonard Warren. His office is in the courthouse, and most miscreants are first brought before him. He is the physical opposite of Rainey and Price: skinny, no more than 140 pounds, chicken-necked with a prominent Adam's

*The youngsters' charred station wagon is towed from the swamp where it was found.*

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## handcuffs and leg shackles.

apple. But he, too, likes to don the cattleman's hat, the gun and the nightstick and work as a part-time cop.

Of these three, it was Sheriff's Deputy Price who, on Sunday afternoon, June 21, apprehended the civil-rights workers on the eastern outskirts of Philadelphia.

Everyone familiar with the story knows how Schwerner, Chaney and others, in the blue Ford station wagon, arrived back in Meridian from Ohio on Saturday, June 20. Around noon on Sunday Schwerner, who headed the Meridian office, decided to drive the 32 miles into Longdale to try to persuade the Negro farmers to continue holding "freedom meetings" in the open air at the site of the burned church. He took with him Chaney, and also Andrew Goodman, 20, white, of New York, who had ridden from Ohio with him and had been in Mississippi less than a day.

The three reached Longdale safely, talked with Negroes at the church site, and left sometime after three P.M. Obviously they decided to return to Meridian by way of Philadelphia, so from Longdale they drove eight miles due west and reached the city limits of Philadelphia.

From this point on it must be understood—indeed it is conceded in Mississippi—that all information comes from persons who hated these three young men. The police do not claim objectivity; they believe that they were dealing with "invaders who had no right to be here."

Price says he stopped the station wagon for driving 65 miles an hour through a 30-mile zone.

Maybe he did, but the three were unlikely speeders. They had a policy of never stopping the car in Neshoba County other than in all-Negro areas. They always left Meridian with a full tank of gas, so they wouldn't have to stop at an "unfriendly" filling station.

They stopped on the eastern edge of Philadelphia because they had car trouble. They stopped on a main highway at about 3:30 P.M. in Sunday-afternoon traffic. They were conspicuous for two reasons: They were young white men traveling with a young Negro, and both Michael Schwerner and Andrew Goodman wore the beatnik sneakers and blue jeans, and Schwerner wore the beatnik beard. So they were publicly noticed and recognized as "the enemy."

Sheriff Rainey told me that the station wagon was moving and speeding when Deputy Price saw it, that Price flagged it down in front of the First Methodist Church, and that "they all noticed the tire going down while Price was standing there talking to them."

Price's car stood parked behind the station wagon while the three changed the tire. Price had radioed the Mississippi State Highway Patrol for "help in making the arrest." So two patrolmen who live in Philadelphia, Earl R. Poe and Harry J. Wiggs, arrived, and the state car also parked, making three *very conspicuous* parked cars.

When the tire had been changed, one of the patrolmen drove the station wagon the six densely populated blocks to the county jail, with the county car and the state car following, making a conspicuous three-car caravan.

So there is no doubt that Schwerner, Goodman and Chaney *reached* the jail safely. The jail is one block from the

*At the bottom of a precisely dug cut in an earthen dam near Philadelphia, Miss., the discovered bodies lie under a plastic cover.*

*Deputy Price (left), who jailed the young men in June, helps transfer the body of one victim from an ambulance in August.*

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*Following the funeral of Andrew Goodman, the boys' mothers weep together.*

# For likely suspects, "Never overlook the preachers."

**Mississippi Murders**

courthouse, half a block from the city hall and police station, and half a block from the Benwalt Hotel where the Rotary Club meets. And any witness to the procession of automobiles would have concluded that Mississippi lawmen had captured John Dillinger, Pretty Boy Floyd and Jesse James.

The hours from 4:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M. or later, on Sunday, June 21, 1964, are shameful hours for Neshoba County, for Mississippi and for the United States. These are hours of hypocrisy, injustice and tragedy . . . hours in which a ghastly lynching could have been prevented.

What makes this lynching a high crime against humanity is the role of the police. The three young men were not criminals. They were unarmed. They were well-intentioned. They were peaceful and peace-loving. Mississippi requires no visa for an American citizen to visit it. So they were in Mississippi by legal right, and they had violated no law.

This is conceded by the state's highest law-enforcement agency. So why were the young man jailed, and why did their coworkers not hear from them?

Chaney, driver of the station wagon, was said to have been speeding. Unless a driver is drunk, he is not ordinarily jailed for speeding anywhere in the United States, until he has had a chance to make bond. Speeding is a misdemeanor, not a felony. When a speeder is arrested in Mississippi, he is carried before a justice of the peace. If he needs it, he is allowed to telephone for counsel or money. He pays his fine or makes bond and is freed.

I asked Rainey why Price didn't carry Chaney before Justice of the Peace Leonard Warren.

"It was Sunday afternoon," Rainey said. "I was in Meridian at the hospital with my wife. So Price just telephoned Warren."

"What did the justice say?"

"He finally told Price to let him go for twenty dollars."

"It took the justice six hours to reach that decision?"

"Well, it was Sunday afternoon and night. I wasn't here. Price was holding the fort alone. Things just don't move very fast on Sunday."

The passengers in a speeding car are not guilty of speeding; only the driver is guilty. So Schwerner and Goodman were jailed on "suspicion." Suspicion of what?

Officials of the Mississippi State Highway Patrol knew that the three were in the Neshoba County Jail after dark, and therefore knew that they were in grave danger. Officers Wiggs and Poe are in radio communication with the patrol substation at Meridian, which, in turn, is in communication with the headquarters at Jackson.

One telephone call by a patrol official to Philadelphia might have prevented the lynching. Since Officers Poe and Wiggs had been party to the arrest, why weren't they ordered to prevent a lynching by safeguarding the prisoners when and if they were released?

In Meridian young associates of the three began telephoning the FBI and Justice Department lawyers at nine P.M. The federal officials were anxious to demonstrate that the FBI is not a federal police force but only a criminal investigative agency. They insist that "law enforcement within her boundaries is Mississippi's responsibility." So they told the callers that they could do nothing yet; that the three had not been missing long enough to be officially missing; and that there was no reasonable evidence that any "civil rights had been abridged."

Since so many persons in Philadelphia knew that the three hated "agitators" were in the jail, the six or more hours provided ample time for *the few men capable of killing* to communicate, to assemble from as far away as 50 or more miles, and to plot seizure, murder and body disposal.

If the FBI is ever able to make a case against one or more of these lynchers, toll telephone calls, which are of record, may be important evidence.

And the three prisoners during these critical hours? There is no reasonable doubt that they shuddered at the approach of darkness.

Price, the arresting deputy, says, "I took twenty dollars from the nigger and turned them loose at 10:30 P.M. They got in their car. I followed them a piece. The last I saw of them was their taillight disappearing down Highway 19 toward Meridian."

Sheriff Rainey told me that a city policeman, Richard Willis, was in the car with Price and also witnessed the disappearing taillight of the station wagon.

It is 35 miles from Philadelphia to Meridian. Highway 19 is a broad and heavily traveled road. Along it there are many homes, an Indian Agency headquarters and school and several tiny communities, none large enough to have a traffic light.

Were the three stopped by roadblock? No one believes this. Not on such a highway. The three would have crashed the station wagon, run, fought: They would not have submitted meekly to clandestine terrorists. Were they stopped by gunfire? No. The burned station wagon bore no evidence of gunfire, and the recovered bodies of Michael Schwerner and Andrew Goodman were incredibly free of any evidence of struggle: just one pistol bullet through their hearts, fired from directly in front of them.

Then how were they seized?

In the Mississippi Highway Patrol are some able investigators. In this case, from the beginning, they have considered three possibilities:

1. That the young men were seized at the jail entrance.

2. That they were allowed to reach the station wagon, which was parked on a hill just below the city police station, and then surrounded.

3. That they were allowed to proceed down Highway 19 for several miles, then flagged down by a police car and delivered to the murderers.

This third theory has been abandoned because of the unlikelihood that the three, once they were in the station wagon, would have stopped for anything short of gunfire or being pushed off the road. The second theory came into question when the bodies of Schwerner and Goodman showed no signs of struggle. Even if they had been looking into gun barrels, it seems unlikely that they would have surrendered to a mob without some effort to break and run.

Two key questions about the murders are when and where. Were they shot Sunday night or after daylight on Monday? And were they shot at the site where they were buried or elsewhere?

There are reasons to believe that they were shot within half an hour after they were released and seized—which may not have been at 10:30 P.M. The murderers apparently had nothing else in mind except to kill them; and a mob bent on murder doesn't waste time.

**Was Chaney beaten?**

I don't agree that Chaney was beaten and the other two forced to watch. This belies character. Had the killers paused to beat anybody, they would have beaten Schwerner or Goodman. A "nigger" in Mississippi would never be beaten in preference to a "nigger-lover." Because he found Chaney's shoulder and arm crushed, a New York pathologist concluded that Chaney had been beaten with a chain or blunt instrument.

Here, I think, is a more likely explanation: The three bodies were buried with a bulldozer. When the bulldozer began work, the bodies may have been covered with several inches of dirt or with no dirt at all. The bulldozer track could have passed over one of the bodies, or a portion of it, and missed the other two.

It's true that Chaney was shot three times while the others were shot once—with remarkable accuracy. An explanation is that Schwerner and Goodman were standing before a flashlight, in handcuffs and leg-irons. Struggle was useless, so they stood unflinching as the gun fired. Perhaps Chaney watched his companions die, struggled and tried to dodge, and was shot three times with much less accuracy.

My own feeling is that the three were murdered in darkness, perhaps near the Bogue Chitto swamp where the burned station wagon was found, and that the burial was by daylight.

The 250-acre farm owned by Olen Burrage, is six miles southwest of Philadelphia and a mile off the paved road leading to Sebastopol. It is known as the John Townsend place, and it isn't really a "farm" anymore. Like most such farms, it now grows pine trees and cattle, with some corn to feed the cattle.

Mr. Burrage, a big, jovial man, lives in Philadelphia, where he operates freight trucks. The only house on the farm—300 yards from the burial spot—is occupied by Lamar Smith, with his wife and seven children. Mr. Smith, a wrinkled, red-faced man in his 40's, is a caretaker, and he has five lean and barking dogs.

Late in May Mr. Burrage contracted with Herman Tucker to build a cattle pond on his place. There are scores of such ponds in Neshoba County. To build a pond you generally dig a ditch maybe 30 feet wide and five feet deep. Into this ditch you pack red clay, and it hardens. Then you scoop up, push up and pile up an earthen dam, sloping the sides, to whatever height is needed.

Mr. Tucker talks reluctantly. He said most of the work on the dam was done by two of his employees using a bulldozer and an endloader. The dam, begun in late May, was completed "sometime along in July."

The bodies were found on August 4, in the center of the dam, 14 feet and 10 inches below the crest. They were lying face down, side by side. Goodman and Schwerner were head to head and feet to feet; and Chaney, on the outside, was in the opposite position; his feet were at Schwerner's head. The two white men's arms were above their heads, indicating that they were dropped or laid into the dirt by one man holding wrists and another holding ankles. Chaney's arms were at his sides, probably because a bullet had broken his right wrist and forearm: It would have been bloody and slick, so he would have been handled by the shoulders or by hands in his armpits.

All of this means that one of the lynchers—or *an adviser to the lynchers*—knew that this out-of-the-way dam was being built. He knew that it was half built on June 21–22, and he knew exactly where to put the bodies. When the FBI got its tip from the informer, it used a dragline and cut into the dam with remarkable precision.

Three factors indicate to me that the burial may not have been in darkness:

1. Lamar Smith's five dogs. They were accustomed to activity at the damsite during daylight. But nocturnal activity would have set them to the sort of barking which isn't easily silenced.

2. Access to the damsite from the nearest road was barely cleared. The pathway was adequate for tracked vehicles but difficult for wheeled vehicles. Before they moved the huge dragline and a pickup truck along the path, FBI agents used a bulldozer for further clearing. So it seems questionable that the killers would have driven in there at night in a passenger car, or a station wagon, or even a pickup.

True, the three victims could have been walked to the site and shot there. If so, the FBI will know it from the amount of blood beneath the bodies. The agents



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collected a ton or more of dirt, in garbage cans, and flew it to the Washington laboratory.

3. The precision of the informer indicates daylight burial to me. If the burial was at night, and the dam builders never discovered it, how could the informer be so precise? He might have been reasonably accurate, but how could he have been so *precisely* accurate?

This possible delay in burial, along with the method and the place, convinces me that at least one and perhaps as many as four men, who were not members of the mob, could have learned the location of the bodies.

There are many men who hate, but there are only a few within 50 miles of Philadelphia, who are capable of murder such as this—facing a particularly innocent-looking young man like Andy Goodman, whom they had never seen, and firing a bullet through his heart.

When you begin looking for such killers, you look for the ones who may have no criminal record but who are known for callous brutality. Perhaps a man who tries to run over every dog he sees along a road. You look first for members of the Ku Klux Klan, for despite their protestations of latterday respectability, the Klan still attracts the bully boys who want to hurt somebody. There are more than a few clansmen in Mississippi. Some of them are lawmen. And there is a new clandestine, terrorist organization: Americans for the Preservation of the White Race.

The FBI, slowly but stubbornly, is infiltrating these groups, just as it infiltrated the Communist Party. If there are ever any arrests in this case, infiltration may have supplied the evidence.

You look also for bootleggers. Some of them are violent types, who yearn to commit a violent crime they think the community will approve. Mississippi is a "dry" state, which often means that the bootleggers are in business with the cops.

Never overlook the preachers. The wild-eyed, hellfire, tent-meeting pseudo-preachers, who often call themselves Baptists. They dream of washing their hands in the blood of a nonconformist.

When I studied the lynching of Mack Parker at Poplarville, Miss., a few years ago, I came to know some pulpwood cutters and truck drivers. Parker himself was a cutter. Several of them seemed capable of killing most anybody. I'd never be guilty of overlooking them.

If I were ordered to arrest the men most likely to be guilty of the murder of James Chaney, Mickey Schwerner and Andy Goodman, I'd arrest one man in Meridian, two in Sebastopol, one in Deemer, one in Hope, two in North Bend and three in Philadelphia.

I think the man who got the money is clear of the lynching. He has an FBI-proof alibi. He claims he doesn't know who the lynchers are: He learned the location of the bodies by means he will not reveal. The payoff may have been split between the man who informed the FBI and the man who had informed him. There is a report that the FBI's informer held out for $30,000, indicating a possible threeway split.

My strongest hunch is that the informer, lyncher or not, is the one who confided to his wife that he knew where the bodies were, and that he could get $25,000 for the information. Long ago I ran across a similar case, and I remember that stringy-haired, long-necked woman telling me how she couldn't get all that money out of her mind. THE END

*Mrs. Fannie Chaney consoles her son* ***Ben Jr. at memorial service in Meridian, Miss., for Ben's murdered older brother, James.***

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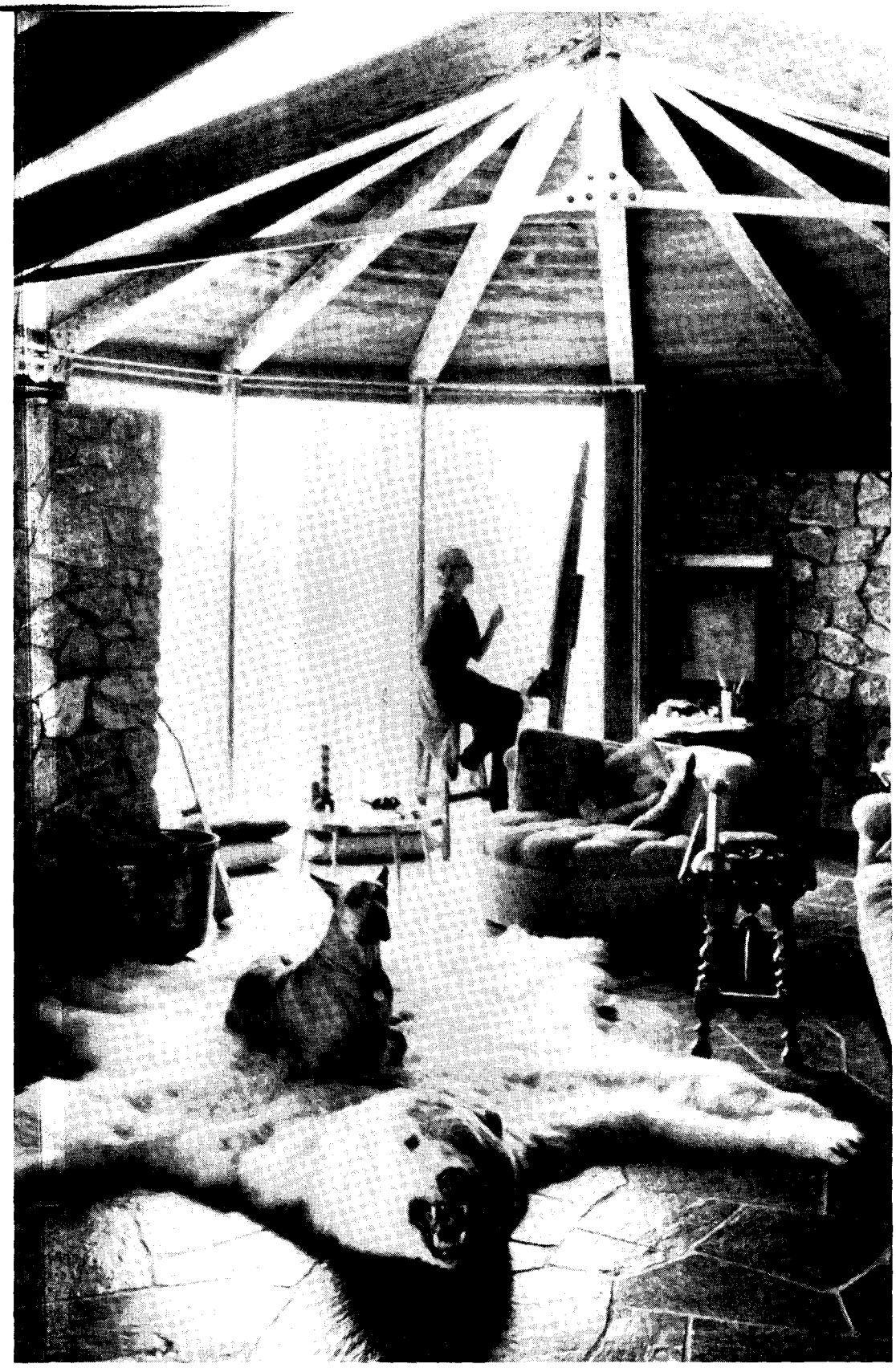
*Maintaining that "marriage is unnatural," Hollywood's highest-paid blonde preaches and practices the freedom of modern female bachelorhood.*

# KIM NOVAK VS. THE CODE

By VERNON SCOTT



*Alone with Warlock, her Great Dane, Kim toils at her easel in her isolated home on a California cliff.*

Like the spinster in North Platte or Bridgeport, Kim Novak hears the same question almost every day of her life: "When are you going to get married?" And like many an old maid, Kim replies with a shrug and changes the subject, but not for the same reasons.

Kim Novak, at 31, has remained unmarried by beating the world's great lovers at their own game—loving them and leaving them, frequently in a state of stupefaction. In the span of a decade this not-so-dumb blonde from Chicago has been on or in the arms of such figures as Cary Grant, Prince Alfonso Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Frank Sinatra, Italy's Count Mario Bandini, Gen. Rafael Trujillo Jr., and the undisputed gallant of them all, the late Aly Khan.

Kim admits all were more than flirtations. She discusses the men in her life with no pretense at Victorian virtue, and by her own account she is a passionate girl who falls out of love almost as easily as she falls into it.

Just before leaving for London the other day, where she will film *The Amorous Adventures of Moll Flanders*, Kim was stretched languorously on a divan in her Bel-Air home, explaining that "marriage is unnatural."

Barefoot and casual in white blouse and gray skirt, she needed makeup, and there were faint blue circles under her eyes. Still, she exuded a careless, lusty sexuality that has made her the highest-paid blonde in Hollywood—a half million dollars per picture, plus a percentage of the profits.

Her husky voice combined with her vaguely Slavic features gave an earthy rather than glamorous effect. "I'd be a terribly frustrated woman today if I'd married any of the men I ever loved," she said. "Yet I'm criticized for being over thirty and still single.

"The amazing thing is that divorcées are more acceptable in the eyes of society than single girls. And there's more concern about the morality of single girls than divorcées *or* married women. A bachelor girl's morals should be her own business and not the subject of research projects and reports."

"Bachelor girl" is Kim's euphemism for "spinster," a word she abhors. "When someone says 'spinster,'" she said, tucking her knees under her chin, "I picture prim, tight-lipped, tight-haired women all tied up in nervous knots because they're missing something important in life.

"That's not me, or any other single girl I know. Sex has never been limited to marriage, despite our moral code. And it is just as unnatural for a woman to mate for life as it is for a man. In other species it's not just males who switch mates; the female does too.

"When I discuss sex with married women, they complain about it being all wrong, but married women can't break the tie without all the complications of divorce. So they stay with their unhappy sex life. Or, worse, they have affairs, which are more troublesome in the long run.

"That's why I think more *married* women look like spinsters than bachelor girls. It's a frigid look born of having to go to bed night after night for thirty years with a man they can't stand."

Rather than play musical husbands, Kim says, it makes more sense to shuffle boyfriends. At various times she was supposed to marry director Richard Quine, English newspaperman Roderick Mann and businessman Mac Krim, all of whom were engaged to her, or thought so.

Krim, her steady companion in her early years of stardom, says, "Kim has changed a great deal from the time we went together. She seems to have become something of a beatnik; a nonconformist. But we are still friends."

Her current favorite is musician Al Schackman, a major figure in the Bohemian life she lives in the Big Sur region of California, a rocky, wooded vastness overlooking the Pacific. She and Schackman have written some 30 songs together, strumming guitars and singing into tape



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recorders. (Sample titles: *Somewhere in December*, *Tides*, *Starfish*, *Sea Shell.*)

They spend hours together writing and sculpting side by side in Kim's isolated home, which is perched on steep-rising cliffs just south of Carmel. She escapes there six months of the year to paint seascapes, portraits and occasional abstracts in oils. Universally disparaged as an actress, Kim is considered by some to be an excellent painter.

When the esoteric life palls, Kim may stay with friends in New York City or travel to a movie location. Her Bel-Air house is home base only for Hollywood films; as soon as a picture is completed, she locks up and leaves town.

Kim sleeps whenever she's tired, mindless of the hour. She eats when she's hungry, accounting in some part for perilous fluctuations in weight, and subsequent crash diets. If she's absorbed in a book or in painting, she may spend eight hours at the project without a thought for sleep or food. When she does take time out for a bath and a bite to eat, dishes are left in the sink and clothes are strewn around the house.

She has no full-time servant and doesn't want one. "There are more important things than making beds in the morning," she said. "The early hours are the most productive part of the day for me. Most of the time I straighten the covers and let the dishes stack up until I have time for them."

She has few close women friends. "Kim rarely lets anyone get close to her," says Dorothy Blair, a publicist who worked with her at Columbia Studios. "She is afraid to allow herself to become involved emotionally. She uses people as sounding boards rather than confiding in them. When she feels insecure, she buys tons of clothes she never puts on.

"There are some girls who never wanted to be and never should have been actresses. Marilyn Monroe was one of them, and so is Kim."

Kim admits she's not a dedicated actress. "My life isn't just motion pictures. Who knows? I may find a dozen other avenues of self-expression. Right now I'm hung up on song writing. I don't know where I'm going, and I'm not concerned about it.

"I'm not afraid of being alone, physically or psychologically. I don't even need a man around to fix things. Neighbors are always eager to lend a hand."

A former Columbia executive says, "Kim doesn't need a husband, because she's too much in love with herself to fall for anyone else. She's immature and scared stiff."

Kim sees it differently. "If I'm selfish, at least I'm not dishonest about it. The patterned, routine life is impossible for me. I've tried to please men by not being myself, but then I've always had to revert to what I am. I'm really Marilyn Novak, a girl from Chicago. Kim Novak is the glamour girl.

"One thing I'll never be is the wife of a man whose way of life wouldn't enable me to paint whenever and however much I chose. I'd be so grateful to a man who allowed me to give him frozen dinners three nights in a row, while I was finishing a painting, that on the fourth night I'd prepare him a banquet. Not because I *had* to, but out of love."

Kim insists she is an excellent cook, but she thrives on frozen dinners—salmon loaf, ham and sweet potatoes, and turkey with dressing.

She rarely finds time for television or parties and, unlike many Hollywood actresses, finds it unnecessary to perform kookie stunts to relieve the monotony of being rich, young and beautiful. She avoids Hollywood social circles and wears a black wig and dark glasses to escape recognition in public.

But her personality flip-flops in Carmel-Big Sur. There she joins in picnics, nude communal baths, musicales and folk dancing with the other inhabitants who accept her as a painter, not a movie star. At least that's what they tell Kim.

At Big Sur or in Hollywood, Kim pads around barefoot whenever possible. "I like loose-fitting clothes that mold to my body softly, but allow me freedom," she says. "Most of the time I sleep in the nude, but it depends on my mood. Sometimes I wear flannel nightgowns or sexy negligées. But freedom is the thing."

## No vapid blonde

Men who have known her for most of her 10 years in Hollywood are critical of Kim's talent but praise her as a companion. "Kim is an enigma," says director Blake Edward. "She creates a great ambivalence. The overall impression is that she is just another vapid blonde. But when you sit down and talk to the girl, you are tremendously impressed with her intelligence."

Composer Fred Karger says of her, "There's a childlike quality to Kim, as there is with all actresses. They don't want to grow up really, because they can't pretend as easily."

One close friend says Kim's negative thoughts on marriage can be traced to her strong-willed mother, who dominated her father, suggesting that Kim, too, tends to dominate her beaux.

A dozen interviewers have accused her of fearing marriage.

"I'm really *not* afraid," Kim said. "I just believe there is more to lose in a bad marriage than there is to be gained in a good one. Maybe my companionship with men isn't as deep or profound as it might be with a husband. Then again, it may be more so.

"Men listen and talk—really talk—to single girls. They only exchange words with their wives. Maybe that's why there are so many more married females undergoing analysis. That way they have someone to talk to.

"Another thing that sounds odd, I know, is that men make fewer passes at single girls. They are more likely to seek a not-so-nice relationship with a married woman, because they stand less chance of entrapment."

Kim's views on sex might paralyze another generation, but she believes morality is undergoing a tremendous upheaval, freeing the single girl from old inhibitions.

"There is nothing unfulfilled in me," she insists, "for not having been married. I adore children, but I believe a woman can fulfill her life cycle without becoming a mother. Some of the girls I know in the Big Sur are unmarried mothers. I don't think that's necessarily right. But I don't say it's wrong except in the eyes of society. If you really want a child, it makes all the difference in the world to have a real love child.

"Another thing I've learned is that men are more emotionally unstable about staying single than women. I don't mind coming home to a dark, empty house. But it's odd how the men I've known worry about loneliness. They tell me, 'I can't go on like a piece of driftwood. I need a home. I need roots.' They miss a warm and occupied house. Not me.

"I love ignoring routine. Sometimes I stay up all night and go to bed at six A.M. I'm free to leave this house and drive to the Big Sur in the middle of the night if I want. And I do that a lot on weekends, when I'm doing a picture.

"And there's the financial freedom of being single. If a girl marries a man of limited talent and drive, then her financial security is limited to his ambition. A bachelor girl can rely on her own capacity. She doesn't have to depend on an allowance from an inept man."

In addition to her enormous movie salaries Kim has formed two corporations, Kimco Pictures (which produced *Boys' Night Out*) and Spindrift Corporation, a music company which will publish the songs she has written with boyfriend Schackman. She also has invested in television pilots and real estate.

But wealth to Kim is only a means of buying freedom. It allows her to spend months by the sea, where all the rooms of her house—including the bathroom—have picture windows framing the restless ocean. Her most recent canvas depicts dozens of human hands extending from the waves of the sea.

"It represents the sea as the source of all life," Kim explained. "The sea is the most exciting thing in my life. It's a kind of stimulation I couldn't find in a marriage. And you'd be surprised at how many of my men friends are jealous of the ocean because it may enrapture me more than they do.

"My feeling for the sea is a pure love," the blonde star said, "no more mystical than my love for my religion. I'm a Catholic, and maybe that has made me cautious about marriage and the possibility of divorce. When I marry—if I marry—I will be true to my religion and only marry once."

THE END

*With Laurence Harvey, Kim settles in for a kind of scene that suits her in the forthcoming picture,* Of Human Bondage.

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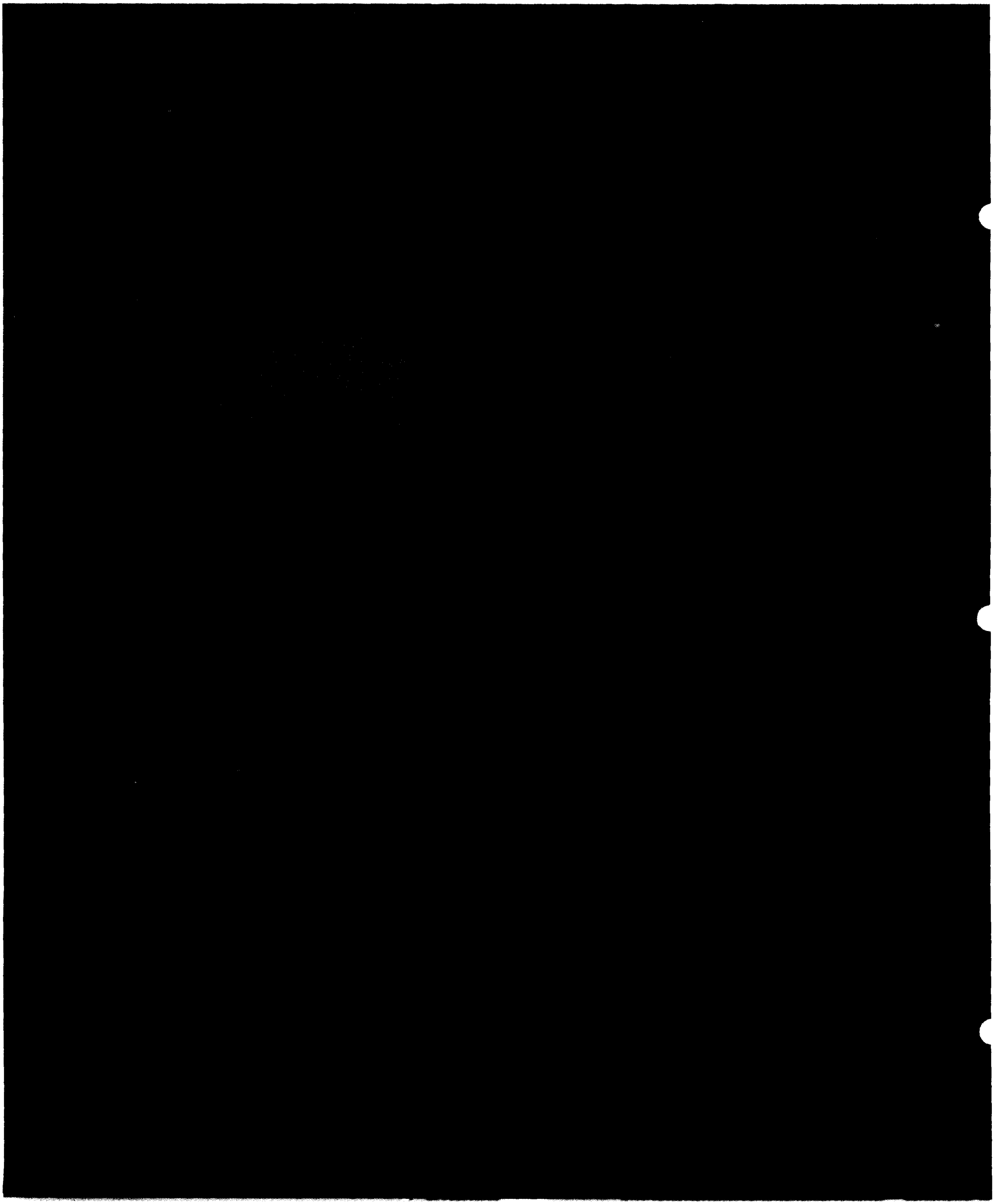

*Breathing air pumped through a hose from the Sealab in the background, Dr. Robert Thompson ventures out for a swim 192 feet below the waves.*

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*Capt. George Bond ran the project, as "Poppa Topside."*

*A steel tube on stilts, Sealab had its own exotic atmosphere.*

# ROOM AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

By James Atwater and Roger Vaughan
Photographs produced by Elgin Giampi

## NAVY "SEALAB" DIVERS WHO LIVED AND WORKED FOR ELEVEN DAYS AT 192 FEET ARE READY TO GO EVEN DEEPER TO PROVE THAT MAN CAN BE AT HOME IN THE OCEAN.

The man was lolling on a coral outcrop at the bottom of the sea. Far above he could see a faint, shimmering glitter as the waves caught and reflected the sun. He had left his scuba breathing gear and tanks behind. He was down there holding his breath, with 192 feet of salt water over his head, and he was feeling completely at home—almost too completely.

"I had been dreaming for nights that I could breathe water," he said later. "The dreams were so realistic that I woke up each morning thinking that I was going to try it. And when I was out on that coral, I was almost tempted to start breathing."

The man who had to resist the notion to breathe water was a U.S. Navy Lieutenant Commander named Robert Thompson, who had some reason to suspect that he might be able to turn the trick. Thompson was taking part in the most ambitious project to date in man's growing efforts to learn how to live in the sea. With three other Navy divers, Thompson descended in July to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean about 26 miles southwest of Bermuda and took up residence in Sealab I, a 40-foot steel capsule that was painted a yowling shade of orange for visibility.

Thompson is a husky 35-year-old man who moves and talks slowly and methodically, but his placid manner conceals a remarkably curious mind. Diving is only his sideline. He is a physician, and he has also managed to pick up a master's degree in nuclear science and radiobiology.

The other three Sealab men were part of the small, vividly tattooed, highly professional and fiercely proud world of Navy divers who are convinced that they are the best in the business. "Diving is a kind of poor man's aviation," says Chief Quartermaster Robert A. Barth, 33, the senior man of the trio. "We don't have the formal academic training of pilots, but we know our trade just as well." Gunner's Mate First Class Lester Anderson, a burly, tough man of 31, has handled every rugged job known to the trade, including assignments to retrieve bodies from the submerged cabins of crashed airliners. Chief Hospital Corpsman Sanders (Tiger) Manning, wiry and intensely serious, was already, at 33, a legend among Navy divers. He can hold his breath so long that doctors have warned him he might damage his brain by depriving it of oxygen; he once dived 100 feet in a tank and swam four times around the 18-foot bottom on a single breath of air.

But this dive was unlike anything any of them had made before. Divers operating from ships can penetrate to 200 feet and even farther, but the water pressure is so great that they can only stay for minutes. If they stay too long, the pressure forces part of the gas mixture they are breathing into their blood streams. Then, when the pressure drops during the ascent, the gas may emerge from the blood in the form of bubbles that can cause the excruciatingly painful and sometimes fatal condition known as the "bends." The risk of getting "bent," says Barth, is the "monkey on the back" of every diver working from the surface.

The Navy's Medical Research Laboratory set out to find a way to get around the physiological facts of life. "We wanted to make man a free agent in the sea, not just for a few minutes but for days," says Capt. George Bond, chief of the MRL. "This will make it possible to explore and exploit the riches of the continental shelves of the world." If divers could work at 1,000 feet, he points out, they could explore an estimated 30 percent of the ocean floor—to seek out the mineral



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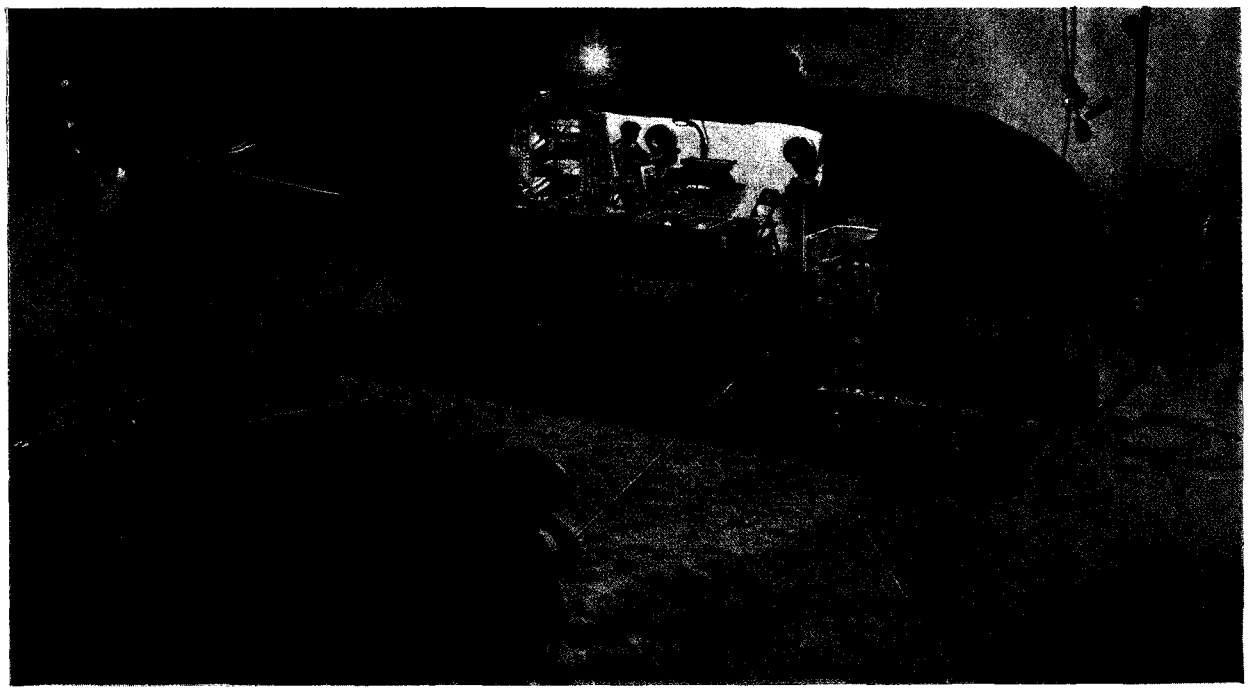

*Sketch of Sealab shows support divers entering decompression chamber (left) for ride to surface. Two aquanauts work outside on hookah rigs, while a third with scuba gear enters capsule. "Umbilical cord" and trolley line rise at right.*

## A DROPPED WEIGHT BELT COULD LEAD TO AN UNCONTROLLABLE AND FATAL "BLOW-UP."

### Room in the Sea

deposits geologists believe are hidden there and to harvest marine life.

Bond decided to give divers a haven on the ocean floor so they would not have to go through the daily ordeal of decompression. He designed Sealab so that its atmosphere would exert the same pressure on the divers as the outside water. Theoretically, this would keep the gas in the blood of the divers, who would thus be free to work for hours on the bottom and then duck inside for meals and sleep.

Sealab is a steel tube, 10 feet in diameter and 40 feet in length, made by simply joining together two giant floats that had been used with some experimental mine-sweeping gear.

Inside, it resembled a house trailer. There were four bunks, a hot plate, a thermoelectric refrigerator (which broke down under the pressure), a toilet and a hot and cold fresh-water shower. The major problem for Bond was to produce an atmosphere his divers could breathe. Compressed air was useless at these pressures; the nitrogen which makes up 78 percent of natural air acts like a super Martini when forced into the bloodstream, and "nitrogen narcosis" would have made the divers dangerously drunk.

After long experimentation in test chambers, Bond settled on a mixture that was 16 percent nitrogen and 80 percent helium. That left only 4 percent oxygen—compared to 21 percent in surface air—but the pressure forced enough of it into the divers' lungs.

Sealab carried its atmosphere compressed in large tanks. Water, electricity and telephone lines came through an umbilical cable that curved down from its mother "ship," a gray hulk of a barge designated as the YFNB-12.

The barge was moored about 75 yards from a structure known as Argus Island, an experimental antisubmarine outpost that rears up from the sea on huge steel legs. The Navy chose the site for Sealab because the water depth of 192 feet was ideal for the experiment, and because the well-equipped tower could help the barge support the expedition.

On the bottom the four divers entered Sealab by simply swimming down and pulling themselves through an open hatch in its floor. Because the atmospheric pressure inside equaled the water pressure outside, there was no need for a door; the divers could pop in or out as casually as gas repairmen using an open manhole in the street. The only obvious difference from life at the surface was the effect produced by the helium in the artificial air. It transmitted sound so oddly that their voices were all as shrill and high-pitched as the squeal of chipmunks.

There were real risks. Each diver had to guard against losing a weight belt and starting an uncontrollable "blow-up" ascent buoyed by the expansion of the pressurized air in his lungs; the helium that would come boiling out of his blood would quickly kill him. And there were other dangers, as events were to prove.

Yet for the first time, the divers could really feel free of the surface. From the moment they moved into Sealab, they stared in wonder at the sea around them as though they had never really seen it.

At dawn, the oily blackness of the water turned to purplish-blue velvet, and then paler still until it was the light blue of the sky hidden above. As the light spread, the groupers slowly swimming around the Sealab would change their protective col-oring from dark blues and reds to pastels. The divers could not see the sun as they looked up, but they could see the hazy

*Manning and Anderson (with headphones) play a game of cribbage in Sealab before retiring for the night. At rear, Thompson brushes his teeth.*

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glow it cast on the surface. Every morning around 9 the men could hear a rumble like an express train as the courier boat arrived with mail from the base in Bermuda. One of the support divers, who carried supplies to the Sealab, came back amazed at the clarity of the water. "It's like the Mojave Desert down there," he said. "You can see for miles."

Fish swarmed around the Sealab as though it were the new castle in the living-room aquarium. Angelfish drifted by, scarcely moving their graceful, yellow-trimmed fins. Gentle groupers hunkered down on the white-coral bottom and stared mournfully at the divers. A sleek amberjack would make a run past and the swarm would explode in panic.

Fish-feeding became the favorite sport of the divers. Dressed in scuba gear, they would drift outside for as long as a half hour and hand out sardines. Every now and then an amberjack or a tuna would dip down and gracefully pluck a sardine out of a diver's fingers. The groupers were the most determined panhandlers. A couple became so persistent that they would routinely shake down every diver as he left Sealab, inspecting first one hand and then the other. One grouper caught Barth off guard and snuffled up a whole can of sardines.

After a while, the divers developed a protective feeling about the fish. "You'd go out for a swim and an amberjack would go right along beside you, just as though he were your buddy," said Thompson. Even Barth, who had been an avid deep sea hunter, began protesting loudly whenever a diver from the barge carried a spear gun down with him.

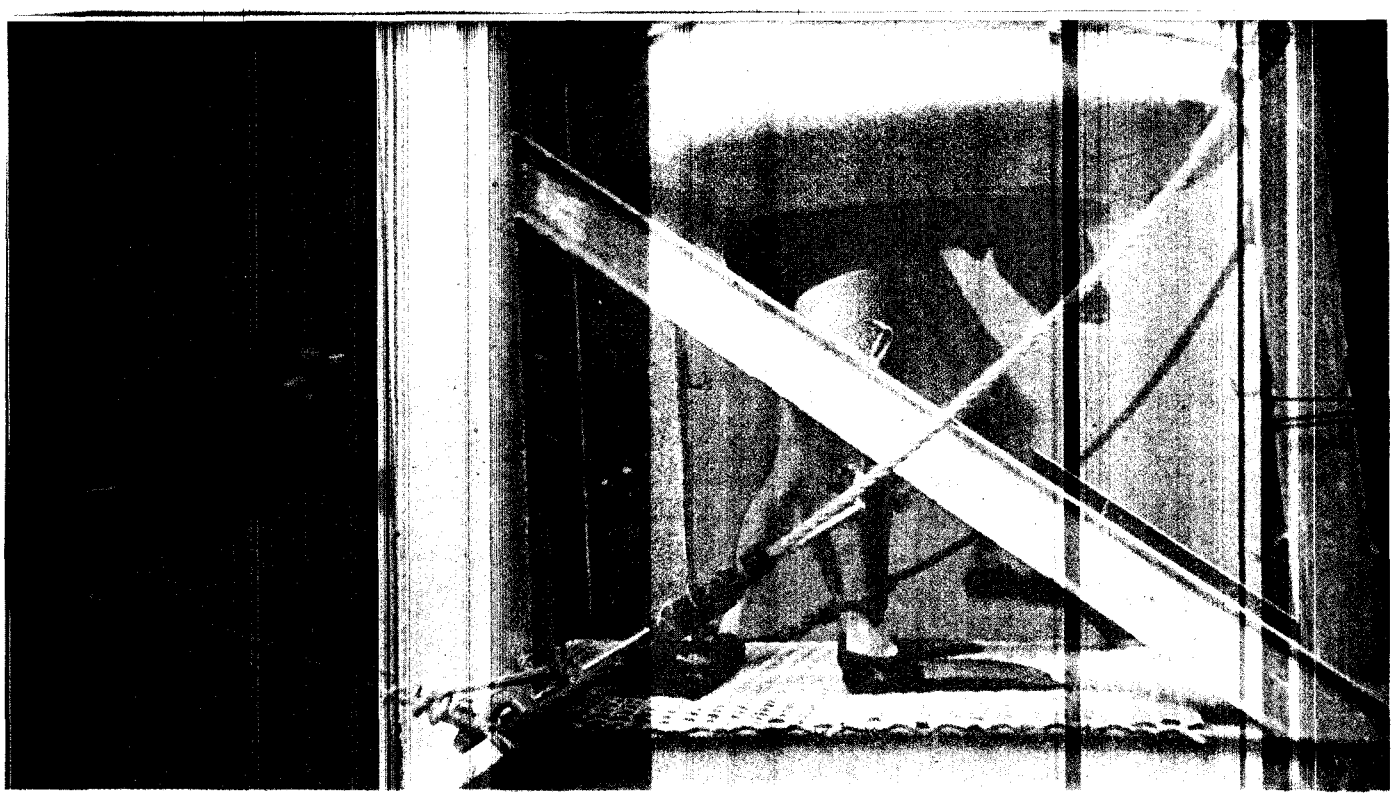
Nightfall came rapidly to the Sealab. The light faded to purple and then to darkness. In his notebook one diver wrote that small fish seemed to gather at dusk around the Sealab "like a flock of starlings." The divers turned on the powerful lights that were aimed out into the sea. An observer on the surface could see a faint glow deep down in the water.

The men standing watch at night seemed to feel the only sense of isolation that came over the divers during their stay on the bottom. The man on duty would talk compulsively to the group in the control booth up on the barge. His chatter would be the only sound in Sealab, except for the whirr of the dehumidifiers.

And then the man on watch would pass the midnight hours by staring at the illuminated spectacle outside the portholes. Swirls of fluorescence left trails of sparks in the darkness. The silver spots on the sides of the groupers acted like tiny mirrors as they cruised past, picking up the orange image of the Sealab.

"You could see the whole process of life right there," said Tiger Manning. "The beginning right through to the end. You could see the fish mate, and the little fish eating the plankton, and the bigger fish eating the little fish. And every once in a while a huge tuna would come by. He wouldn't seem to be moving very fast, and all those fish would try to scatter. But the tuna would get all he needed. They would seem to run right into his path."

The divers needed only about four days to feel completely at ease in the Sealab. They added some personal touches, such as pinups from *Playboy*, and, with their trade's sardonic humor, they penciled the notation SUICIDE PLUG—OPEN TO DROWN on an old valve in the ceiling. As well as any four men could, they learned to get along with each other in such close quarters. About the only real friction that developed was the uneasiness



*On launching day, aquanauts enter [illegible] chamber [illegible] for [illegible] Sealab.*

*Clutching a container of the divers' blood samples, Capt. Walter Mazzone, technical project officer, swims back to the surface.*

*Dr. Thompson collects bottom samples for analysis, one of many chores assigned to aquanauts. The "umbilical cord" is at rear.*

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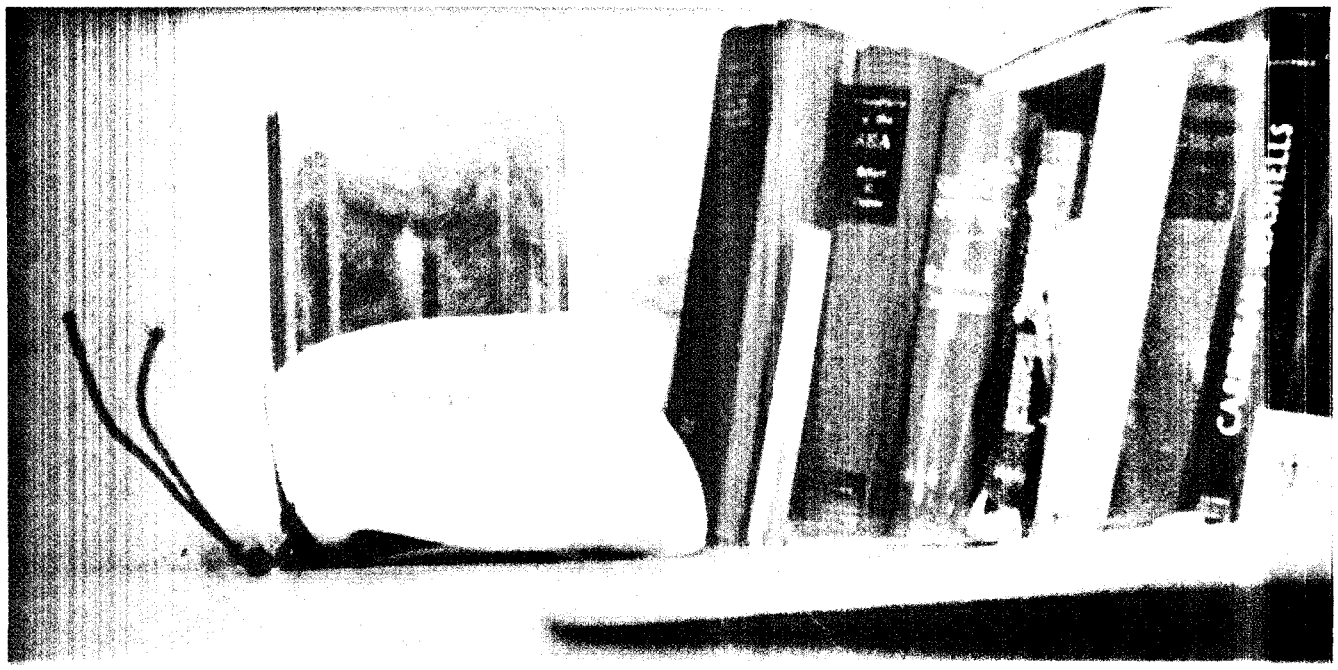
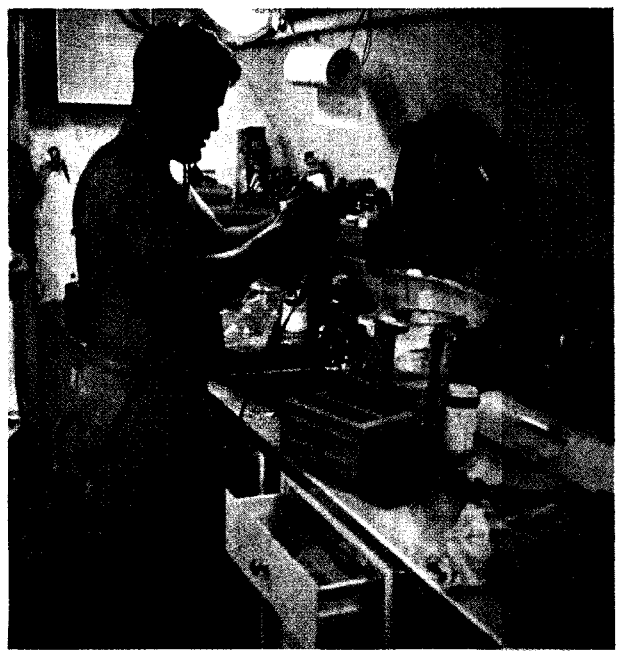


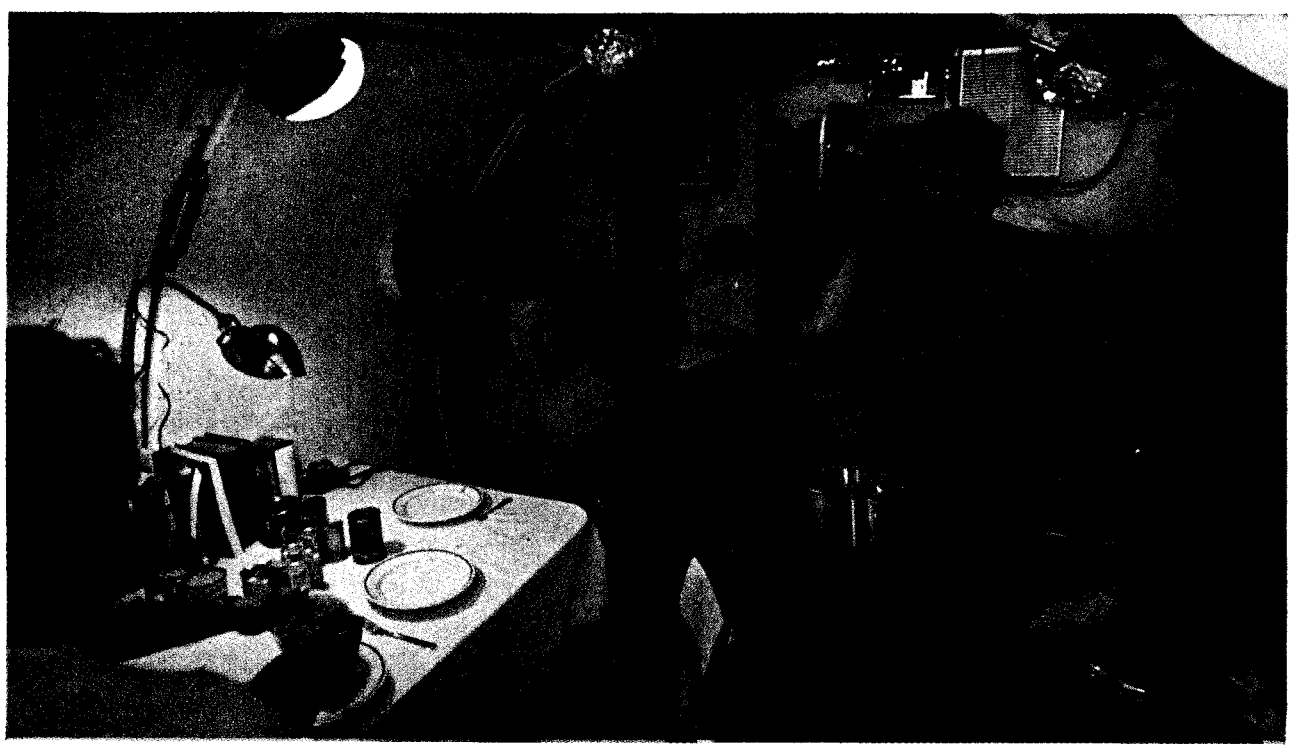
*Plastic jar on Sealab's bookshelf, lowered on line [illegible] to 205 feet, shows the effects of pressure.*

## "YOU'D LOOK AT SEALAB AND YOU'D FEEL THAT'S WHERE YOUR FRIENDS ARE."

*Corpsman Manning takes blood from Thompson's arm.*



*Anderson repairs a gas meter while talking with the surface.*



*Barth cooks dinner on Sealab's hot plate. While food tasted normal, table talk was squeaky due to helium in atmosphere.*

felt by the more experienced enlisted divers whenever Thompson's curiosity led him to tinker with unfamiliar gear. "You had to watch him like a kid," said one of the trio. "You kept wondering, 'What is he going to touch next?'"

Every morning the divers pulled on scuba gear and set out on jobs like so many time-clock punchers. They set up gear for scientific experiments on the bottom, and examined the welds on the legs of the Argus for corrosion. For short trips they strapped on "hookah" rigs, hoses that supplied them with air from the Sealab. For kicks they would shed all their gear except a face mask and a weight belt, and go for a dip holding their breath.

In time the Sealab became home. "You'd be out there a ways, swimming around, and you'd look back at the Sealab and you'd feel that's where you've got your friends," said Anderson. "When you came up through that hatch, someone would help you off with your gear and give you a cup of coffee, something little like that, but you'd appreciate it."

While all this was going on below, Captain Bond, on the barge, was monitoring the communications and gas-measuring devices that revealed how the four men were faring. A big, barrel-chested man with close-cropped gray hair, Bond habitually dressed in checkered Bermuda shorts and a Marine shirt with hacked-off sleeves, puffing on a succession of pipes as he watched his equipment. The divers reported to him regularly by a special phone that unscrambled their heliumized speech, and by scribbling messages on an electric contraption that reproduced their written words topside. Bond's best link was a closed-circuit TV rig with an underwater camera that could photograph the divers in action. "It's a hell of a thing to have to get your kicks vicariously by television," he complained one day as he watched Barth feed an amberjack. "On the next project I'm going to spend a couple of weeks down there myself."

The four divers were a captive audience that no showman could resist, and Bond, an urbane, expansive man, succumbed to the temptation. Bond had helped put himself through medical school at McGill University by teaching freshman English. He has a master's degree in philology, and he has memorized a grab bag of works, including the poetry of Robert Service and great chunks of Chaucer. In the evening, Bond sometimes would pick up the mike and let it all come rolling out in a deep, rhythmical voice, tossing off *The Cremation of Sam McGee* in Spanish, French and, on inspired occasions, in Middle English.

Down below, the men fidgeted and listened in silence. They fidgeted more as Bond adopted a paternalistic attitude. He regularly referred to himself as "Poppa Topside" when talking to them, and at least once called them "children."

The divers put up with these whimsies only because they came from a man they deeply respected. Bond has done—or would do—everything he has ever asked of his divers. In 1958 he took a prodigious gulp of compressed air, and, wearing only a life jacket, ascended 302 feet in 54 seconds from a submarine in a practice escape—about three times the distance then considered to be a safe limit. Bond has been "bent" in nearly all the joints of his arms and shoulders. He is afflicted with the diver's ailment of mild deafness.

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*"You'd go for a swim and an amberjack would go right along, just as though he were your buddy." Aquanaut and escort return from specimen hunt.*

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# "I'VE SEEN EYES LIKE THOSE BEFORE—BUT MOSTLY THEY WERE ON DEAD MEN."

## Room in the Sea

Sometimes he jerks awake in the night to find himself holding his breath.

"Captain Bond," says Anderson, "is one of the people. He's one of us."

As time went by, Bond was delighted with the daily progress. "I don't think I've added a gray hair on this one," he said. "I think the good Lord is with us all the way." But some co-workers were saying privately that the divers were getting too careless and independent below.

On the seventh day Tiger Manning pulled on his scuba rig and swam out to take some movies of a one-man experimental submarine that had been sent down for some trials. He concentrated with his usual intensity upon getting some good footage. Suddenly Manning felt dizzy. Either through a malfunction of his equipment or the faulty setting of a valve, he had been cut off from his oxygen supply. He headed for the open hatch of the Sealab and passed out, rolling against some helium tanks near the hatch.

No one in the water noticed Manning's trouble, but inside the Sealab, Anderson heard the strange clink of the tanks. He peered down the hatch just as Manning moaned. Anderson managed to hoist his friend out of the water, although he was wearing 109 pounds of gear. Tiger's face and lips were pure white. Frantically Anderson began to shake and slap Manning and to screech at him in his absurdly high helium voice. A long moment passed and then Manning began to breathe again. Doctor Thompson put him to bed and watched as the blood vessels in his eyes started to rupture, one by one, until the whites had turned completely red.

Then Thompson began the wait for any signs that blood vessels had broken in Manning's brain in the same fashion. But the Tiger was soon insisting that he was perfectly all right and, two hours later, proved it by beating Anderson in a game of cribbage. "I've seen eyes like those before," said Bond, when he finally got a look at Manning, "but mostly they were on dead men. Five more minutes in the water and he'd have been dead."

Two days later a tropical storm headed for Bermuda. The divers argued that they could ride out any storm, that they didn't need the barge or even the tower, but their protests were overruled. A decision was made to abort the project after 11 days instead of shooting for the planned three weeks. A cable was hooked to Sealab and a giant crane on Argus, anchored on a deck some 100 feet above the water, began the ticklish job of hauling the divers back to the sunlight.

Studying his decompression tables, Bond decided to raise the Sealab one foot every 20 minutes and gradually pipe in nitrogen and oxygen to help purge the six liters of helium that saturated the tissues of each man.

Dangling on its cable, the Sealab rose slowly for about 30 hours. Then, at around 100 feet, it began to bob and dip like a small fishing boat caught on the swells of the Atlantic. A subsurface, wavelike movement of water, with its own 16-ft. swells, was surging around the Argus Island. The divers could feel the Sealab climb as the cables went slack and scraped by the portholes, and then slam down so hard that water gurgled up into the hatch within a foot of the floor. As it dropped, the Sealab exerted a force of about 17 tons on the cable. The safe testing strength of the cable was 17 tons. If it snapped, the divers were dead.

For half a day Bond could only inch the Sealab upward when the surge momentarily subsided. Bond used a slide rule to recalculate the variable in his tables, which allowed for a sudden 35-foot drop or rise—"the Jesus factor," as the divers called it. Slowly, the crane worked the Sealab up to 81 feet, where Bond decided to transfer the men to a submersible decompression chamber. The divers stripped to their trunks, took one last breath of the Sealab's air, and swam the few yards to the chamber. The chamber had to be left suspended until the crane could lower Sealab to the bottom, and for the next four and a half hours the four men stood upright, elbow to elbow, sweating and cursing, until, finally, they were swung dizzily up onto the tower. There the capsule was turned on its side and the four men slumped on air mattresses to endure the last 21½ hours of decompression.

"It was hairy all the way up," said Capt. Lewis Melson, who had overseen the project for the Office of Naval Research. "But everything went fine on the bottom, and that's what counts."

The preliminary findings show that the prolonged exposure to pressure left all the divers, including Manning, completely unharmed. The group required far less support from the surface than had been anticipated, and all four men insisted that they could have done far more work below than they were assigned.

Before the Navy divers went down off Bermuda, other men had made forays into the sea. Last year France's Capt. Jacques-Yves Cousteau, the co-inventor of the Aqua Lung, put five men for a month 36 feet in the Red Sea and two men for a week at 90 feet. In June, Jon Lindbergh—the son of the conqueror of the Atlantic—and Robert Stenuit spent 49 hours at 430 feet off the Bahamas in an oval structure designed by Edwin Link, designer of aviation's Link Trainer.

But Sealab is the start of the most comprehensive effort yet to colonize the sea. Next year Melson and Bond hope to put Sealab I, or an improved version, at 400 feet somewhere off the Pacific Coast. After that, the O.N.R. plans to keep right on going down, in 200-foot drops, until Navy divers are living on the floor at 1,000 feet.

"Are you ready to go again?" Captain Melson asked Chief Quartermaster Barth as he emerged from the decompression chamber. In the previous two days Barth had had about four hours' sleep. His face was covered with a half-inch stubble, and his eyes squinted against the glare.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Just give me five minutes." *THE END*

*Photograph taken inside submersible chamber after removal from the water shows Anderson and Thompson sweating out last hours of decompression.*

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*Two hours after Tiger Manning barely escaped death, the ruptured blood vessels in his eyes show the frightening effects of his "oxygen starvation."*

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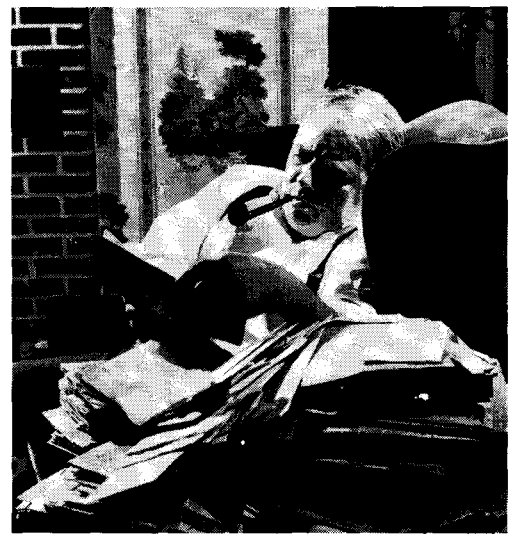

*An omnivorous reader all his life, Chambers took up college courses after leaving editorial work.*

# COLD FRIDAY

## The revolution in his inner life was as stormy as the history he saw and made.

**By WHITTAKER CHAMBERS**

*Whittaker Chambers, whose accusations against Alger Hiss made him the principal witness in the most celebrated American spy case of the century, died after a series of heart attacks in the summer of 1961. He left in the basement of his Maryland farm a half dozen cartons and a briefcase filled with letters and manuscripts—diaries, essays, poems, some of them typed, many in his difficult handwriting. Mrs. Esther Chambers patiently sorted out hundreds of papers, and then asked an old friend, Duncan Norton-Taylor, who had been a colleague of Chambers at Time, Inc., to put this fragmentary material into book form.*

*The pressure and strains of the Hiss case had ended Chambers's career at* Time, *which he joined in 1939 after breaking off his 13-year membership in the Communist Party. In 1956 he retired to Pipe Creek Farm. There he raised a dairy herd, sheep, beef cattle and crops; there he reflected on his life and what it had meant; there, in 1952, he had his first heart attack and was taken to St. Agnes Hospital in Baltimore.*

These excerpts have been taken from the book *Cold Friday*, to be published by Random House, Inc., in November. © 1964 by Esther Chambers.

### St. Agnes

My heavy oak door stood always shut against even the corridor sounds of that citadel of pain in which I occupied one of the pleasanter cells. I was permitted no visitors from the outer world (though two security officers of the United States Government managed to reach me surreptitiously my first morning in the hospital). Otherwise I could see only my wife, and my two children, neither of whom was in a position to visit me often. I was forbidden to move more than I could help; forbidden to talk more than necessary; forbidden even to laugh (a ban I quickly discarded). My mail was carefully censored by my wife, and I might not read a book or a magazine. Above all, I was forbidden to hear any news of the outer world, or to read a newspaper.

*Whittaker and Esther Chambers on their Pipe Creek Farm, shortly after the Hiss trials made him an international figure.*

Sometimes, in the first quiet days, my doctor would slip in, and, after instructing me not to try to talk with him, would stand by the bedside, or sit in a chair in the corner silently observing me. I knew what he was doing. He was trying to read from my face whether my will to survive was intact. If he had been able to ask me the straight question (in the nature of the case, he could not do so), I could have given him a straight answer. The decision to survive had been taken before I went to the hospital. It had been made for me by my son's frightened face, glimpsed for a moment as he watched me thrash on the couch at home. But it bore on the condition of the world in which my life was cast, and the part which it was my lot to play in it. No door however thick and no commanded silence could keep that question out. It quickly made its entry, acutely, and in the least-looked-for way.

There was one regular exception to the no-visitors rule. Casually, at first, I became more aware, and I began to look forward to the moment when, at the close of those long days, the hospital chaplain would open the shut door and take his place in the easy chair in the corner. Father Alan was a short man, small-boned and slight. As I first studied his face, there was nothing particularly distinctive about it except a reassuring plain humanity and the play of irrepressible merriment that rather undid the more severe set of his chin and mouth. It would not have occurred to me that one of this man's chief interests was the theory and history of sea power and naval operations.

Something quite different first stirred my interest in Father Alan. He was a Passionist monk. I observed with some curiosity his black habit with its broad leather belt dangling the chain of heavy wooden beads and the crucifix. I observed, too, the black metal insignia of his order, in the shape of a human heart on which were traced in white a cross and the letters IHΣ which Father Alan wore over his own heart.

There was nothing distinctive about Father Alan's conversation either. He, too, was under the rule that nothing must be said that might disturb the patient. One night I decided to cut through the careful irrelevancies of our talk and try to discover what manner of man this monk might really be. I asked, "Father, what am I to answer those people who keep writing me that I was wrong to write in *Witness* that I had left the winning side for the losing side? They say that by calling the West the losing side, I have implied that evil can overcome good."

Father Alan studied his hands, which were lying in his lap. Then he glanced at me directly and asked, "Who says that the West deserves to be saved?"

If, in that softly lighted room, Father Alan had burst a Very flare, he could scarcely have lit up more effectively the ravaged landscape of that no-man's-land across which the West confronts its crisis, supposing that it is only an alien enemy it confronts, not knowing that the enemy it confronts is first of all itself.

For Communism is not an Asiatic or Russian growth, as some maintain. In its Soviet form it has been shaped and colored by Russian peculiarities. But Communism is a way of thought and action, a way of reading history and its forces, which was developed in the culture capitals of the West. The growth of its power is inexplicable except as Communism appeals to the divided mind of the West, making each of its advances exactly along the line of the West's internal division, paralyzing each effort to cope with it by touching some sympathetic nerve.

I opened recently a Fair Dealing magazine to find a two-page spread of American goods with a caption to the effect that this is our answer to Communism, this is what the free world has to offer the restive regions of mankind. A civilization is justified in seeking to buy survival by sharing its material prosperity with a restive world—like any other form of endangered life trying to save itself. But a civilization which supposes that what it chiefly has to offer mankind is more abundant bread—that civilization is already half dead. Sooner or later it will know it as it chokes on a satiety of that bread by which alone men cannot live. It will, in all probability, know it long before. For it seems to be a law of life and of history that societies in which the pursuit of abundance and comfort has displaced all other pursuits in importance soon cease to be societies. They become prey.

Throughout the years between my break with Communism and the beginning of the Hiss case, Father Alan's question had haunted me. That is why, later on, when our nightly conversations had become something to which, it seemed to me, Father Alan looked forward almost as much as I, I spoke to his understanding with a freedom such as I would speak to few men. Thus, one night, when our conversation had reached a certain turn, I said, "Two little imps sit at the foot of my bed, one on each post. They sit with their backs to me. But, now and again, one will turn around and grin and say, 'It was all for nothing?' Then the other turns and grins and asks, 'Why go on?' "

### Morningside

It was in the fall of 1920 that I made my way along 116th Street to my first class. Belatedly and reluctantly I was doing what was expected of every bright youth of my age and class: at last I was going to college. Two years before, the first four-



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# An intellectual vacuum is made—then filled.

## Cold Friday

year shock had ended after leveling Europe to a ruin that could not be measured merely by its physical wreckage. For the ruin took place in men's souls before it was made visible in the rubble of cities. This was the zone of earthquake that I first stepped into on Morningside Heights.

I cannot remember ever hearing the word "Communism" or the name of Marx mentioned in a classroom. Lenin as a writer of political theory was then locked up in Russian or unread in German. No member of the Columbia faculty was remotely suspect as a Communist. The words "Communism" and "Communist" were almost never heard.

I was fit, rather rugged, more athletic than I had ever been in my life. I spent days playing endless games of handball in the college gym, swimming, or running around Grant's Tomb, and working out at 145 pounds with the wrestling squad. For the first time in my life I was consciously religious. I had begun (in my 19th year) to read the Bible and to try to grasp its meaning. I sought this meaning chiefly in the Old Testament, and then chiefly in the Books of Job, Isaiah, and the Psalms and Ecclesiastes. Quite unconsciously I was finding the route past this terrifying Book, which is the modern mind's favorite detour—I was reading "the Bible as literature." The New Testament I merely brushed.

The figure of Christ troubled me, indefinably but certainly, as it had troubled me in the Sunday-school books of my early boyhood. I left that demanding Presence hidden between the skipped pages of the Gospels. There was no one to help me comprehend then the meaning of the Crucifixion. Insofar as I was a Christian at all at that time, it was in the sense of the famous celebration of charity in *First Corinthians:* "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." (I was 40 years old, and the father of children, before I knew that charity without the Crucifixion is liberalism.)

This religious impulse in me was in large part instinctive, and I believe that the wise men agree, insofar as they agree about anything, that it is a commonplace of adolescence. But in part, too, it was the result of two personal relationships and other influences, and my exposure to the beliefs of two Protestants.

The first of those influences was a remarkable woman whom chance set down for a short time on the south shore of Long Island. Her name was Dorothea Mund Ellen. She was a German, the daughter of a famous *Kapellmeister* of the Court of Hanover, and herself at one time the music-and-language tutor of Nicholas Roosevelt. She was an accomplished musician, and she read the *New Testament* in Greek. It was in her home (not in mine) that I first learned to know the meaning of Michelangelo. It was she who first played Beethoven for me. She first read with me the German masterpieces, and we spoke German together.

Insofar as my mind is civilized at all, she chiefly civilized it in the sense that she inured me to a tradition of life and of the

*Dorothea Mund Ellen was an early, strong intellectual stimulus to young Chambers.*

mind in which nothing is so important as the human soul, its vicissitudes and its destiny. This influence I was never able to dispel even as a Communist. I was an editor of the *Daily Worker* when, by chance, I first opened Horace; and, as I read those purest lines

*O fons Bandusiae,*
*Splendidior vitro,*

it was her spirit that made me relearn enough Latin to read the *Odes.* In this sense she never ceased to draw me from the evil of Communism even during the years when it separated us completely. She herself knew this, and as she lay dying while we were estranged, among her last words was the question: "Where is he?" And the last triumph of her faith in me: "He will be all right." For to her I was always a soul. To me she was my revered friend, and the greatest influence for good in my life until I met my wife.

She was intensely religious—a woman of immense spiritual probity and energy. Under her influence I attended Christian Science services. I retained from this experience chiefly the sense that up to a point health is an aspect of the spirit, and the sense that evil is an active force in life.

The influence of Dorothea Ellen soon blended with another, very different influence of the same order. I made friends with the son of the Methodist minister in a village not far from my home in Lynbrook, Long Island. In my second year at Columbia I roomed with this boy. I was often at his family's house and sometimes attended services with them. In the sense of simple goodness few men could have been better than that Methodist preacher. Nor was his goodness soft or weak; it had a hard, human core. In the services and surroundings of his church I found a bareness that touched some need in me and seemed congenial up to the point when I began to sense in it (rightly or wrongly) a spiritual thinness. Later, this need of mine for plainness would find its natural resting place when I met it as a function of Quaker mysticism.

Politically, I was a conservative when I entered Columbia, and under the impact of postwar unrest, strikes, and the I.W.W. outbreaks in the Northwest, I was intensely preoccupied with politics. I was inclined to believe that Calvin Coolidge might be another Abraham Lincoln. I admired his prompt action in ending the Boston police strike. I knew almost by heart Coolidge's terse speeches, collected in *Have Faith in Massachusetts.* Constituting myself a one-man campaign committee, I had written to practically every Republican newspaper editor in the country, urging Coolidge's nomination for President of the United States. (Though I have lost this first careless rapture, I still rate Coolidge somewhat higher than the current quotation.)

I would have done well on my first undergraduate morning to have glanced less loftily at the landscape of Morningside Heights and more intently at the landscape of history. It would have swarmed up at me from all sides in dark contrast to the permanent illusion of sunlit campus. And it would have told me more about the past, present, and future of all men and of myself than anything I would ever learn in Contemporary Civilization (required for all freshmen).

Two years before, the socialist government of Hungary, feeling its power slipping, had taken the Communist leaders out of jail and turned over the nation to them. One year before I walked down 116th Street, the Hungarian Soviet Republic had fallen. A few months earlier, the first calculated aggression of the Soviet Union against Europe had also been broken, just as the Red Army had headed for the suburbs of Warsaw.

But these things reached me, insofar as they reached me at all, only as a man knows of a tumult beyond mountains. The mountains were my ignorance and my inexperience.

Contemporary Civilization was happily free from any presentiments. The course, if I understood it rightly, was intended to toss us into the ages as if from the end of a desk; to shake up our minds and teach us to swim in waters which some of us would soon guess were mid-ocean. That was, presumably, the Civilization part. The Contemporary part was, at least in my classes, missing, or so cautiously hinted at that it missed me almost completely.

Nothing that I can remember was said about the Russian Revolution. No one in Contemporary Civilization parted the curtain of falling snow to show me Petrograd with a cold rain blowing in from the Gulf of Finland on a day in November, 1917. The tottering republican government of Russia had ordered the drawbridges over the Neva River to be raised. The great spans tilted slowly through the air. The Communists were occupying the public buildings, the ministries, the police stations, the post office, newspaper and telegraph offices, the telephone exchange, banks, powerhouses, railroad stations. To cut off the working-class Viborg quarter on the other bank of the Neva, and to prevent its masses from reenforcing the insurgent Communists, the falling republican government had raised the bridges.

In from the Gulf of Finland steamed the armored cruisers of the Baltic fleet, whose crews had already gone over to the Bolsheviks. The cruisers nosed into Neva within point-blank range of the bridges. Their slender guns rose with mechanical deliberateness, and, as they rose, the spans of the bridges slowly dropped again. The masses streamed across into the central city. This was the crisis of the uprising, and one of the decisive moments of history. Thus was raised the central fact of the first half of the 20th century: the Russian Revolution—and the century's central issue: Communism. Men of many nations, who were not born when those slender guns were raised and on whose minds that tremendous imagery of history had left no trace, would die from their delayed fragmentation in Germany in Hungary, in Finland, in Bulgaria, in Rumania, in Greece, in China, in Indochina, in Korea.

I remember only one or two things about Contemporary Civilization. Early in the course (we were just about to enter the Cro-Magnon caves), I recall learning with a start that the Java ape man is probably a fraud. It is quite impossible, my instructor said, for scientists to reconstruct a man from a single jawbone, or even to be sure that the jaw was that of a man. Most reconstructions of prehistoric creatures were pure guesswork.

The instructor sometimes hurrahed for the I.W.W.—the only radically vocal instructor I ever met at Columbia (he did not last long). I once heard him turn savagely on a freshman who had made some slurring remark about those restless syndicalists, and treat him to a brief personal and intellectual assault that left the facts of political life in much the same questionable shape as the Java ape man and the reconstructed monsters.

One freshman talked back. "You are destroying all our beliefs," he said. "That is exactly what this course is for," said our instructor. "We want to destroy your beliefs, to shake up your minds and teach you to think for yourselves."

That was the frontal attack. Since it was not clever, for it was recognizable, it was less effective than the bland treatment. It was not the high wind but the warm sun that made us abandon our intellectual coats.

Mark Van Doren (of whom I wrote briefly in *Witness*) was the master of the sunny influence. His influence on me was great, greater perhaps than he knew, both because he was my appointed faculty advisor, but more importantly for his own charm and trenchancy of mind; like a burning glass, his influence focused for me most of the disintegrating rays in that environment. With his mocking humor he also refracted and broke most other qualifying influences. My first English themes were editorials for him. The editorials were terse and brief and received A's. He advised the class to look for its models, not in the daily press but in *The Nation*, a New York liberal weekly in which "some of the best editorial writing in the country was being done" (and of which

*The woods and fields of his farm were an ideal setting for reflection on his life, and on the tumultuous events of his time.*



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*Son John, to whom his father deeded Cold Friday plot, helps shear a sheep. Chambers also put in long hours on his crops, his beef cattle and dairy herd.*

**Chambers began his real education in contemporary civilization over sandwiches in the locker room.**

## Cold Friday

Van Doren was soon to become an editor) I doubt that I had ever heard of *The Nation* before. Certainly I had never read it. I hastened to the nearest newsstand.

I was a boy who, above all, needed firm and wise direction. Moreover, the natural habit of Mark's mind (like that of many academic liberals) was to treat ideas as having an existence apart from life; their delight was in their multiplex play; ideas never implied acts. The natural habit of my mind was the exact opposite. Ideas as intellectual game scarcely interested me at all. Thus Mark was always half in jest, and I was always deadly serious. I did not understand at all the deep gulf between our basic attitudes or what might come of it.

The Columbia faculty was not, of course, composed wholly of young skeptics and aesthetes. By any count of academic noses they were a small minority. But they were closer to the younger students, and their appeal was great. And the younger instructors did not repress a smile at their elders, which undergraduates were quick to catch and share.

By the end of my sophomore year at Columbia, I had ceased to be a conservative. I was nothing. God, when He was not an intellectual embarrassment, was an admission that one conceded for the sake of tradition, civility, or an argument. Truth was wholly relative.

My revolt occurred at the moment when I began to sense the dimension and to seek the nature of the human crisis; to which they had no answer but aversion or doubt, and of which I suspected they were themselves a symptom. I sought for a new answer to the new problems—the search that was to bring me to Communism.

During my freshman year, I had commuted to Columbia. I brought a package of lunch from home, filed it away in my gymnasium locker, and at noon ate it in the locker room.

I was not alone. Several dozen undergraduates, day students like me, also ate in the gymnasium, sitting on the narrow benches between the lockers. They lived an intense, intellectual life, almost wholly apart from the life of the campus. They were a cohesive group, bound together by a common origin, a common flight from a common fear, and a common poverty.

To me they were an entirely new race of men. They came from the Bronx, the East Side and from a region I had never heard of—Brownsville—somewhere far out in what they themselves used to call the "steppes of Brooklyn." They spoke a dialect which was almost wholly unintelligible to me, and which, oddly enough, was one language I was never able to manage. It was Yiddish. They were Jewish, of course, but my inexperience in such matters may be judged from the fact that for a long time I supposed that Schapiro was an Italian name.

They talked about socialism, atheism, the Russian Revolution, socialist Sunday Schools (Sunday meetings for young atheist socialists—a new term to me), experiences in speaking from soapboxes (another new term to me), Eugene V. Debs, Upton Sinclair, V. I. Lenin, Leon Trotsky, Marx and Engels, Hegel, Feuerbach, Kropotkin, Bakunin. Without knowing it, I was in the presence of a new way of life, a new culture which I felt to be deeply antagonistic to my own, and which I lunged out against. I brashly asserted my own religious, conservative, and antisocialistic views. To Eugene V. Debs I opposed Calvin Coolidge, but without marked success. But long before I would admit a change, my viewpoint had shifted.

## Basically serious men

The shift, I think, can be accurately fixed in one small basic concession. It was my growing susceptibility to my opponents' insistence that political democracy is not enough. In a political democracy, they often told me, freedom, in the last instance, is only freedom to starve. Or what use is such freedom to a hungry man? I remember vividly the day when one of my friends laughingly quoted me a line from Anatole France: "The law, in its majestic equality, forbids all men to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets, and to steal bread—the rich as well as the poor." I remember it because that smiling irony marked a tiny turning point in my thinking.

In time my strange luncheon companions no longer seemed strange to me. I felt for some of them a strong affection. And through them I had met others on the campus, friends of their childhood with whom they had grown up. Most of these others came from comfortable homes, but shared the same general view of life as my locker-room friends. They were also *Ernste Menschen*, basically serious men.

Thus began my friendship with Meyer Schapiro, one of the most brilliant minds in many fields I ever met, and one of the most loyal and generous friends I was ever to know. There was Irving Kaplan, who in those days was engaged in daily philosophical dogfights with Mortimer Adler (whom I came to know better later on). There was Clifton Fadiman, whom I came to know late in my Columbia experience. He was a friend who did me innumerable kindnesses, who as an editor for Simon and Schuster started me on my translating career, and one of those who, during the period of my break with Communism, lent me money. There was also Lionel Trilling, now a professor in the English department at Columbia, who later wrote a novel, *The Middle of the Journey*, in which I figured as one of the characters.

When a Hiss investigator asked him to testify against me in days when powers and personalities were mobilized against me, it was Trilling who answered, "Whittaker Chambers is a man of honor." There were many others.

My new luncheon friends and their families were men and women of a palpable goodness that showed in their manner, which, uncouth by standards of etiquette, was refined by natural grace and generosity; and showed in their faces, in which a beauty of the spirit flooding



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through the eyes, transfigured features in themselves ugly. They were people of intense humility which had the quality of religious purity. Their lives were measured in years of hard, unremunerative labor in conditions often vile and always hard. Their families were circles of affection which often included three generations among which, with no jar or rupture, the oldest were devoutly religious and the youngest were revolutionary materialists. They lived in the night of the slums, which does not lift even in the day, and in this night they had guarded the treasure of their goodness and sweetness untouched for ages. So that from them I first learned, not as a line from the Bible, but as a fact of experience, one meaning of the phrase: . . . "the light shineth in darkness." These were indeed the wretched of the earth. But they made the earth seem better to me for their being on it.

One day, in the summer between my sophomore and junior years, I sat reading on a balcony in Brussels on a pleasant little back street that curved down a hill somewhere behind the Belgian Ministry of Agriculture. I was reading Aeschylus's *Prometheus Bound.* I was stopped by the opening lines almost as if the balcony had dropped off the building: "We have come to the last path of the world, the Scythian country, to the untrodden wilderness."

My classmate Meyer Schapiro and I had just come out of Germany, where I had seen something for which, as a young American even uncommonly conscious that World War I was an epochal crisis, nothing had prepared me. I had seen not only a country but also a people in ruins.

From Bremen I had taken the night express to cross to Berlin. The inflation was on. This was something the like of which Americans were to know nothing until some seven years later in the Great Depression. As an American I had traveler's checks, so that the inflation struck me at first only in the preposterous exchange of a check for a massive roll of hundreds of thousands of marks, and in the necessity of eating meals early because the value of the mark had fallen again, and a meal eaten at one o'clock might cost a thousand marks more than a meal eaten at noon.

Well-dressed people walked back and forth on the Kurfürstendamm, like any Fifth Avenue crowd. Suddenly, the tears would stream down a woman's face simply as she walked along—the face of desperation, which asked and expected neither pity nor help, for there was no pity or help because there was no hope. The commonest of sights was to see someone snatch a purse and disappear in the crowd which rushed together, attracted by the victim's cries, and then walked on again with a shrug.

Sometimes I saw another aspect of the crisis that was even more baffling. There would be little knots of furtive figures selling newspapers at some of the street corners. At the appearance of a green-clad policeman, they would break and run. I was told that they were Communists. The Communist Party was outlawed. They were selling *Die Rote Fahne* (The Red Flag). I did not know, of course, that the party was even then stockpiling rifles and machine guns for a revolution that was scheduled to break out in the autumn.

All this was in my mind, whirling formless but vivid, as I read *Prometheus Bound* on the balcony in Brussels. And there was more. For I had lately gone down to Paris. But nothing I had seen in that beautiful city had left in me so deep an impression as something I had seen on the way to it. As the train crossed northern France and the old battlefields of 1914–18, I saw in the distance a jagged wedge of wall and the fragments of a bell tower standing above foundations of what had been a town. That was what was left of Saint-Quentin.

That is why I read and reread with a sense of new meaning the words: "We have come to the last path of the world."

I did not need Marx nor Lenin to tell me that the world was in catastrophe, or, what is more important, that the military form of catastrophe, World War I, despite its massive human and material hemorrhage, had settled nothing at all. It had been sapped to a degree that I was as yet wholly incapable of grasping. But even I could see that with the destruction of the great dynastic empires—Germany, Austria, Russia, Turkey—was destroyed the stability of the West. I could also see that France and Britain had been organically weakened.

In the end my choice was based, not on the teachings of Marx and Lenin, their historical or economic analyses, or even the faith of Communism and the vision of man's salvation on earth. In the end I made my choice because I became convinced that the intelligence and power of the West were no longer able to solve the continuing crisis.

## The face of despair

This is an oversimplification. But in some similar way this is the form in which the turn toward Communism takes place in the mind of every man or woman who becomes a Communist. It is the crisis that keeps them Communists, sometimes long after disillusionment or discontent with the realities of Communism have set in. Nor does the ex-Communist, returning to the world that he abandoned as hopeless, have any illusions, if he is intelligent and sincere, about the crisis. He does not return to the world because he believes that it is morally healthy or capable of solving the crisis which in fact is deeper than when he left it. He returns because he believes that Communism is evil. The crisis remains and the world remains unable to solve it.

*Pipe Creek Farm is near Westminster, Md., 70 miles from Washington, D.C. It was there in 1948 that Chambers produced the famous "pumpkin papers"—actually microfilms of State Department documents—which were used against Hiss in his perjury trial. There, seven weeks after his heart attack in 1952, Chambers began his convalescence.*

### Cold Friday

Cold Friday is the name of a field on this farm. On the old survey map, and in the older deeds, a number of our fields bear odd names, given them at forgotten moments in the past by men whose own names nobody any longer remembers. Hit-or-Miss is the outermost strip along the county road. High Germany sweeps up to the crest of our highest ridge. Cold Friday is the farthest field of this farm to the north. Cold Friday looks to the north in more ways than one.

It is a flattop, as we say hereabouts by way of contrast to the commoner roundtops. One of them, Little Round Top, on the Gettysburg battlefield a few miles to the west, lifted itself, in three days during barley harvest, 1863, permanently into the horizon of history. For in those dusty grain fields, woods, and orchards, a way was cleared for the United States to become something without its like in history: a technological colossus; and that fact, for good or ill, was to be decisive for all mankind.

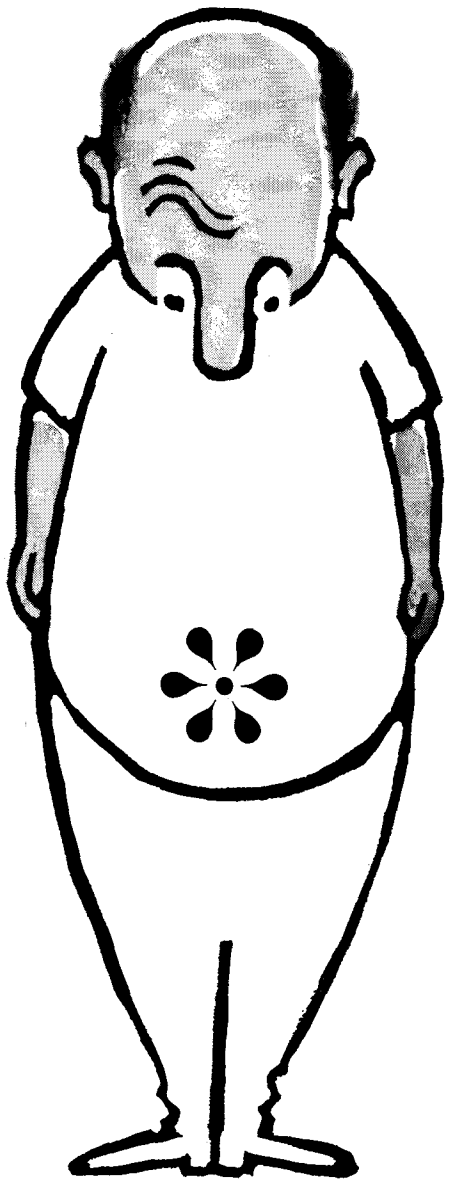
Family tradition says that my great-grandfather, a Doctor Chambers, was at this battle, though it is typical of my family, and an attitude of many Americans, that I never learned his given name. Yet, typically, too, I was given a detail: That during the battle, he soaked himself in whiskey to fog his mind to the horrors of amputations without anesthetics, which he was there to perform.

Weathering has left a platform of earth—some 10 or 12 unlevel acres—hoisted above and apart from the other fields. Cold Friday, therefore, is the kind of height on which, in the past, men have sometimes built their ultimate defenses, calling them, variously, strongholds, citadels, acropolises, burgs, or kremlins, but meaning always the site of a last stand.

Here, in my turn, I meant to sink my ultimate defenses, when I reached Cold Friday, somewhat late in life, stumbling out of the revolution of the 20th century. Here I determined to root the lives of my children—to live here and die here in this particular earth—which was for them, in the routine language of deeds, "and their heirs and assigns, to hold in fee simple forever." I meant to root them in this way in their nation. For I hold that a nation is first of all the soil on which it lives, for which it is willing to die. I was also conscious of another resolve: to end the wandering of my house, which for generations has been in flight. On this earth, I was determined, our line would remain or end.

I did not take such thoughts to Cold Friday when I first went there. First I put it in corn. After the corn came alfalfa. But when the alfalfa wore thin, and grass began to run it out, I left the field in rough pasture, to cattle for three seasons of the year, or to the furtive life that drifts over it—the deer and the hunter, the random trespasser.

Then, in 1952, it became impossible for me to go anywhere. My life became a necessity to outlive a series of crises of health or to convalesce between them. During the first long convalescence, I lay in the room of this house which is closest to the sheep barn. Waking before daybreak on snowy nights, I could sometimes hear the thin, wiry cry that means that a lamb has been born and has probably got itself in some corner where the ewe cannot find it. (Ewes seem perversely to choose the coldest nights to lamb, and few lambs are so helpless at birth that they cannot get away and freeze.) I was powerless to go find the lamb, to rub it dry or restore it to its senselessly blatting mother. I could only lie and listen. At such times I was surprised at how often the image of Cold Friday came to my mind. I could see the field clearly, in my mind's eye, under its unbroken cap of snow and the down sweep of the west or north winds. This distinct image, recurring so often, puzzled me. One night there came with it the opening line of *Prometheus Bound:* POWER (to his companion, FORCE, and to their prisoner, PROMETHEUS): "We have come to the last path of the world, the Scythian country, to the untrodden wilderness." I was first amused—the Scythian country; that is Russia. But then it seemed to me that some deeper logic of meaning had

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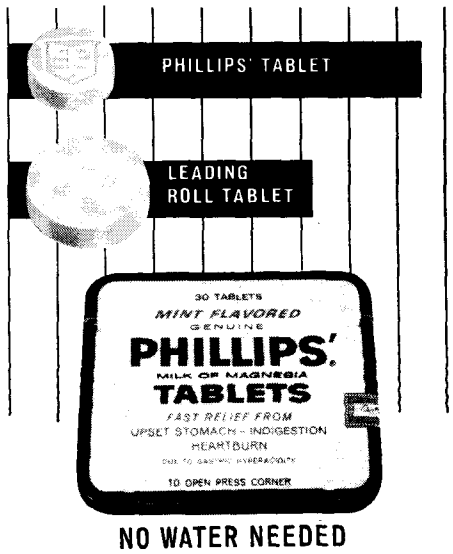


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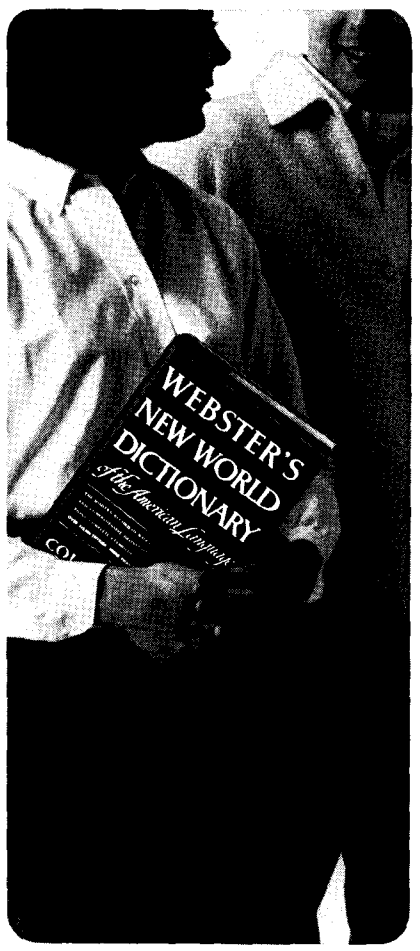


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# A chance for hope, faith and a healing quiet.

## Cold Friday

long been at work and had taken form in the image of the field before the meaning had risen to consciousness. The last path of the world—that was Cold Friday. When I could get back to Cold Friday, I went again and again, simply to sit alone in the jeep, or stand, to look off from the field.

I had given life to two children. I meant, in the simplest terms, to take those children to the soil as one of the few sound realities left in life that they might grow into and grow out of, and which, whatever forays into the world they might later make, they would never finally leave. This was all there was to give—the ground beneath their feet. I meant to give it to them not only against the forces of open revolution but also against that suffocating materialism, which, more than want or hunger, recruits the forces of revolution in the West.

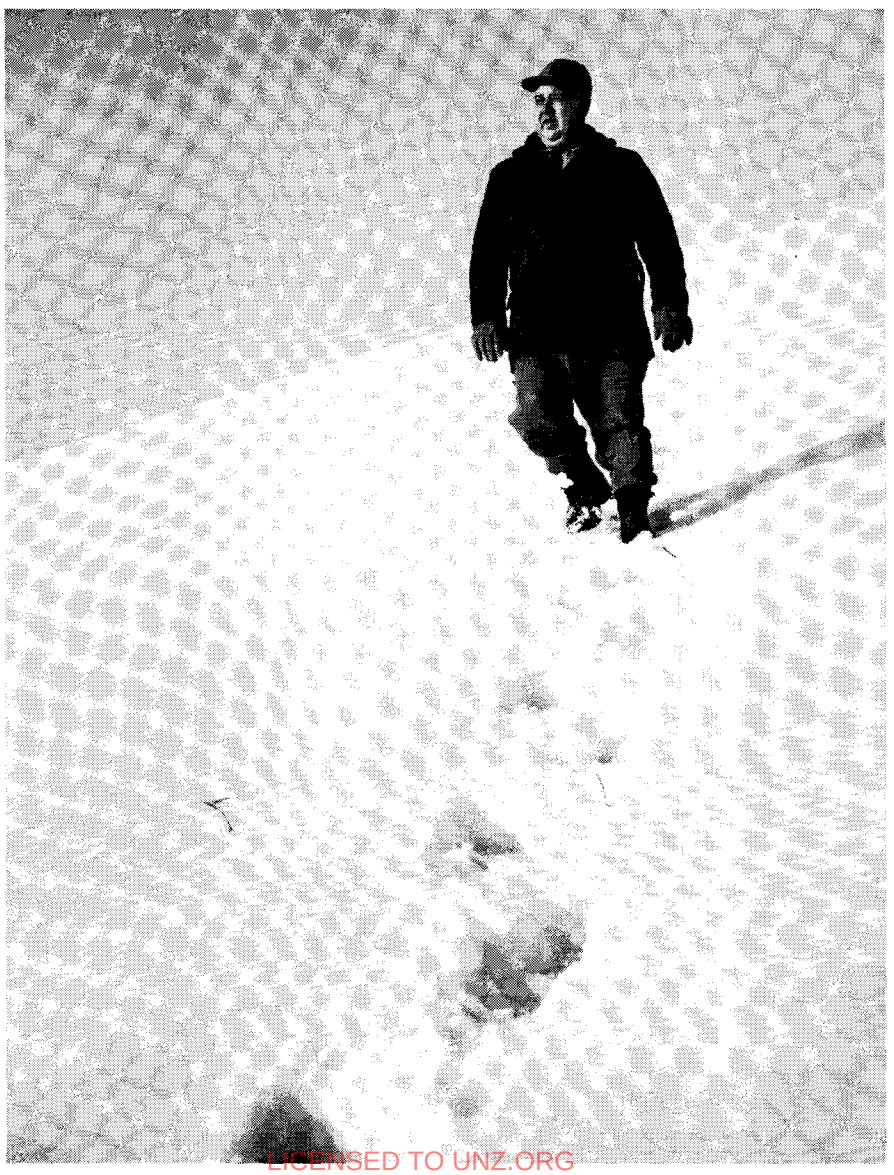
So I meant Cold Friday to be a base for my children not only against the forces of revolution in the world but also against the climate of materialism which breeds revolutionists. Nothing could have been more clearly foredoomed. Intelligence and experience alike told me this beyond question, and if I had acted only on their sense, I should not have acted at all. But it is my conviction, based on a reading of man's upward climb from shambling apehood, that man's progress is always a progress of the spirit. And that spirit makes its irrational forward lurch precisely at the moment it acts in defiance of a prevailing reality. The mind may not reject the knowledge of reality; the more coldly it weighs it the better. But the spirit may defy reality in the name of something higher. Cold Friday was therefore for me an act of hope and faith. The point of importance was not the failure. The important point was to act—the clenching of the will set in defiance of failure, because what is good and right remains good and right though buried in disaster and by centuries.

In 1954 I deeded Cold Friday to my son. I never felt that I possessed for myself the earth I formally owned. I held it in custody for my children. My son was setting out on a journey. I deeded him Cold Friday because it, and all it stood for, was all I had to give him at such a time—the ground beneath his feet. Here, there is that healing quiet in which a man can simply sit and observe, letting the impression of the time and place pass through his mind.

I grasped that I had deeded my son nothing—a heap of dirt—unless I also made the effort to leave him the vision I glimpsed from that height. That was all I could really leave him.

In effect, my son will be climbing Cold Friday beside me. I am somewhat short of breath these days. I cannot be wholly sure, as we begin the climb, that we shall make it all the way. But I am reasonably certain that, if we do reach the top of Cold Friday, or not long afterward, my son will find himself his own man, alone on his own Cold Friday. If I know my son, he will go often to that field, to consider by himself the windings of the creek, the facing woods and slopes, the traces of his father's course. I have only one counsel for him at that point: not to show by a change of his face or a motion of his hand what he feels. THE END

*"I cannot be wholly sure, as we begin the climb, that we shall make it all the way."*

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- 1 (10 ounce) package frozen peas and carrots, cooked
- 1 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/4 cup chopped pimiento
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
- 2 cups mashed potatoes
- Melted NUCOA® Margarine

In large bowl beat egg yolks, salt, pepper. Blend in crumbs and 1 cup Real Mayonnaise. Stir in tuna and vegetables. Turn into greased 1-1/2 quart shallow casserole, smooth top. Bake in 350°F. (moderate) oven until thoroughly heated, about 25 minutes. Meanwhile, beat egg whites until stiff peaks form; fold in 1/4 cup Real Mayonnaise. Spread on top of casserole to 1 inch from edge. Using pastry tube, pipe potatoes for border; brush with melted margarine. Broil until golden-brown, about 2 minutes. Serves 6.

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- /2 cup chopped FANNING'S Bread and Butter® pickles
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- /2 cup grated cheese

lit buns; spread with part of Real ayonnaise. Sprinkle each half with na, chopped pickle and onion. oon remaining Real Mayonnaise top and sprinkle with grated eese. Broil until lightly browned. Serves 4.

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# Going Away

## At one time or another almost every housewife has had the idea she might be going mad.

*By Vera Randal*

Katherine lay rigid under the blanket, her fingers pinching the soft flesh of her thighs. She was unable to crawl again into the womb of sleep. Outside a plane flew low, filling her bedroom with its roar, louder and louder as though it were skimming the roof of her house, and then gradually fading to a hum. She tried to visualize it, silver-winged, glinting in the sun, tried and failed, seeing nothing but the light that filtered through her closed eyelids. "George Washington," she said silently, forming the words with her lips. "John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison." Or was it really Madison? And if it was, who came next? It doesn't really matter, she told herself, but the terror mounted, slowly at first, then with increasing momentum, until she saw the words written across the inside of her head, heard them repeated over and over again by a tireless inner voice. "I shall go mad. I shall go mad."

In the morning light that sifted between the closed slats of the Venetian blinds her skin looked gray against the whiteness of the pillow, with darker gray smudges of shadows under her eyes. Her lips were pressed tightly together to keep them from trembling, and from time to time a nerve jerked at one corner of her mouth, pulling it abruptly downward toward her chin. The dark red

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sprawl of hair fanning out around her head was, by contrast, almost indecently lively-looking, gay, thick and curling, as if it were feeding on the pale, frightened face, sucking from it the final drops of blood.

"I shall go mad," she whispered. The sound of the words, spoken aloud, seemed to add to them a new dimension. She had said them before, but always in Doctor Caine's office, lying on the great leather couch, staring at the maze of cracks in the ceiling, sometimes trying to trace a single one from the center outward, knowing that the cool, indifferent voice would follow hers, with scarcely a pause between. "You couldn't, Mrs. Barr," he had said so many times. "You couldn't, not even if you tried. Your kind doesn't go mad."

Her kind. She could feel her head starting to twitch rapidly and rhythmically from side to side on the pillow, like some fantastically speeded-up pendulum marking off the fractions of seconds through which she would have to live and walk and talk before the day ended. And if it ended, if she maneuvered the tightrope of terror for another day?

With her eyes still closed she listened to the morning noises coming through her bedroom door, David shouting that he didn't want his milk, so loudly that she could hear him all the way up the stairs. Josie punctuating her insistence with soft, drawling endearments; the baby, in the room next to hers, babbling to herself, hitting erratically at the brightly colored plastic disks strung across her crib. Her kind. Were there others who, though their hearts continued to beat, as hers did, were dead inside like herself? Others who felt nothing but the icy weight of depression, the cold, isolated panic of utter aloneness, of being cut off from everything and everybody, even from their own children? And if there were? Would that lessen her aloneness? Would anything?

The heavy, thudding sound was Josie moving her vast bulk up the stairs. Reluctantly—for until her eyes were open there was the hope, flimsy, frayed rag of hope, but still hope, that the room might this time be in focus—Katherine pulled her lids upward. The room blurred. How God-awful funny it was. How naïve she had been. At the beginning, after David was born, she had thought there was something wrong with her eyes, that perhaps she was going blind. Slowly and carefully, raising her head from the pillow to move it in a wide arc, she named to herself, item by item, the two closet doors, the double oak chest, half Tom's, half hers, her small wooden slab of a desk with its slim, wrought-iron

*"Going Away" is the self-contained first chapter of a first novel,* The Inner Room, *which Knopf will publish this autumn. The author has had only one story published previously, but it was remarkable enough to be reprinted in the forthcoming* Best American Short Stories of 1964, *and the novel has already generated the sort of prepublication talk that indicates it will be both a critical and popular success. It tells of five young women in a mental hospital, taking up the story of each separately. The final section of the book will be published in* The Post *next week under the title "Coming Back."*

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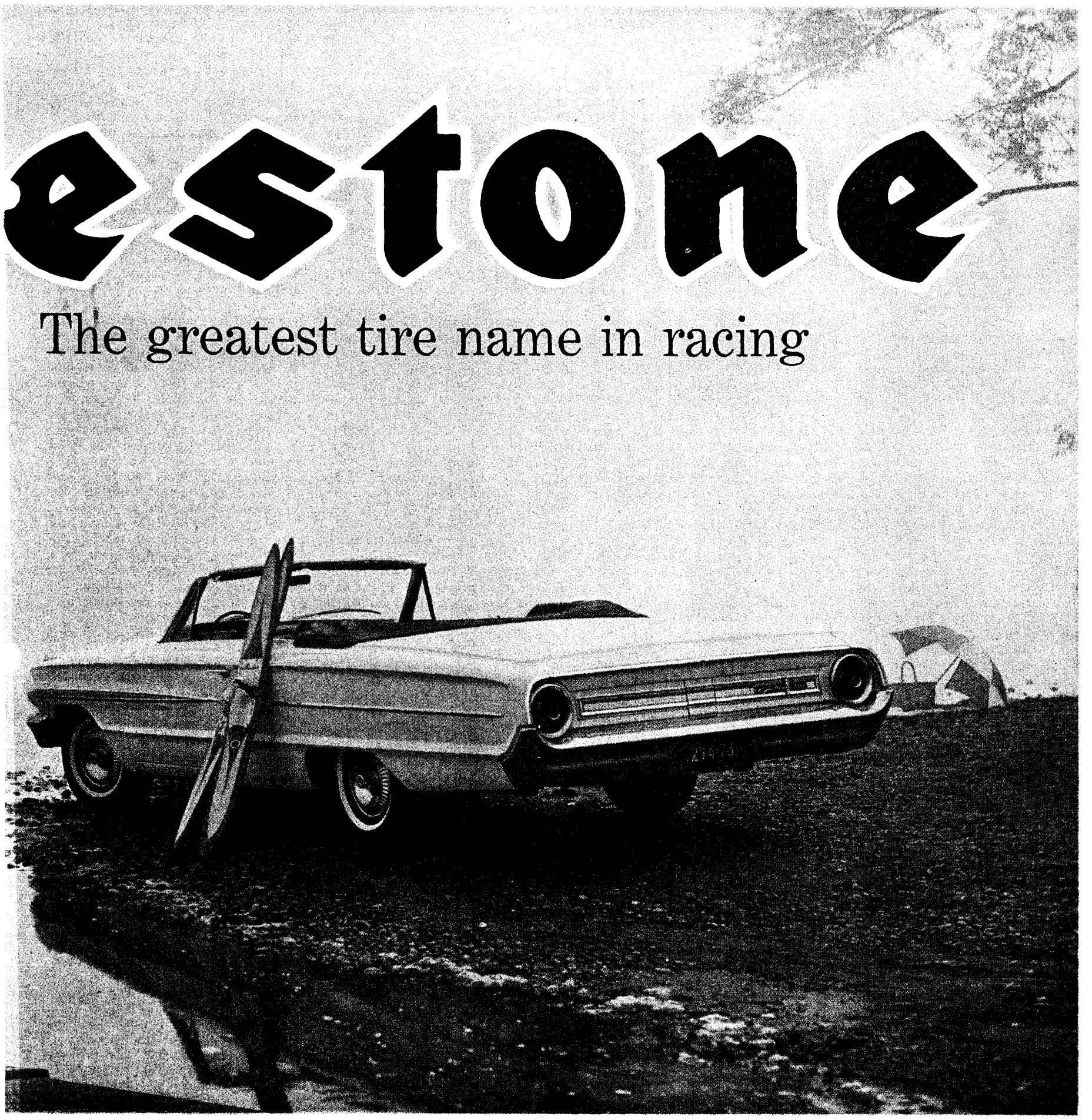

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legs. She narrowed her eyes with strain, trying to see the details of the blue pheasants parading across the drapes. Perhaps if she could see the tail feathers, the tiny dots of eyes, then the room would seem real. But it wouldn't. Even as she squinted at the window, her eyes gray slits in the whiteness of her face, she knew that it wouldn't. She was trapped inside the bony confines of her own skull, and her sensations and perceptions could be no more than this, meaningless fragments of color, or shape, or sound, experience without context, devoid of all feeling. That she could still name objects, still tag them with the right word, this seemed to her her last, flimsy tie with sanity. "You couldn't go mad." That's what Doctor Caine had said, his wide-cheeked cat face so sure. That face was etched into the inside of her skull forever and ever by the burning acid of memories long forgotten, the ungodly agony of bringing herself to say things she couldn't possibly say, not even to herself. "You couldn't go mad," he had said, and she didn't need to look at him, because the etching was inside her head like a drawing from an ancient cave, that face with its broad cheekbones and pale-lashed, skim-milk eyes, with its soft, full-lipped mouth half hidden by the brown moustache. "Not even if you tried," he had said, his voice coming from behind the couch, patient, quiet, almost bored. "Your kind doesn't," he had said.

My kind, Katherine thought, watching the vague, shadowy nothingness that was the door opening. The old dread was thick around her, covering her mouth and nose, falling and falling like millions of feathers to smother her. How did she know she could still talk? How could she be sure the words would still come out like words, and not some wretched animal gibberish?

"I'm up, Josie," she said. She propped herself on one elbow to look at the broad blackness, with its wide nose and hairy holes of nostrils, with its dark eyes, the irises surrounded by yellow. The parts wouldn't cohere. The features were all there, but she couldn't put them together to make a face. She reached for a cigarette from the pack on the night table next to the bed and struck a match, watching the flame come wavering toward her face. She was awake. Or was she? How could one tell? Half opening her mouth, she bit down hard on her lower lip, and felt something like pain, something that she used to call pain. But in nightmares, too, there was pain. How did one know? A thin film of sweat covered her forehead, and she could feel the wetness dripping down her sides from under her arms. How could one know? She blew a mouthful of smoke toward the ceiling, her eyes fixed on the thick, compact cloud that spread into blue-gray wisps, and disappeared. Could a person just disappear like that, just dissolve into nothingness?

She heard Josie's voice coming from far away. Her father had called. Mrs. Reid had been there. She would be back for coffee at ten. Life, sprouting endless, meaningless shoots of detail, was going on somewhere beyond her. "But you remember it was good?" Doctor Caine had asked her. "Good? I can't remember the feel of it," she told him. And she couldn't.

What had happened to Josie, the gentle, ugly woman who had cooked her food and cleaned her house for so long, who loved her, who was not just a collection of features, but a person? She could no longer feel that Josie, that anyone, was a person. They were all dissolving with her. "David," she said, almost prayerfully. "Josie, did David get off to school all right?"

"That's right." Katherine watched the curved pink—Josie's lips, she told herself—opening and closing over shining teeth, over the dark hole of a mouth. "David's off to school and the baby done eat all her cereal, and a whole jar of applesauce." Josie, vast, rustling in her blue starched uniform, moved around the foot of the bed with ponderous dignity and drew up the blinds. The sun, lighting the dancing dust particles, made a rainbow hill sloping downward to the blanket. "David wanted to come in and tell you good-bye, but I told him you was sleeping. He sure is crazy about you, that boy."

"Yes, I guess he is." For a moment Katherine could see her son, with his round blond head, and his wide, thick-lashed gray eyes. She lay back, pressing her head into the softness of the pillow, waiting, waiting to feel something. For David. She used to love David. But she could feel nothing except the green slime of her own fear. "Suppose you had a toothache," Doctor Caine said once. "Suppose you had a toothache, do you think you could feel much for your child?" Please God, she thought, let me have a toothache forever and ever, but not this.

"You keep awake now. I'll fix you some bacon and eggs." Josie stood in the doorway. "You keep getting skinnier like you been doing, there won't be nothing left of you."

Katherine snuffed out the butt of her cigarette in the ashtray, and pushed back the covers, sitting with her knees pulled to her chest, and her arms wrapped around her legs. Nothing left of her. She sucked at her bruised lip, considering the possibility of dwindling to nothingness, to bones lying dry and pale on a taut, white sheet, to a skull with hollow eye sockets and a grinning, bony mouth. But it wasn't going to be that way. She had tried to make it that way—yesterday, was it?—standing at the washbasin in the bathroom, trying to cut into the web of veins on her wrist with one of Tom's razor blades. She couldn't. All the time, standing there, she had seen Doctor Caine's cool, cat face hovering above her, saying almost contemptuously, over and over again, "Your kind doesn't kill herself, doesn't go mad, couldn't. You couldn't, not even if you tried." Her kind didn't kill themselves. They lived through the fragmented seconds that were marked off by the rhythmic tremor of their heads. They got out of bed and washed their faces, and brushed their teeth, pretending all the time that they weren't locked up inside their own skins, hoping that they could find a hold somewhere and sneak out of the prison of their own flesh. Pretending, they sat down to eat phantom eggs from plates the existence of which they doubted. Pretending. Her stomach knotted in revulsion at the thought of congealing bacon fat, and egg yolk dripping like yellow blood. "Please, just make me some coffee, Josie," she said.

She unclasped her legs and moved them cautiously over the side of the bed, standing on the carpet. It felt almost the way carpet used to feel, sharp and bristly against the bottoms of her feet. Would today be better? she wondered. She looked at the shadowed hollows in the pillows, and the memory of the night grew like nausea inside her. She hadn't done it. She couldn't have, not now, when this obscenity of lying next to Tom was almost over, when she had told him that she was leaving him—but she knew she had, like some frightful automaton, gone through all the motions, even of lovemaking.

Rani, David's Siamese kitten, moved through the doorway and across the room, back arched and eyes glowing, to rub a cream-colored flank against her ankle. Puppylike, it bent its flat-skulled head to lick her foot with its delicate pink, sandpaper tongue. Katherine could feel the sudden tenseness in her fingers. She would pick up the kitten and smash it against the wall, over and over again, until its fur was wet and matted with blood, and its guts hung dripping from its belly. But it wasn't the kitten's fault. She forced her fingers flat against her sides. I've got to get out of here, she thought frantically. "Soon," Doctor Caine had said. But if there were no soon? If she forgot to watch for a moment, and whatever it was she called "I" dissolved?

She walked around the bed, keeping her eyes ahead of her, away from the pillows, her pajamas rumpled and her face emerging white and strained from the heavy hair that fell loose over her shoulders and halfway down her back. I am walking, she thought. Her head was thrust forward, moving erratically, as though seeking something she could neither see nor hear. "I am I," she whispered. "I am I, Katherine, walking." She could feel her hands trembling against the wood of the bathroom door as she pushed it open. She stood pressed close to the coolness of the washbasin, looking into the mirrored door of the medicine cabinet. Her face. But it was not a face, only parts of a face that she could see and name one by one. Eyes meshed with tiny red lines, lips almost as pale as the skin around them, and, in between, a jutting object that was her nose. She pushed the rough red hair back from her forehead, and watched the blood pulsing through a raised cluster of veins, a little blue beating heart near her eyebrow. This was her face. This used to be her face. She pulled her pajama shirt over her head, and dropped it to the white tile. Then she twisted her fingers into the cord at her waist, tearing it loose.

The cold water of the shower sank through her hair and beat down on her shoulders. She could see her skin rising with tiny gooseflesh pimples. Curiously, she moved her hands downward over her breasts and across the breadth of her belly, feeling with the tips of her fingers the little silvery ridges of stretch marks, the record written into her flesh of the times when she had been huge and swollen with David, and then with Julie growing inside her. This, her body, had, it seemed to her suddenly, a life and a will of its own. Yesterday it had fought for its being, the wrist pulling back in convulsive jerks from the razor's edge. Last night it had come crawling and twisting to worship again at the shrine of the goddess of lust, the great, golden-haired female, eyes half closed, thick, blood-red lips parted, ever waiting for something or someone to make her whole again. Heathen gods and goddesses are created by human fear. Who had said that?

The bit of information eluded her, and a voice returned from the past, from a sunburnt California day when even the blues and greens of the sky and grass had a warm undertone of gold. "Mr. Arnold told me you were thinking of going on to graduate school. I wanted to talk to you about that." She was walking to the library with Doctor Morse, the head of the philosophy department, the round old gentleman with his dark wrinkled face, wise and humorous like a good-natured monkey, with his silky white, short-cropped hair, the man who had written two books on aesthetics and was working on a third. She could almost see herself as she had been then, her senior year at Stanford, striding past the low, copper-color buildings, with her dirty saddle shoes, and oversized sweater, and her

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heavy mane of hair tied back from her face with a scrap of ribbon. "I've watched you for the past couple of years. We keep hoping ——" The old man had smiled, half ruefully. "I think maybe the professional philosopher is a dying breed. But I don't think you're a student, Miss Mitchell." He spoke hesitantly, without his rather boisterous classroom confidence. "It's not that you haven't the ability. You have. I've enjoyed reading your bright, flashy little papers. But you're too impatient. Scholarship is not a footrace. Plato and Aristotle are not French novels to be skimmed and then discarded as somehow disappointing. You dash through books as if you were looking for—I don't know what. Do you?"

She had kept her eyes fixed on the ground, almost strangling with embarrassment. "Knowledge," she answered, half questioningly, grinning her shy, lopsided, self-deprecating grin.

"Knowledge? Really?" The old man had chuckled gently.

And she had known then the fetal beginnings of a truth, that she did not seek knowledge through love of it, but only in a feverish effort to find her own place among the millions of people, the numberless blades of grass, the stars and planets swirling through limitless space, the teeming, ever-changing confusion.

Hobbes had said it, she remembered. Heathen gods were created by human fear. No, she hadn't been a student. Somewhere in a filing cabinet at Columbia there was probably a record. She had quit after one semester. No, she had been nothing, and now there was only her body left. Last night it had lusted despite her, almost independently. Today it would eat, and turn the food into tissue and blood, it would rid itself of wastes, it would rest when it was tired. Why? Why must it live? She clenched her teeth together to keep them from clicking against each other, and stood, shivering, with the coldness streaming down her back. "Why don't you turn on the hot water?" Doctor Caine would say. "Why must you punish yourself? What crime have you committed?"

"I don't know," she whispered. "I don't know. I don't know." But she knew that in hell she would stand this way, not pushing a rock up a hill forever, or reaching for fruit that was forever out of reach, but this way, naked, and cold, and ever and ever alone.

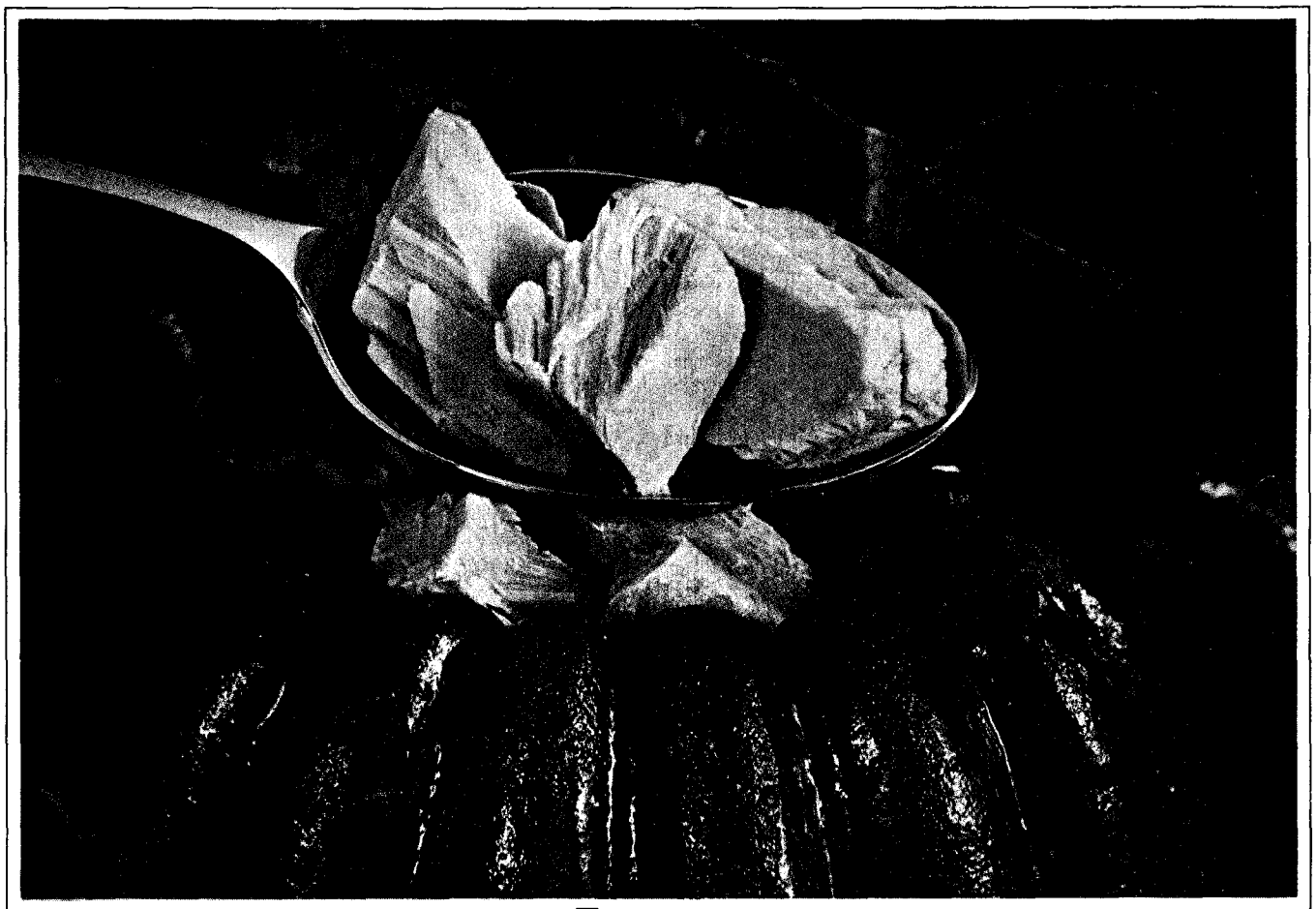
Or was this hell? "I'm coming," she called to the knocking against the bathroom door. No, this wasn't hell. When she believed that, she would be mad, and there was David, and the little one, too, the poor little mutilated not-boy child. That's what David had thought when he first saw the baby lying naked on the Bathinette. "She's a girl, darling," she told him. "Girls are made that way."

She could remember how he looked, his short fat legs planted solidly apart, his round, chocolate-smeared face intense and doubting. "Did it hurt?" he said. "Did it bleed and bleed?"

"She's a girl," Katherine said. "Nobody did anything to her. She just came that way, and there was nothing to bleed and bleed." But he hadn't believed her, and inside herself she knew she had been lying, that what she had said was as much to reassure herself as her child. David had heard her lie.

"She's a girl," Katherine said, her voice lost in the sound of the water beating against the bottom of the tub. "She's a girl," she shouted. Her eyes stared panicked and unseeing ahead of her. Abruptly she was aware that she had been talking to herself again. I am going mad, she thought. Today, when she saw Doctor Caine, she would tell him so. Not half grinning when she said it so she wouldn't sound melodramatic. Not cringing inside because she was taking up his time, and surely he must have something better to do than listen to her, surely anything would be better. Today she would tell him very seriously that she was going mad, and that he was being paid twenty-five dollars an hour to do something about it. God knows, Tom had mentioned those dollars often enough. She had to keep remembering over and over that they were hers. She could burn them if she wanted to. "I'm going mad, Doctor Caine," she would say, "and I'm giving you my dollars that my father gave me so I wouldn't feel dependent on anyone. I think maybe I am giving you my dollars because I am already mad." And then what would he say? He wouldn't believe her. "Just symptoms," he would say.

The banging on the door started again. Katherine reached for the water faucet. It felt cold and hard, almost the way a faucet used to feel. Wrapping a towel around herself, she started toward the bedroom with the water dripping down her legs to make round coins of dampness on the carpet. I am I, walking, she told herself. The smoothness against her hand was the wall. The roughness under her feet was the carpet. "I am I," she whispered. "I, Katherine." Almighty God, when would it stop?

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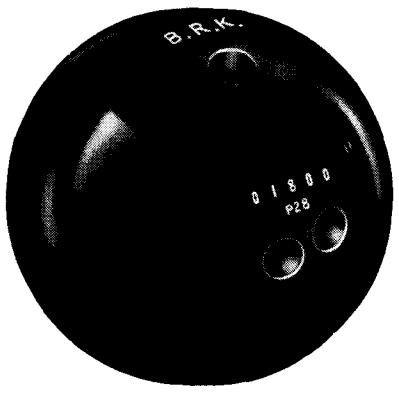


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## Going Away

This was her friend. This was Barbara Reid, sprawled across the width of the bed, elbows bent, chin propped in cupped hands, watching her with blue glass beads of eyes, lips parted a little in a tentative half smile, face thin and sharp between combed-back dark wings of hair. This was her friend, the slim, young-boy body with its legs stretched across the bed, and its ankles disappearing over the far edge, with its red-plaid shirt and faded jeans, lying there, smiling at her. This, she told herself, was her friend.

Katherine stood in the doorway, the towel wrapped around her from underarms to knees, tense, her head thrust forward, moving questioningly ahead of her, then jerking backward, as if she were undecided which way to go. Her friend, who was never troubled by doubts as to what was real, who sat long hours in her basement, next door, weaving long strands of cotton and wool into wonderfully textured tablecloths and bedspreads, who stood over vats of vile-smelling dye and turned bolts of unbleached muslin into brilliant splashes of color. Her friend. The one to whom she had tried to explain that she could no longer feel anything, who listened and yet remained apart, no longer a friend, because dead people didn't have friends. Dead people had fellow corpses. They made corpses of the living, and then acted out with them the terrible marionette show, speaking the appropriate words, moving in the old, accepted fashions, imitating life.

She could remember times—brief intervals between the longer stretches of black depression and isolation—remember them clearly. But memories were castrated, sterile things. A day of shopping together for dresses for a neighborhood party, and the swift excitement of finding one that was exactly right. Evenings of bridge together, and then cake from the inadequate little bakery around the corner. The coffee cake was good, but always she was tempted by the pastel prettiness of the pastries. Standing there, she could almost taste the nauseating, sticky sweetness of a little square frosted in the palest green, ornamented with bits of walnut. And there had been coffee, and talk, endless talk of children and seed for the adjoining small napkins of lawns, shared embarrassment at Tom's operating-room humor followed always by Phil's rich roll of laughter. Memories—but she couldn't recapture the feeling of friendship, the flow of warmth between two people who are fond of each other.

Katherine shook her head from side to side, slowly, like a stunned, bewildered animal, water dripping from her soaking hair. "You—all of us, in fact—react toward people in one of maybe a half-dozen ways," Doctor Caine had said. "As you did toward your mother or father or other key figures." How unacceptably mechanistic that had seemed to her at the time. And now there was a seventh way, this way, as if her emotions were continuously submerged in chloroform. Now there was the private island, the nothingness. Her tongue felt thick in her mouth. She knew that this time she couldn't talk. "It's good of you to come, Barbara," she said. And, if she could talk, perhaps she could still walk. And if she could? For another day?

"It wasn't much effort, really. Maybe ten steps or so." Barbara wet the paper at the end of a cigarette with the pink point of her tongue, and lit it, blowing thin rings of smoke toward the door. "Anyway, I came because I wanted to, not to be good."

Katherine walked across the room, and stood at the foot of the bed, rubbing herself vaguely with the towel. "It's good of you to come," she said again. And there were the words, words which she had always loved, words that in different combinations made up the books she had worshiped, words that were empty now, less than toys. "When you stop hating yourself," Doctor Caine said once, but those words were empty too. There was no longer any self left for her to hate. There was nothing anymore, nothing but fear. I will dissolve, she thought. Every moment brings me closer and closer. Slowly she pulled open her center drawer, and stared unseeing at the tidy stacks of slips and underpants, pink and blue and white. "I am I," she told herself, and heard the echoes against the walls of her skull, I, I, I, over and over, softer, and still softer, and then nothing. Nothing. "David," she whispered. "David."

"You feeling rotten again?" Barbara said.

Katherine turned away from the drawer to look at her. Barbara was staring with those bright, bead eyes. Above the eyes was the broad stretch of forehead, and below the eyes the small curve of a nose, and then the mouth. The mouth was two orange crayon lines, and between the lines was the whiteness that was Barbara's teeth. It was like looking into a broken kaleidoscope, at the bits of colored glass, trying to remember the pattern that used to be a face. "Not too bad," she said. "I'm all right, I guess."

"Sure you are."

Sure you are. That was Barbara's voice, the anchor-in-the-sea voice that had said so many times: "Forget about it, why don't you? Have a drink. Make something. Do something. Go to a movie." But the eyes were bulging more and more, until it seemed to Katherine that they would pop right out of the head, and then she would have to crawl around on the floor looking for Barbara's eyes, looking for them the same way she had looked once for a broken string of pearls, finding them under the bed, and in the cracks between the wallboard and the floor. Only the pearls had been smooth and hard, and the eyes would be soft and damp and bloody, edged round with hair. Doctor Caine had told her a story once, when she had been talking about how she could get feeling green and sweaty and nauseated just thinking about eyes. It was the story of a young man who had raped a sultan's daughter, and then, because she pleaded for him, his original sentence was commuted to being covered with tattooed eyes, tens and hundreds of staring, bleeding wounds of eyes.

Katherine gripped the edge of the oak chest with her fingers while the room revolved, rapidly at first, then slowing down jerkily like a merry-go-round coming to a stop. Barbara had rolled over on her back, and the eyes were gone. "Where's Tom?" she was saying.

"Tom?" Katherine looked down at the gold case of the lipstick that had come somehow into her hand, and then at her face in the square sheet of mirror. She found her mouth in the middle of the blur, and a crazy laughter started inside her. She was going to paint her mouth red. "I guess he had a call during the night," she said.

"It's funny."

"Funny?" But could Barbara hear her laughing? She picked up a brush and started to brush her hair. The bristles caught in the places that were tangled, and pulling down hard, she felt something that was almost pain but couldn't be pain because she had no self with which to feel pain. Then she knew that nothing was funny, and the inner laughter stopped.

"You're giving up one of the handsomest men I've ever set eyes on. The other women on the block go round drooling with envy. I'm sort of in love with him myself—in a Platonic sort of way, you understand." Barbara grinned. "But then all women fall in love with their obstetricians, don't they? Knights in armor, getting up at all crazy hours to hold one's hand and ease the pain."

"Yes." Yes, getting up at all crazy hours. To hear them scream. That's what it was. She knew it now as she knew that David was her son.

"Tom's a nice guy. We're all sorry."

"Are you?" Katherine was stirred by an old remnant of loyalty. "There are those who need to be hurt and those who hurt," Doctor Caine had said. And if she needed to be hurt, could she, she wondered, judge Tom? "Are you?" she said, reaching into her drawer. "Before David was born I used to go with him sometimes. He's very good at it, and anyway they don't know they're yelling, not afterward, anyway. They're all doped up." She fumbled with the buttons of her shirt, not wanting to touch its starched whiteness.

It had been white then, too, she remembered, white sheets, and people in white, and herself all in white, standing in the huge cone of light, sick with the heat, the smell of ether, and after that the thick, hot smell of blood mixed with ether. Sometimes they yelled. Sometimes they yelled so loud she wanted to run and run, until her legs wouldn't move anymore, but she stood, with a thin cylinder of pride like a ramrod jammed down her back, keeping her there, so that Tom wouldn't say she was afraid. "She won't remember a thing about it."

Once, afterward, they went to Schrafft's to drink chocolate sodas, but she couldn't drink hers. Tom's mouth made a little circle tight around the straws. All the time he was drinking she kept looking at his hands, with the scrubbed, short-cut nails, and the hairs curling along the backs, and the way he kept sucking at the straws with his round circle of a mouth, sucking and sucking like a nursing baby, his cheeks smooth above the glass. "Drink your soda," he said. But she couldn't. She knew she would be sick all over the marble cleanness of the soda fountain. "They don't remember," he said. "Drink your soda."

She remembered though. Standing there in her bedroom, with the button of her shirt hard between her fingers, she remembered—her legs wrapped in white leggings, high in metal stirrups, and her child, the feel of him. And in the bright-lit confusion, someone had said, "It's a boy." But she didn't need anyone to tell her that, and she didn't care about the hot light, or the blood smell, or the voices. She had a son.

"The boy you could never be." Doctor Caine's voice echoed dimly as she finished buttoning her shirt. The boy I could never be, she thought. The son I could never be.

Afterward she had lain, exhausted, in the white enamel bed, looking out over the East River Drive at the boats, like little toys going up and down the river. The wonder of what had happened was still written in her flesh, in the tautness



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of her milk-filled breasts, and the occasional knotting contraction of her womb. That afternoon had had somehow a quality of timelessness to it. Now and again the white hinged door swung open, and the fat young nurse would come in, her wide shelf of teeth jutting from her mouth, bringing another box of flowers, or her lunch, or, later, a glass of milk. On the little square table near her bed were arrogant, spiked gladiolus from Tom, the wordless answer to the message she had left at Tom's office. And roses from her father, half open, pink and red, still dewy. And from her younger brother, Mark, a finger-sized little test tube of a vase with a curious, brown-and-green, orchidlike flower and tiny, curling tendrils of leaves. The baby looked like Mark, with his beautiful head all covered with golden fuzz and his chin round as a kitten. Or was it that Mark was the only other baby she had ever known and loved, that Mark was a little her child too?

Tom's office nurse had called, finally, at five, grimly impersonal, to tell her that he would be working past six. She tried to feel angry to cover the hurt. This was a special day. Even he must feel that. He might have called. He might at least have called himself. The little half door swung open again, and an ageless, starched little person came in, her sparse gray hair pulled back tightly into a little knot of a bun, her organdy cap perched rakishly on one side of her head. "Someone has sent us a present, dear," she said, handing Katherine a flat, square envelope.

"Has someone?" Katherine grinned as she unwound the string that held the flap closed.

"And is our hubby thrilled with our sweet little son?" The old woman leaned over to give an ineffectual pat to the pillow with her bony, blue-veined hand.

"Our hubby hasn't even seen him yet." It was hard not to giggle, yet there had been a great kindliness in the wrinkled old face.

"Naughty," she said, waving a fleshless forefinger in the air. "Don't you mind, dear."

Don't you mind. Yes, she had tried, lying there in her neat little cell of a room. She had tried not to feel hurt. The Beethoven record from her brother Paul had come with a characteristic little note, written in the characteristic, almost undecipherable scrawl. "Just something I picked up at the supermarket. Figured you might like it. One of Huxley's characters thought it proved the existence of God. Maybe it comes pretty close at that." The miracle was still fresh enough to be wondered at—that after all the wrangling and jealousy, she and Paul should be friends. No, she didn't mind. She didn't mind anything, not now. Now she had a son.

Tom was late. It was close to eight o'clock when, finally, he came. Watching him walk into the room, handsome with his shock of blond hair, cool and immaculate, his shirt very white and the creases very sharp in his trousers, looking at this even-featured face with its full-lipped mouth, she felt an old, raw vulnerability, and drew herself protectively tight, deep inside. She had a son, living salve for all wounds. "We have a baby," she said casually, trying to smile.

"Yes." Tom stood near the bed, restless as always, as if he were taking time from something terribly important. "I know we do." He reached out a short, square-tipped finger to touch one of the roses.

"Did you see him? Isn't he beautiful?"

Tom was stroking the outer petal of the rose, delicately, with the tip of his finger. "Beautiful?" he said. "I don't know. Five pounds isn't exactly a strapping specimen, is it?"

Katherine stared at him, unbelieving. Bastard, she thought. Bastard. Bastard. Tom grinned at her, suddenly and unaccountably amused. Taking his finger from the rose he ran it gently across her chin. "It'll be nice having a wife again," he said. "It's been a long time, Kate."

Bastard. He had laughed at her always. He would, if he could, laugh away everything for which she cared, and leave her only a shell, a face and body. And now he was laughing at her son. Bastard.

Bastard, she thought, pulling her skirt over her head. Bastard, bastard.

"When are you leaving?" Barbara was saying.

Katherine stared at the color on the bed until teeth came into focus, and the wide space between the two in the front and the pinkness at the top of the space.

"Leaving?"

"Yes. Leaving. Leaving Tom. You haven't changed your mind since yesterday, have you?"

She looked for the blue bead eyes and found them, floating above the sheet. "I haven't changed my mind," she said. "It's just that Doctor Caine thinks I ought to wait until I feel better." Time stretched ahead of her, tomorrow and another tomorrow, and then still another. "But I haven't changed my mind," she said. She drew up the zipper of her skirt with numb fingers. Somewhere there was reality, in the black wool of the skirt, in the place above the window where the paint was peeling away from the wall leaving a patch of jagged-edged whiteness surrounded by green, in the hardness of the wooden chest, in the dark, charred spot on the night table where a cigarette had fallen off the edge of the ashtray, in Barbara, somewhere. Today is Monday, she told herself. My name is Katherine.

"But if you're leaving Tom, why don't you get out of this room at least? You don't have to sleep in the same bed with him. Let David sleep with him."

"No." The stunt was to keep talking to the blur as if it were a person, as if it really were one's neighbor, one's friend.

"Then get another bed and stick it somewhere. You could get an extra bed."

"I could do that." And keep talking, and pretend and try to believe in the pretending.

"Then why don't you?"

"I don't know why." She could feel the weight that was Tom's body again, and the heavy sound of his breathing in her ear. Swiftly and precisely she braided her hair, and brought the ends together at the top of her head, jabbing hairpins viciously into her scalp. "I don't know why." Inside her was sickness, like a caged animal, pacing back and forth with barely controlled anger. If it ever got out it would devour her. She was nothing anymore, only its cage.

"For heaven's sake," Barbara was saying. "Don't you even know enough to come in out of the rain?" She had stood up and was walking up and down now, along the side of the bed, blowing angry little puffs of smoke out of her mouth.

Because she's fond of me, Katherine thought, turning away from the mirror. Because she's fond of me, while I feel nothing for her, not even the conviction that she exists. "I guess I can't, Barbara," she said humbly. But now Barbara was coming very close, so close that she could see parts of her almost clearly, the faded blue of the jeans, and the red-and-black plaid of her shirt, and her little beak nose.

"I'm sorry," Barbara was saying. "Can I do anything?"

Katherine stood watching her, shaking her head slowly from side to side, digging her nails into the palms of her hands.

"Will you tell me if there is anything?"

Only move away, Katherine thought. Only move away. If my animal gets loose it might hurt you. There's nothing I can do about myself anymore. It's going to kill me. For a moment she knew it was going to kill her. Hopelessly, she moved the wetness of her hand against her forehead. "Yes," she said.

"OK. Let's go downstairs and have some coffee."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I had dared to hope, Roland, that the international situation would keep for one evening."

"Coffee." Coffee was dark brown, good-smelling stuff to drink.

"Are you going in to the city? I'll drive you to the station."

"I have to be at Doctor Caine's office at twelve." Twelve was a time on the clock, and the clock was a golden cat head, saying, "You couldn't go mad, not if you tried."

"Let's have some coffee," she said.

The hallway seemed darker and less real without the bristles of carpet under her feet. She felt off-balance in the high-heeled shoes, as though she might fall forward toward the floor. She reached out her hand to touch the wall and followed Barbara into the baby's room. Almighty God, she thought. The words wrote themselves across the inside of her head in a handwriting she hadn't seen for years, but she knew it was her own, her large, round-lettered imitation of the alphabet that ran in a narrow strip, white on black, across the top of the blackboard and over the wide, wooden front of the closet where she used to hang her coat—how many years ago? Katherine clenched her hands into fists, and held them tight against her sides.

"She's just darling," Barbara said.

"She is?" The walls of the square little room were pale pink, and the window was a cream puff of white organdy. Two soft-eyed fauns peered out from wooden picture frames. It was a dirty-lie room, not live and bright and cluttered like David's. This room was her lie. This baby was the incarnation of her lie, this baby to whom she could not even give a decisively feminine name. "I can't live through it again," she had told Doctor Caine. "Having a daughter, having to watch her, will be like living my whole life over. I can't do it." Why had she had this child? Why?

Barbara was bending over the crib, making clucking noises with her tongue. "You're in love with your son, that's your trouble," she said.

Barbara's shirt was wet with sweat in the back. It clung close, and Katherine could see the line of her backbone curving down from her neck. The baby was waving her arms and legs about erratically. Katherine came closer, not wanting to but needing to, as if that way she could hurt herself more. Such an ugly little thing, with her long narrow forehead, and almost no chin, and her smell of powder and sour milk. But her hands and feet were so little and soft, and somehow so terribly vulnerable.

"May I pick her up?" Barbara said.

"Sure." Katherine watched the ugly little head, wobbling above Barbara's shoulder. Suddenly the shapeless mouth split into a lopsided, toothless smile, and one of the waving hands touched Katherine's cheek. She pulled her face back out of reach, feeling her cheek burn. She thought there must be a mark on it, fire red, a brand where her baby's hand had touched her. She walked to the window and looked down between the curtains to the street. The young trees were slender and frail under the heavy-looking green of the leaves. The sidewalk shone white in the sun, and across the street, the lawns were trimmed close and tidy. Mrs. Saunders, directly opposite, sat on her red-brick stoop with a pale roll of flesh showing between her halter and shorts. The children were moving bits of color chasing each other in bright sunsuits. "No fair peeking," one of them yelled. Katherine touched her cheeks with her forefinger. She almost cried with the pain.



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## Going Away

"I wish she were mine," Barbara said. "I'm almost tempted to try again. Though after three boys. . . ." Her voice trailed off, and there was only the sound of the baby, making gentle little vowel noises.

Katherine turned from the window. "Take her," she said. "You can have her."

Barbara put the baby down in the crib. "I suppose you'll be offering me David next." She laughed uneasily.

"Yes." Barbara was standing across the room, staring at her. Her face looked flat and worried, and then it blurred into nothingness surrounded by smooth, dark hair. But it was not nothingness. Despite the way it might look. "Yes, David too," Katherine said.

"Look, Kate." Barbara started toward her. "You're just feeling lousy. Let's go downstairs."

Had Barbara, Katherine wondered, never felt like nothing, like a bit of dust swirling around in space on a great globe that was itself nothing more than a bit of dust? With all the years behind her, back and further back into nowhere, and all the years ahead of her, stretching and stretching into nowhere? Had she never felt the impossible, meaningless loneliness of living in the moment, any moment, this moment? "Aren't you scared?" she wanted to say. "God, is it only me? I'm scared all the time, but aren't you scared sometimes? For a minute? For a part of a minute? Can't you feel your own nothingness?" Katherine pressed backward against the wall near the window, wanting her friend to feel as she did, and sick with the ugliness of what she wanted. The golden cat head was somewhere above her. It dropped from the ceiling, slowly, like a light being lowered, until it was in front of Barbara's face, blocking it from view. "Symptoms, you know," it said tonelessly. "You can't condemn yourself for those, too." But it wasn't real, not any of it, not the pale eyes, or the brown moustache, or the voices. She was imagining it. "Go away," she whispered. "I am I, I, Katherine."

Barbara was next to her, jerking at her sleeve. "Let's go downstairs," she was saying. "You ought to have some breakfast. Make you feel better."

The wild inner laughter started again. Katherine held her head to one side, her eyes half closed, listening. She thought she must be shaking all over with it, filling the room with the sound of it. She was going to have breakfast to make her feel better. Surely no one had ever laughed this loud or this long. But the room was quiet. Only, outside, she could hear a woman call to her child, "Get up on the sidewalk! Do you want to get killed?" Yes, she thought. Yes. She tried to follow Barbara out of the room, but she couldn't move, and the laughter inside of her stopped. The red of Barbara's shirt was moving away from her. Katherine bit the inside of her lip until she could taste the warm salt of her blood, and then her legs worked again, one foot, and then the other, and then carefully, very carefully—God, when would it stop?—the first one again.

The stairs quivered like jelly. At the bottom of the staircase she could see the bookcase with the overflow of books from the living room. All the tens and hundreds and thousands of pages, all the millions of words she had read because she believed in words. Now all the words were nothing, black markings on white paper in red or blue or black bindings, collections of "ands" and "buts" and "thes," commas and periods and apostrophes. The blood taste was in her mouth as she walked past her books. They were dead now, Hans Castorp, and Dostoevski's guilt-ridden brothers, and Kafka's K. They were dead now. All of them. She had no self with which to bring them to life. No books, no children, no father, no brothers, no friends. And now Barbara too, Barbara as she had known her, had gone out of existence, though Barbara would think her mad for saying so. And rightly. God knows, and rightly. The aloneness was more than she could bear. "Barbara," she said.

"Yes, Kate?"

Barbara was walking next to her, looking at her questioningly, but there was nothing to say. "Nothing," she said. "If you go deep enough," Doctor Caine had said. She could see the picture of Freud looking down at her, bearded and indifferent, from the office wall. "If you go deep enough you bury yourself along with all the old selves whose bones you have found rotting inside you." She had not found freedom. She had found rot. She was lost in the stink and the decay of the days she had lived, the words she had spoken, the words she had thought but had never dared to speak. "Barbara," she said.

"Yes, Kate?"

They sat on opposite sides of the kitchen table. Katherine ran her fingers over the white enamel surface. It felt cool and hard, almost the way tabletops used to feel. Josie loomed large, pouring coffee in a dark smoking stream from the percolator. The steam clouded up from the cups. Katherine lifted her cup, her hand trembling, and gulped rapidly, feeling it burn her lips and the inside of her mouth, feeling it burn her throat when she swallowed. It hurt, and she felt better then. Not right, but better. "Why do you have to punish yourself? What crime have you committed?" What crime? For four years now the question had permeated the air she breathed. "Doctor Caine says he thinks I'm going to be all right when I leave Tom," she said. All right. She couldn't remember what it was like. It would be so wonderful to be, just, with the world all solid again, and without this awful feeling of dissolving into nothingness. It would be so wonderful to walk and talk again, like other people, without worrying about whether her legs would work, or the words would come out like words, to love her children, and read books, and feel feelings the way she used to. She tried, sitting there, pouring boiling coffee into her mouth, to believe it was going to happen.

"What's this doctor of yours like?" Barbara was nibbling at a slice of toast spread with strawberry jam. She paused to light a cigarette.

"Like? Who?"

Again an hour from the sewerage of the past seeped through the cracked floor of the day. She was standing once more on the corner of Columbus Avenue with her brother Mark, standing there, in her brown sweater and skirt, a skinny little girl just turned twelve, and Mark next to her in his weekend best, gray flannels and a red knit tie, Mark with his polished green eyes reflecting bits of sunshine, shuffling his feet a little in eight-year-old excitement. The man stood behind his wooden stand, terribly old, with a flat, red-veined nose, and yellow stuff in the corners of his eyes. He sniffled as though about to blow his nose. "We'll have two bags of pigeon feed."

"Two bags," he said.

"What if we sit on a bench with wet paint?" Mark's small-boy voice was pitched high. "What if we get stripes of paint on us?"

"We won't," she said, solemn with responsibility, holding tight to his sweaty little hand while they crossed Central Park West. "We'll be very careful."

They walked together, far into the park, she and Mark, to find an isolated bench surrounded by pink blossoming cherry trees. Together they sprinkled handfuls of dry corn on the ground, and the pigeons flocked, some flying low, others waddling on their twigs of legs, gray, blue, iridescent in the sunshine. They raised and lowered their smooth, curved heads, pecking steadily. And then the outcast had come, smaller than the others, with ugly brown warts covering his beak and legs. He pecked viciously at the shiny birds, turning to chase them at incredible speed, one after the other, so that they didn't dare come close enough to eat. Mark kicked at him with his hard black oxfords, but the bird managed somehow to elude him. "Don't kick him," she said. "He can't help the way he is. He needs to eat also." Mark's eyes clouded with hurt, Mark whom she loved. Turning to comfort him, she saw that, next to his kicking shoes, without her having willed it, hers were kicking at the wart-covered bird, too.

Barbara's voice reached her dimly. "Caine," she was saying. "What's he like?"

"He killed his brother." Just because the bird was sick and ugly they had tried to kick him. "It was the first murder," she said.

Barbara stared at her curiously, her chin going up and down. Her teeth made crunching noises against the toast. "This doctor of yours, I mean."

"Oh, him." For a moment it was almost nice in the kitchen. A breeze blew the corners of the curtains a little. The philodendrons, in a long line of copper containers, looked very green and alive against the white wall. Katherine wanted to touch them to see if she could feel the aliveness. "He's a handsome man," she said. "Tall and brown-haired."

"I know that." Barbara rubbed her mouth with a paper napkin and puffed at her cigarette. "But what's he like? What kind of a guy is he?"

Katherine watched Josie rubbing mechanically at the silver with a bit of cloth. "I don't know," she said. "I really don't know."

"It's funny after all this time, isn't it?"

"I guess so."

"It's almost over now."

"I hope," Katherine said. But she had told Doctor Caine she had never felt worse. She had told him nobody could feel worse. He laughed that time, and his teeth were sharp and yellow like an animal's.

"You don't know how people can feel," he said.

And that was true. Nobody could know how anyone else felt. That was part of the horror of it. "I shall go mad," she told him.

Then he stopped laughing, and, propping her head on one hand, she half turned to see him sitting there, with his notebook balanced on his knee, looking lazy, and a bit bored, like a huge cat sunning itself. "What are you thinking about?" he said.

She lay back, staring upward from the couch to the spider-web cracks where the wall met the ceiling. "I shall go mad," she said.

"How do you envision that?"

She had thought about it then, about screaming, and banging her head against a wall, about clawing her face until it dripped with blood. But none of that was the way she thought it would be. "I'll be nothing," she said. "Just a body with nothing at all inside. I'll be dead inside myself."

"Do you hate yourself that much?" he said. "Enough to want to destroy yourself?"

"I don't hate myself," she had wanted to say. "I hate you. For making me dissect my soul into blood-splotched little circles and squares and triangles. For leaving me no alternative, no other hope." But nice girls don't talk like that, her mother used to say. But my little girl wouldn't, she used to say. "Yes, I guess I do hate myself that much," Katherine said. And then she knew that she did.

"And Tom?"

"Tom?" This was here, this was now, this was Barbara she was talking to.

"Tom?" The kitchen floor was rocking like a boat deck. Katherine gripped the sides of her chair, and stared at the center of Josie's back, trying to make the room stay still. "He's concerned about the children, he says. Poor little things, he keeps saying, with their neurotic mother."

Barbara looked shocked. "I imagine he'll survive."

"He has his problems, too. And anyway, I guess I haven't been much of a mother, or a wife either."

"We *all* have problems. It's a poor excuse for kicking people."

"Kicking people?" The wings of the wart-covered bird were beating inside her. "He can't help it," Katherine said. "Maybe none of us can help it. We all do what we have to do."

"Nonsense." Barbara glanced at her watch. "It's past eleven. I'll drive you to the station."

"Thanks. Josie?" Katherine watched the darkness revolving, Josie turning slowly away from the sink. "Josie," she said. "I'll be back around two-thirty. We'll go up to the A&P and market." She could see the shelves and shelves of food, cans and boxes and bottles, the shopping carts, the anonymous, incredibly competent women moving through the aisles. She knew she couldn't do it today. She would dissolve into nothingness. "Katherine," she said to herself. "I, Katherine."

"It's Tuesday," Josie said. "We done that yesterday. We always market Monday."

"Tuesday?" She bit her lip until the bleeding started again. Barbara was standing next to her with a red-nailed hand on her arm. She tried to hold her arm still.

"Couldn't find my car keys this morning," Barbara said. "It took me over an hour. We all forget."

"I don't remember yesterday." Katherine stared dumbly at the coffee cup. The animal was getting stronger. It had devoured a day, and a little more of her with the day. There was so little left, so frighteningly little.

Barbara was pulling at her arm. "You were around," she said. "I spoke to you. We'd better get going now."

Just a body with nothing inside. "Josie," Katherine said. "Take care of the children. Take good care of the children."

"I will," Josie said. "Don't you worry yourself none. I always take good care of them children."



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"Tell David I love him."

"You'll be home before he is," Josie said.

"Tell him. Please."

"OK," Josie said. "I'll tell him."

She picked up her purse from the telephone table in the hall and followed Barbara out of the house. The air was thick with the smells of spring, cut grass and earth and growing things. The street was unreal and brightly colored, like a young child's drawing, with its red-brick houses, each attached to its neighbor, each with its trim patch of lawn in front. "It's a beautiful day," Mrs. Saunders called from across the street.

The sky was clear blue except for an occasional cottony cloud. She could feel the warmth of the sun on her face. Four little boys with holsters strapped around their waists raced past, giggling and waving their shiny toy pistols at each other. But what had happened to Monday? What had she done? What had she said? Without walls and ceilings and furniture, standing in unbounded space under the blue dome of the sky, she could feel herself dissolving a little more, moving a little closer to nothingness. She reached for the door handle on Barbara's car. "It is beautiful," she called to Mrs. Saunders.

It was hotter in the car. Barbara put her hand in the pocket of her jeans, her face set and expressionless. Then she grinned. "I've got them this time," she said.

Katherine looked at the key ring with its collection of keys, keys for the outside door and the inside door, keys for the garage and the car. "You're lucky," she said.

"Lucky?" Barbara half turned her face, so that Katherine could see for a moment the little brown mole close to the corner of her mouth. It was odd how you could look at someone over the years and not see so many things about her. Odder that you could supposedly know people, and yet not know them at all. Her father, her mother, Tom, her brothers, Barbara. Had she known any of them, ever? Had it ever been more than a comfortable illusion, one in which she could no longer believe? "Keys?" she said. "Yes, I have them too, I suppose." But what had happened to Monday?

They were driving along Fordham Road toward the concourse, coming steadily closer to the subway, to the dark hole in the ground, with its loud, crashing trains, with its arms and legs and bodies, and sweat and faces. Every fraction of a second they were coming closer. She could feel her head rocking up and back, marking off the fractions of seconds. She wanted to get out of the car and run and run, but there was no place to run to. She tried to keep herself rigid. Panic grew inside her, larger and stronger than she was. She dug her nails into her palms, deeper and deeper, until, opening her hands, she could see the crescent-shaped little cuts, and the tiny rising drops of blood.

Barbara pulled up near the station and leaned one arm on the steering wheel, watching her with eyes like blue glass beads, bright and shiny and curving out from their sockets. "How does your father feel about your leaving Tom?"

"I don't know," Katherine said. She reached out her hand to open the door. It rested on the chrome handle, trembling, an independent thing, no longer a part of her.

"Do you want me to drive you in?" Barbara said. "I can wait for you and take you home."

"Home?" But did she have a home?

"Sure," Barbara said. "I'll just phone and say I'll be back a little late. I have nothing to do, really."

"You're looking for a mother to take care of you. You're still looking," Doctor Caine had said. "No." Katherine shook her head. "But, Barbara ——"

"What, Kate?"

"It's my children. If anything should happen to me, will you look after my children?"

"Nothing's going to happen."

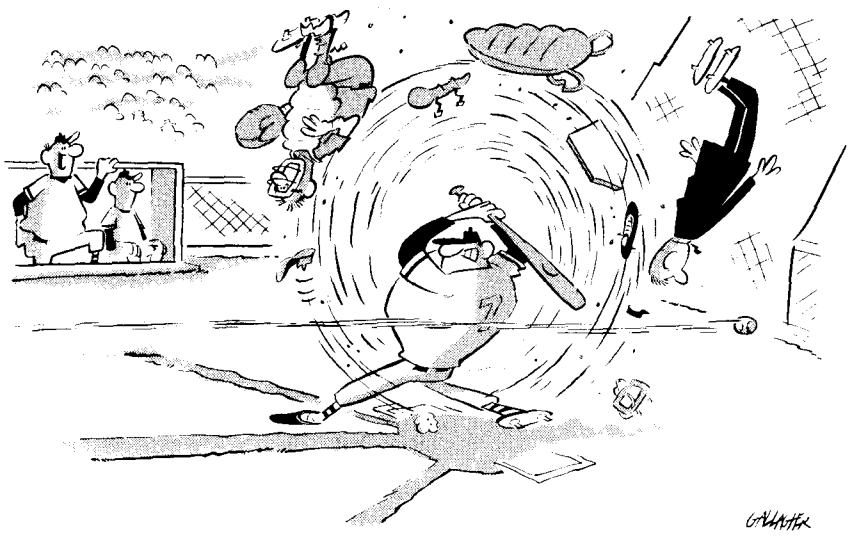
"But if?"

"Don't worry about it."

Katherine pushed down on the door handle. The door swung open, and she watched her foot moving downward to meet the upward-moving curb. "Barbara," she said. "Will you look after my children?"

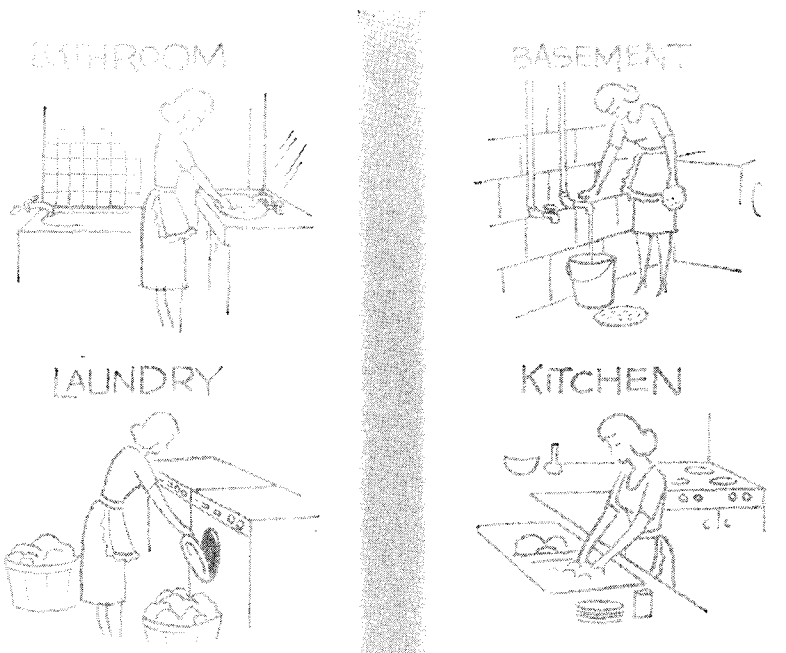
"Sure, Kate," Barbara said. "I'll look after your children."

The stairs were steep. "I, Katherine," she said to herself. Steep, down into a hole in the ground. The newspaperman was staring at her. "I am I," she told herself. Then her legs started to move toward the stairs, and she counted one, two, three, four, five, six. She clung to the rail and counted as another gum-crusted step slipped away under her feet, and another, and another. She found a token in her purse and pushed her way through the turnstile. She looked at the picture of the Vicks VapoRub child. Hardly older than



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now there's a good cut!"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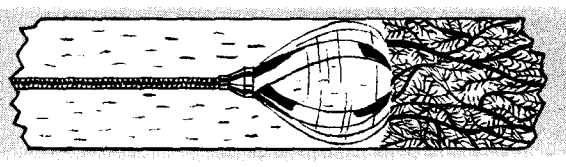

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## Going Away

David. She could remember the day she had taken him to nursery school, a very little boy, just past two, his round little face half eager, half frightened. She could remember the big room cluttered with blocks, and trucks, and dolls, and fire engines, the look of store-bought, artificial cheerfulness, and her feeling that she was deserting her child. "You're a big boy now," she had told him. "You're big enough to go to school now." But he had looked so heartbreakingly small when she left him there, left him not because he was big enough to be away from her, but because she could no longer bear to look at him and feel nothingness where once she felt love. She had deserted her child, her commitment to life, the commitment that was carved out of her flesh and blood, that was her son. She walked down the flights of stairs counting one, two, three, four, five.

She stood on the platform, waiting. Someone had drawn a moustache over the mouth of a sexy-looking girl advertising a brand of soap. She waited, leaning back against the poster, trying to read the American Bible Society sign. Vague outlines of people walked past her. The roar of the incoming train filled the tunnel. Slowly, she walked to the edge. Can I? she thought. It would be all over if she could do it, if only she could do it. She stood with the toes of her black calf pumps over the edge of the platform, listening to the roar of the train, louder and nearer, trying to force the weight of her body forward. And then she knew again that she couldn't. As if to underline her knowledge, the train came in on the opposite track. She went back to the posters and waited.

The doors of her train slid open, like many mouths of a long, dark monster, spitting out people, sucking in other people. Then eat me too, she thought. Then eat me too. Only let it be over. She sat next to a fat, white-faced woman, her face caked with powder, who had a line of black hair over her upper lip. It was terribly hot. The woman smelled of stale powder and sweat. The train was filled with the smells of sweat, and dirt, and ancient air that had been breathed over and over again into hundreds of pairs of lungs, reeking of the stink of people. I will vomit, Katherine thought. I will vomit and then there will be that smell, too. She tried to read the advertisements above the soot-blackened train windows. Campbell's Soup, she read. Household Finance. Chase and Sanborn Coffee. Smoke Chesterfields. Her head felt funny, as though it had burning pebbles rattling inside of it. She rubbed some of the cold wetness of her hand across her forehead.

Pictures, postcard-bright, flashed before her eyes. An evening at the beach with the sand damp beneath her bare feet, and the sound of the waves pounding, and an awkward young arm—whose arm?—around her, and a soft young mouth pressed against hers. A group of children standing on a corner, faces turned to the sky, shrieking, "It's a plane, it's a plane." The little one with the cotton stockings, and the orange pigtails hanging to the waist, that was she. And there was the tree, her tree, growing right out of the cement sidewalk in front of the door. "You can't play." Her brother Paul's voice. "You can't play. We don't want any girls." A map of the world that covered two pages in a geography book. "Look, Kate, that's where you live, right where that tiny dot is."

Small hands practicing scales, over and over again. The thumb went on middle C, and then you had to get the thumb under the third finger, without jerking, over and over again, while the clock ticked away the seconds that made up the hour. Over and over again, faster and faster, while the hand grew larger.

But it wasn't her hand any more. It was a man's hand, moving across a page. She and her father were in Pennsylvania, at the Bach Festival, the spring of 1947, four years ago. The room was huge, rows and rows of wooden benches, and, in front, the tiers of seats for the chorus. She was sitting on one of the benches, between her father and a very young man with pink cheeks and dark hair growing low on his forehead. "Are you all right, Kate?" her father was saying.

"Fine. Wonderful." She sat with her shoes pressing hard and firm against the floor, looking down at the immensity that rested on her thighs, feeling her son kicking inside her. Only occasionally did she look at the chorus, at the blind girl with the Seeing-eye dog, her feelings curiously mixed, half praying that her son would be born without flaw.

"Would you like to look at my score?" the young man said.

"Thanks." She nodded indifferently.

"*Kyrie*," the chorus sang. She watched the forefingers moving across the page, marking the place for her. But she felt curiously self-contained, placid, and content, apart from the music, and her father, and the young man, and the people who filled the wooden benches, absorbed in the child who was moving inside her.

They waited, afterward, until the auditorium was almost empty. Then they walked together, she and her father, up the aisle between the rows of benches. Outside the air was soft with the spring.

"Do you want to ride back to the hotel, or walk?" he said.

The leaves were green-gold on the trees, a young, tender, growing color. The world was coming alive again, and she could feel herself a part of it.

"Walk," she said.

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"I didn't think much of the soprano, did you?"

"No." Automatically they had matched strides, he shortening his, she lengthening hers, as they used to when she was small. "I have to remember to call Tom, later," she said.

"I guess this is the last time we'll be coming here together."

"We'll come again. Not next year, maybe, but we'll come again."

They were quiet then, walking together, brushing sleeves occasionally, and Katherine thought big, vague thoughts about life coming year after year from the cold hardness of the winter, about birth, growth, and decay, and death, and birth again. She was only partly aware of the people around them except once, when they passed a group of students from Lehigh, young boys with crew cuts and tweed jackets. So her son would look one day, she thought. Her son.

"People are looking at us, Kate," her father said.

"Are they?"

"They think I'm too old to be a father."

"I think you're just perfect." She looked up at him.

He was smiling a strange, self-satisfied smile. "Thank you, darling," he said.

All the way back to the hotel he kept smiling. And after dinner, after she had called Tom, she lay in bed in the darkness, hearing the sounds of the night, the passing of a car now and then, and the rustle of the leaves outside her window. She tried to recapture the feeling of the spring, lying there, but she couldn't. She wanted only to lock the door between her father's room and hers. Was that the beginning of her sickness, the early beginning, before the symptoms appeared? Was that the moment when, on some level or other, she had recognized her father's meaning? He was not too old to be her father. He was too old to be the father of her child. She couldn't lock the door between his room and hers. There was no lock. She had no key.

I never wished you dead, Mother. The sound of the subway train grating against the tracks was grinding itself into her flesh and bones. She sat, bent over, with her head between her hands, with the air hot, stale, thick with smells, pressing around her. I never wished you dead. Doctor Caine told me so many times that all children have death wishes, that all children believe in the magic power of thought. But it was years later when it happened. I was a grown woman when it happened. "There is the guilt," he said. "Always there is the guilt." But I deny this guilt, she screamed inside herself. I deny it. Her head was heavy in her hands, so heavy that she knew she could never lift it again. Nausea grew in the pit of her stomach, and rose in swift yellow waves to her throat. She sat with her head in her hands, and the pale, sickly yellow choking her.

"You OK?"

She felt soft fingers, warm and sticky, touching her arm. She pulled her head up from her hands. The woman next to her was staring at her with dark, dull, stupid little eyes. Her great, white moon face was streaked with sweat, and her mouth was a formless blob of red grease.

"I'm OK. Yes," Katherine said.

"Sure?"

"Sure, I'm OK, thank you." But the woman kept staring and staring, peering at her with those stupid gluey eyes, until Katherine felt that she was reaching, in some queer animal fashion, into the darkest, most secret part of her. She moved away, to the edge of the seat. Still the woman stared. It seemed to Katherine that suddenly a look of disgust, of revulsion, appeared on the sweat-streaked face. "I didn't do it," Katherine said. The woman was white and accusing, silent, still staring. "I didn't do it," Katherine said.

The woman's face sagged with bewilderment. "OK, friend," she said. "So you didn't do it." She stopped staring, but Katherine knew that she had seen the ugliness, the slimy crawling horror. She could sit there no longer. She held tight to the pole near the door as the train screeched into the 125th Street station.

Katherine stood on the platform, lost, alone, shuddering. She was nowhere. No, that wasn't right. She was at 125th Street. Slowly she walked over to a wooden bench, surrounded by its litter of paper wrappers from penny sticks of chewing gum and chocolate. She sat stiffly, with her back straight and her knees pressed tightly together. A train pulled into the station and out again. A man sat down next to her and read the sports page of the *Times*. Someone dropped the still-burning butt of a cigarette close to her foot. Another train passed, and another. She was dissolving, coming closer and closer to nothingness. David, she thought desperately. David, my little son.

She groped backward among the many words Doctor Caine had spoken, trying to find the broken pieces of what had once been herself. If you had been a boy you could have loved your father with less fear. You had to marry a man like Tom. Anyone even likable would have reminded you of your father. You had to separate sex from love. The guilt was greater because you felt your mother was weak. Unconscious conflict—it's unconscious conflict that tortures people.

Words, all words that had been sucked dry of their meaning by panic, and helplessness, and the creeping passage of time.

"Nasty slice."



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David. What was to become of David? "You know how I feel about your children. Almost as if they were my own," her father had said. But David was not her father's. He was hers, hers and Tom's. I've got to go home, she thought. I've got to go home to David. She sat as if frozen. She had no home. She knew it now. Not behind her with Tom, who fed on her weakness like an overgrown, insatiable leech. Not ahead of her, with her father. And she had nothing left of herself to give to her children. She had not the strength. God help her, she had not the strength. Burying her face in her hands, she sought blindly for someone to whom she could turn. Paul—Paul had his own wife and children. Mark was away, at law school in Cambridge. And Barbara, Barbara, too, had a family of her own. God help me, she thought. And then, slowly, tentatively, "God help me," she whispered. "I never believed, but I will believe. Please help me."

She heard the sound of footsteps, and raised her head from her hands. Was it? It was. It was the girl from Bethlehem who had sung in the chorus, the one she had admired so, the one with sunken red grooves where there should have been eyes, here, walking through the subway station with her German shepherd, dressed all in white, her fair cloud of hair floating above her shoulders. Here, in the subway, as a sign to her. Katherine sat with her hands clasped together, staring ahead of her, her eyes suddenly feverish with excitement, her mouth half open. "*Patrem omnipotentum*," the girl was singing. The Father Almighty. God. The Father Almighty, David's and hers.

A light began to glow inside her head. It grew, deep and splendid, with sunlike rays, until she was filled and buoyant with it. She stood up, weightless, trembling, the light spilling out of her to streak the floor, and walked to the telephone booth on the pathway that stretched before her.

"Hello?"

"Hello," she said. "Doctor Caine?"

"Yes."

"This is Katherine Barr. I'm not coming today."

"Oh? Are you ill?"

"No, of course I'm not ill. I'm well. Wonderfully well." She stood in the little room on the subway platform, with its walls made of tan squares, and the telephone, voiceless now, held against her ear. The telephone was a marvel—why had she never appreciated it before? A little black box full of wires, and the wires stretched all around the world. She could talk to anyone, anywhere. But she didn't want to. She wanted to go home to her son. "Hello," she said. "Hello, I'm going now."

"Where are you?"

"It doesn't matter where I am. We're all brothers and sisters everywhere. I suppose you're my brother, too, even if you are a murderer. Now I'm going home to my son."

"Listen to me. Where are you?"

She half lowered the receiver, and then raised it again. "I'm in the subway," she said. "At 125th Street." Light shone golden in the little room. She was free. The laughter came. It kept coming and coming from somewhere deep inside her, until she shook with it, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Listen, now. Get back on the subway and come right over here."

"Don't be silly," she said. "Murder someone else. I'm not coming, not ever again. I'm going home to my son."

"I think you'd better come here first."

"Why?" The light shattered into thousands of multicolored sparks. "Why? You're a fool and a murderer." The sparks were spiraling around her, red and yellow and blue.

"You're very sick. Will you come?"

"Sick?" She hesitated a moment. "Don't be crazy." The colors were so bright and beautiful she wanted to catch handfuls of them to take home to David.

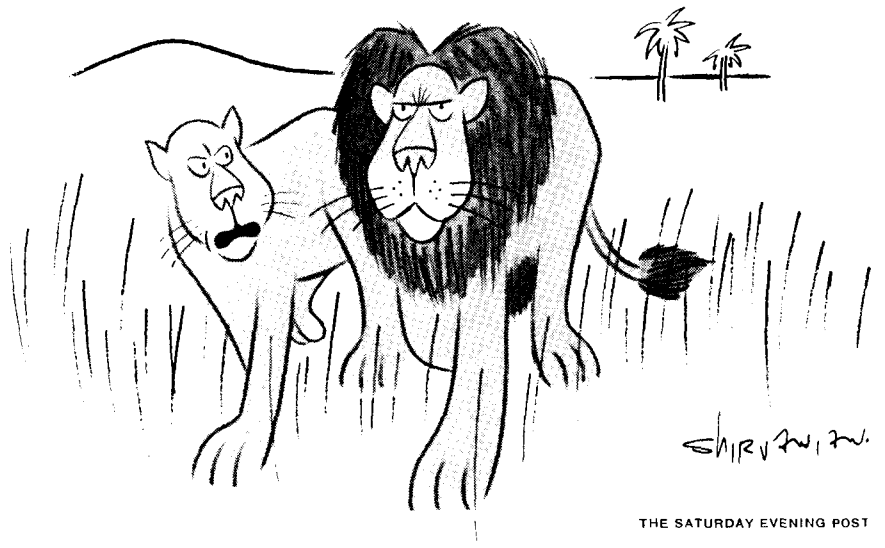
"Will you come?"

"OK." The sparks were fading, like fireflies in the dawn. "OK, but this is absolutely the last time."

"All right. Get off at 96th Street and take a cab, will you?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm not a murdering, lunatic liar like you are. I said I would." She slammed the receiver back on the hook. Shrugging her shoulders, she walked trembling out of the phone booth.

Far away, at the end of the platform, she could see tiers of benches. The blind girl was sitting in the front row, singing *Gloria*. Paul and Mark were there, and Doctor Caine—he must have run all the way—was between them. Barbara was waving a hand to her. And her mother. Yes, it was her mother, with David beside her, and the baby in her lap, and smiling, truly smiling at her. Above it all towered a mighty figure, lit with an awesome, brilliant light. "God," she whispered. "God." The huge arms were outstretched. And the face, she saw, was her father's, lined and aged beyond belief, with a gray, bloodless mouth, and sorrowful eyes that looked down at her with infinite compassion. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You knew I was bald when you married me."

Try slimming, trimming salads made extra flavorful with Heinz Vinegars

**Enjoyment's in and calories out** when you treat yourself to crisp Pretty Figure Salads made with sparkling Heinz Vinegars.

- **Heinz Vinegars are mellowed in wood**—just as fine wine is mellowed—to give them a wonderfully smooth taste and aroma that bring out all of the subtle, hidden flavors of your salad ingredients.
- **Use only finer, mellower** Heinz Vinegars in your low-calorie salads. They give you an exciting, satisfying taste reward as you *help yourself to a prettier figure*.

**Basic French Dressing**

Always fresh-tasting because you make it as you need it. Combine ⅓ cup Heinz Vinegar, ⅔ cup salad oil, ¼ tsp. paprika, ½ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. sugar. Chill. Shake before serving. You can adjust to control calories by varying amount of oil. Example: try ½ cup vinegar to ½ cup oil.

**P.S.** *For vegetable* salads, like the one shown, try Basil French. To 1 cup Basic Dressing, made with Heinz Wine Vinegar, add 1 Tbsp. crushed basil leaves and 1 clove garlic, split.

**Try Heinz Cider, White,** Wine, Tarragon or Salad Vinegar. All five of them give you a big difference in flavor for such a little difference in price.

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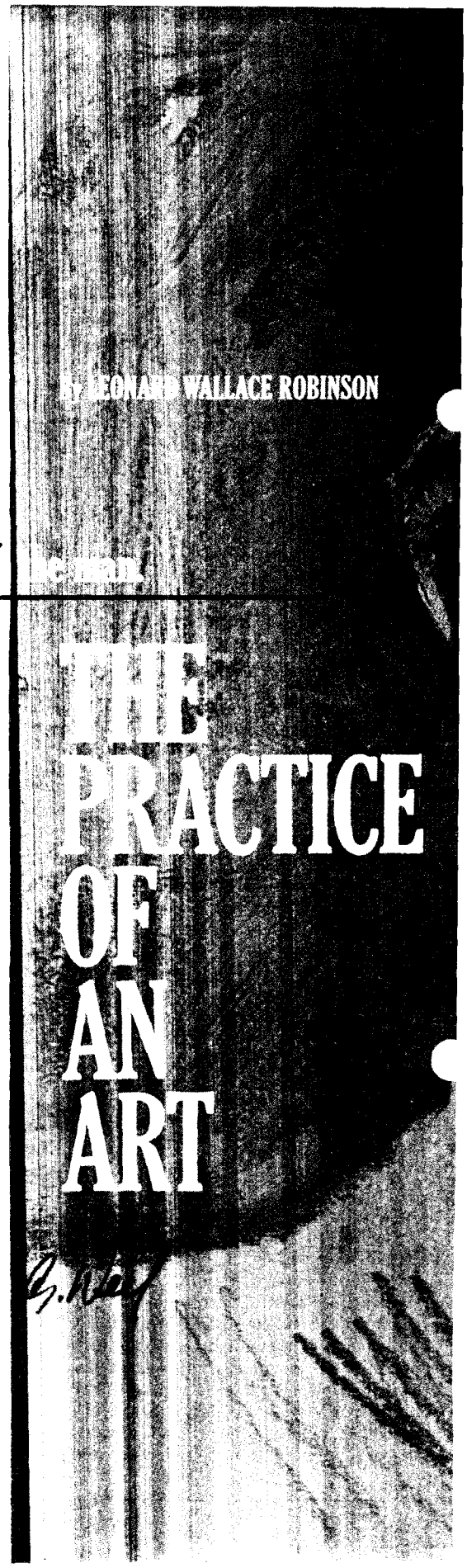
*At the age of eight Leonard Wallace Robinson was selected Healthiest Boy in Malden, Mass., by the Health Department in a city-wide contest. "Since then," he says, "everything has been downhill for me." Nevertheless, he became a writer-reporter for* The New Yorker, *worked at* Time *and* Life, *then was, successively, managing editor of* Esquire, *fiction editor of* Collier's, *and executive editor at Henry Holt and Co. His short stories have been published in such magazines as* The New Yorker, Harper's, Esquire *and* Mademoiselle *as well as in many anthologies.*




# What counts in poetry is not the beat of the meter but the measure of

The two great mounds of logs, mostly pine and ash, were both higher than the tall, hook-nosed young man who stood at the chopping block next to them. One of the great mounds was the wood he had already split; the other the unsplit logs that lay ahead to do. Together they hid from his view a rambling white farmhouse about a quarter mile away. He was alone, intensely alone in the August heat in this field in Vermont.

Now, wedged among the ash and pine in the unsplit mound, he saw a perfectly round log, one of the infrequent pieces of cedar he encountered. He tugged at it, the muscles in his powerful-looking arms straining, and at length he pulled the log out. He put it on the chopping block and split it cleanly in half. The cleft pieces fell evenly on either side of the block; the faint smell of cedar came to him from the split pieces as he picked them up and threw them on a small pile close to the block.

He smiled and rested his ax on the block and looked out dreamily over the gently down-sloping fields. After a few moments he straightened up, squaring his broad shoulders, looking as if he were coming to sudden attention, or were about to start setting-up exercises.

"Iambic tetrameter," he commanded himself aloud. Then he waited for the words to come into his mind. When they had, he said them out loud, stressing the accents.

"*The cèdar smèll within the lòg*
*Imprisoned thère full mànу a moòn.*"

He took a deep breath and relaxed and sat down on the block. He smiled. No doubt of it. They were really becoming his. No; they *were* his. All the stumbling and fumbling and faltering gone. Gone, gone. gone. All gone. There was hardly a pause now—not for days. He could command the experience *and* the rhythm. "It will take practice," Drum had said. "They all practiced; Frost, Keats, all of them." Ah, Drum, Drum, Drum. Oh true. "*Primus;* you must learn to turn the whole world of experience into the proper rhythm *for* that experience," Professor Drum had said. "And that takes practice. Nobody comes by this art naturally."

The young man stood up and did a very small dance for the smallest second, moving only his feet. Then he held an imaginary football in front of him and gave it an enormous punt. Then he stood still.

One more and back to work. He came to attention. Subject? The way the line of trees in the distance met the fields.

"Trochaic trimeter," he said. This was always a tough one. But again the words shaped themselves quickly and he said them out:

"*Boùndary lòved by màn and*
*Nàture; line that màrks our*
*Oùter woods; dàrksome boùndary*
*Whàt's your meàning*, dùm dee
Dùm dee dùm dee dùm."

As he finished he heard the faint pad of footsteps coming around the great mound of unsplit wood. And then a young boy appeared. For a moment he didn't recognize the child. He was a blond, round-headed, round-faced boy, eleven or twelve years old, with intensely blue, deep-set eyes and very red cheeks, cherubic. And he carried a large black notebook in his left hand.

"Hello," the boy said. He looked very formal and polite, his neck stiff, his cheeks gelid and his eyes not quite free to look the other in the eye. "Are you Cousin Jack?"

"Oh," the young man said. "You're Guy. For heaven's sake. I knew Aunt Jen was coming but I didn't know—ah—whether she'd bring you or not."

The boy nodded. "Yes," he said. "We got here about an hour ago. And your mother said, I mean Aunt Mary said, to come out and say hello."

"Oh that's fine, Guy," Jack said. He looked at Guy intensely. "How you've grown," he said. "I wouldn't have recognized you." He paused, thinking, and then he said, "I guess it's been—oh—two years since I've seen you."

"Three," the boy said. "You were still at college when we came last year."

"Yes," Jack said. "Well." He paused. "Sit down," he said and indicated the chopping block and Guy sat there, still stiff and diffident, formal, now holding the large notebook on his lap. Jack sat on the ground and leaned against the pile of uncut logs. He cast about for something to say, but before he could speak the young boy said, chattily formal now, as if *he* were responsible for the conversation: "Aunt Mary says you're working for your father. I mean summer's working, because you're helping pay for your college."

Jack smiled. "I'm his chief woodcutter," he said.

The boy nodded. "And she says your father is paying you just as much as he'd pay anybody else."

Jack laughed slightly. "Yes," he said, "and I work for it." He motioned toward the mountain of split logs. "Look at that pile."

The boy looked toward the pile and shook his head. "It's huge," he said. A little of his formality was dropping from him now, his cherubic cheeks looked a little less frozen and his eyes a little freer. "I imagine it's very good for your muscles," he said.

"Oh yes." Jack flexed his muscles, smiling with a slight self-mockery. "Football." Then suddenly he remembered something and he looked at Guy almost guiltily. He waited for a moment and then he said, "You certainly don't *look* as if you'd

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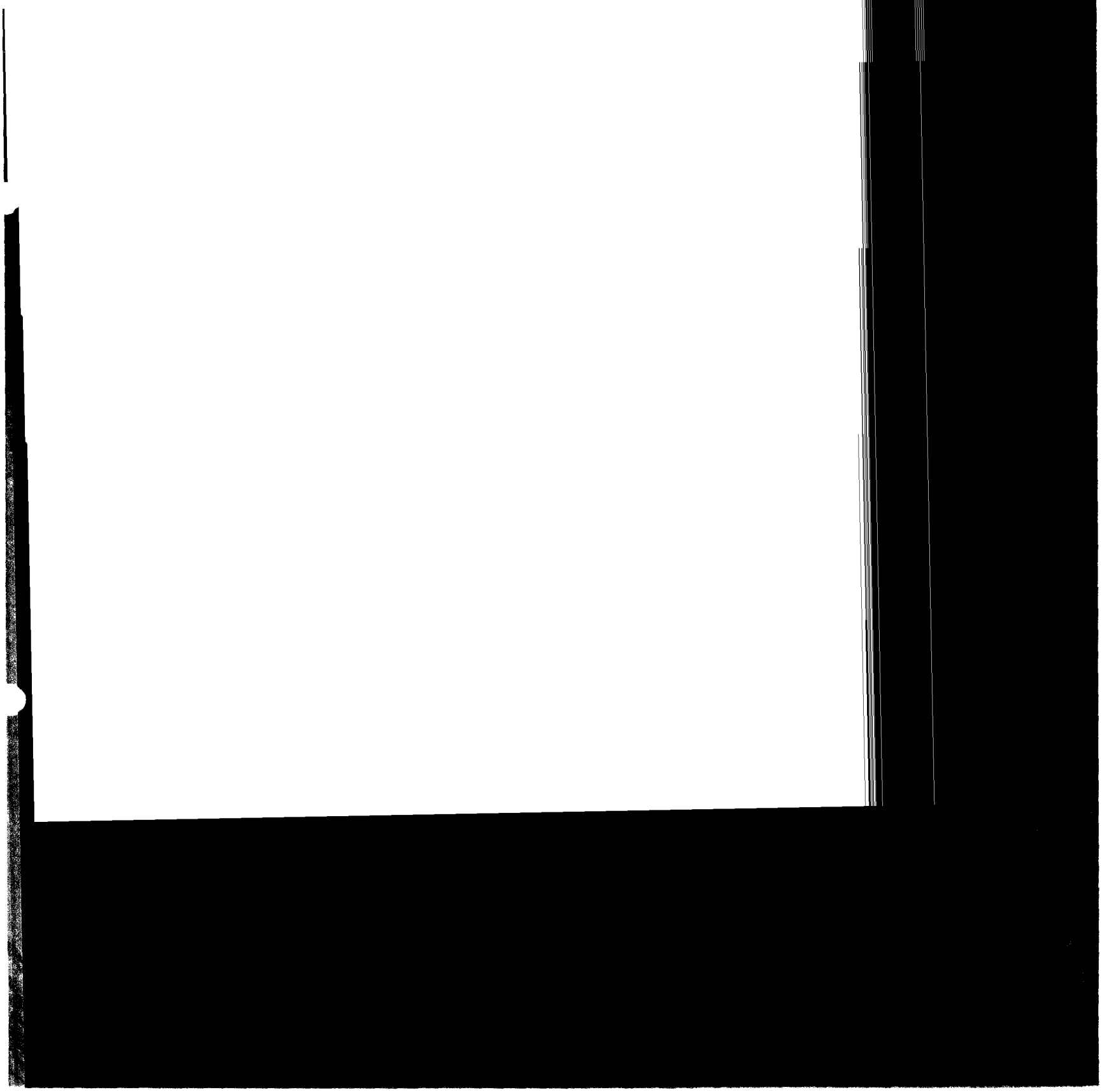

been sick," he said. "You look pretty fit and healthy."

"Oh yes," the boy said promptly. "I am." And then as if repeating something heard from a grown up—"I've been very lucky; very, very lucky."

"Mother said there were hardly any after-effects. Just a little in—ah—your hand."

"No, not my hand," Guy said, "just in here a little." He balanced the notebook on his knees and touched his right wrist and forearm with his left hand. "My fingers are still weak, but that's really the muscles in the arm. I mean I can do everything with them, but they feel a little weak."

"I see," Jack said. "Mother said they're going to get all better—muscles are going to get all better. They're going to recover completely. That's right, huh?"

"Yes," the boy said. "They're almost all better now. I just have to keep exercising them."

Jack shook his head. "You *are* lucky," he said.

"Yes," Guy said. "I'm very, very lucky."

They paused for a moment. Jack could see that the boy had lost his stiffness and formality now and felt very comfortable and this made him go on with the subject.

"What exercises do you do? Sports and things?" he asked.

"Oh I can do those. But the main thing is the hand exercises—like I have a rubber ball I squeeze five hundred times a day. And then I'm supposed to draw—pictures and things. Doctor Carlson says that's good exercise too. And it's not so boring as squeezing the ball, Doctor Carlson says."

"In other words, keep that hand going as much as possible?"

The boy nodded. The conversation paused again and then the boy said, "Could I help you pile the wood or something?" Jack looked at the accumulation of split logs near the chopping block and then at his wristwatch. "OK," he said.



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## Practice of an Art

"And then we'll go in to lunch. It's nearly noon."

Guy stood up, forgetting the looseleaf notebook on his lap, and it fell at Jack's feet in a flutter of pages and lay open on the ground. Jack leaned over to pick it up, and as he did so he had to suppress a smile forcibly. The picture on the open page was clearly a tracing in pencil, not a drawing at all; it was a tracing of some famous picture, two lines of beautiful trees, bowed in a heavy wind; he could almost but not quite remember who had done the original painting. Not Cezanne's *Chestnut Trees*. What? The trees in the tracing had a strange quality, lyrical. Even so, Guy's hand couldn't be all that weak to trace as firmly and clearly as that.

He handed the notebook back to the boy still open to the trees. "That's very good," he said, indicating the picture.

Guy smiled, his round, red cheeks glowing with pleasure, his intense blue eyes delighted. "Oh that's not my best one," he said. He paused. "I've drawn many better ones than that." He looked down at the open book as if he were about to show some others, but Jack had moved away toward the mound of split logs and the boy closed the notebook and put it on the chopping block.

When he got the chance, Jack thought, he'd tell the boy, very gently of course, that he must not pretend he drew pictures when he really just traced them. Or perhaps—no, perhaps better to say nothing. Guy had been so sick. He rated a few peccadilloes, at least for a while.

They started then throwing the newly split wood that lay close to the block onto the great pile, the round-faced boy imitating Jack's slow, measured manner of heaving the logs, two at a time, one in each hand. They worked in silence for a while and then the boy said, "I heard you saying something when I came out. Were you memorizing something for college or something? It sounded like that."

Jack smiled slightly. "No," he said, "I was practicing."

"Practicing what?"

Jack threw his two logs on the pile and looked at Guy, pleased and touched. How quickly children could move into a friendship, lose their pristine shyness, ask the innermost of questions. "Well, it's complicated," he said.

"You mean you were practicing something for college?" Guy said. "I can understand college things; some. You know my brother goes to college now."

"Jim?" Jack said. "Oh yes. Dartmouth."

"Yes. Well, when Jimmy came home this summer he showed me a paragraph in that book—oh, what's it called—I forget, some philosophy or something—and asked if I could tell what it meant. I read it and told him and he said it was exactly right and he said besides it was a very hard paragraph and they had it on a test. I mean they had to tell what it meant on that test."

"Is that so?" Jack said.

"That's not the first time he's tested me. He's tested me a lot. On other things he has in college. And I can always understand them." He paused and corrected himself. "Usually," he said.

"I see," Jack said. He would be able to have no reservations in this friendship; that was clear. He sat down on the chopping block. "Well, what I was doing wasn't really *deep*—not like philosophy."

"Oh it wasn't?"

"I was practicing poetry."

"That's what it sounded like. Reciting."

Jack thought about the whole thing for a moment. What would a child's reaction be to a poet? It would be interesting to see anyhow. "No," he said; "not reciting it. I was making it up."

The young boy showed no surprise; he pondered the statement. Then he said, "Why out loud? I'd think you'd write it down on paper."

Jack smiled. "I do that too," he said. "Only I was practicing getting the right beat." He hesitated. Well, he'd gone too far to drop the subject and not far enough to make it clear. He tried to think of a way to explain it, but before he could the young boy said, "Oh I know about beats. We had it this year. You mean like the sound of hoofbeats, or the wind or something. We had to learn a poem, *Evangeline*. It's supposed to sound like the wind in the trees, I think."

"Yes," Jack said. "To some extent. Did you learn any others?"

"No."

"Well, there are a lot of different beats. I mean take *Evangeline*. It goes '*This is the forest primeval.*' The beat is dùm dee dee, dùm dee dee. Dactylic. It's called dactylic."

"You mean that's what the *beat* is called?"

"Yes," Jack said. "And then there are other beats. There's dee dùm, dee dùm, dee dùm, dee dùm. That's called iambic. And dùm dee, dùm dee, dùm dee, dùm dee. That's trochaic. And so forth."

"I see," the boy said. He thought for a moment and then he said, "*Evangeline* is supposed to sound like the wind in a forest or something. And then there's another one that sounds like a horse galloping."

"*Lochinvar?*"

The boy smiled. "Yes, that's it." He paused. "Well what I want to know is are all the beats supposed to sound *like* something?"

"Oh no."

"Then why do you use them?"

Jack smiled; good; very smart boy. "That's a very good question, Guy." The boy pressed back a small smile of pride at the praise. "Well, I suppose the answer is that for hundreds of years poets have found the best way to express certain things, I mean feelings or thoughts or whatever, is with these beats." He paused a little uncertainly. "Say you want to write a sad poem or a happy one—the beats help you express your feeling."

Was that clear? Was that anywhere near enough?

But Guy seemed satisfied. "And so you were practicing them so you can use them if you want to make a sad poem or something?" he said.

Jack nodded vigorously. "Yes. The beats have to become second nature to a poet, so he can say anything he wants in them. Anything he thinks is a poem anyhow."

They heard the far-off clang of a bell and Jack said, "Ah, lunch." He stood up and put on a sweatshirt that lay across the stacked pile. As he did so, Guy said, "What would be a good example of a beat somebody used—I mean some poet, to say something in? I mean one you liked."

"Oh ——" Jack cast about in his mind; *Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind?* No. *Let me not to the marriage of true minds?* No. Something simple, with a little story perhaps. "I'm thinking," he said. And then, after a moment, he said, "Ah, here's one. A poet wrote it when he was very old." Jack recited it, stressing the accents slightly so that Guy could hear them.

*I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;*
*Nature I loved; and next to Nature, Art.*
*I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;*
*It sinks, and I am ready to depart.*

"That's iambic," Jack said. "The poet picked exactly the right beat. Dee dùm, dee dùm, dee dùm, dee dùm. '*I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.*'"

Guy thought for a moment. "How does that second line go again?" he asked.

*Nature I loved; and next to Nature, Art.*

"Well, that doesn't start dee dùm, dee dùm. That starts dùm dee, dee dùm."

Jack looked as if he were going to hug the boy; he smiled broadly and proudly at him and leaned toward him. "What an ear you've got," he said delightedly. "How did you remember that offbeat?"

The boy shrugged, again suppressing the happy smile at the praise. "Oh, I beat it out as you went along," he said.

"That's remarkable," Jack said. "It's really remarkable. You have a real sensitivity to rhythms." He paused. "Yes," he said, "often the poet puts in an offbeat like that so his beat doesn't get monotonous—or some other reason."

They started toward the house, now visible in the distance across the fields, walking in silence for a little while.

Jack was excited about the boy's sensitive ear. And a little puzzled. He must have something basic in his nature, basically responsive. How could he have picked up that offbeat? Just hearing the poem, too, not reading it. And hearing it for the first time too. It was amazing. That was the same kind of sensitivity Professor Drum told him he, Jack, had. But at Guy's age?

Guy spoke first. "Are you going to be a poet all your life?" he asked.

Jack smiled. "Yes," he said. "That's what I've decided."

"When did you decide?"

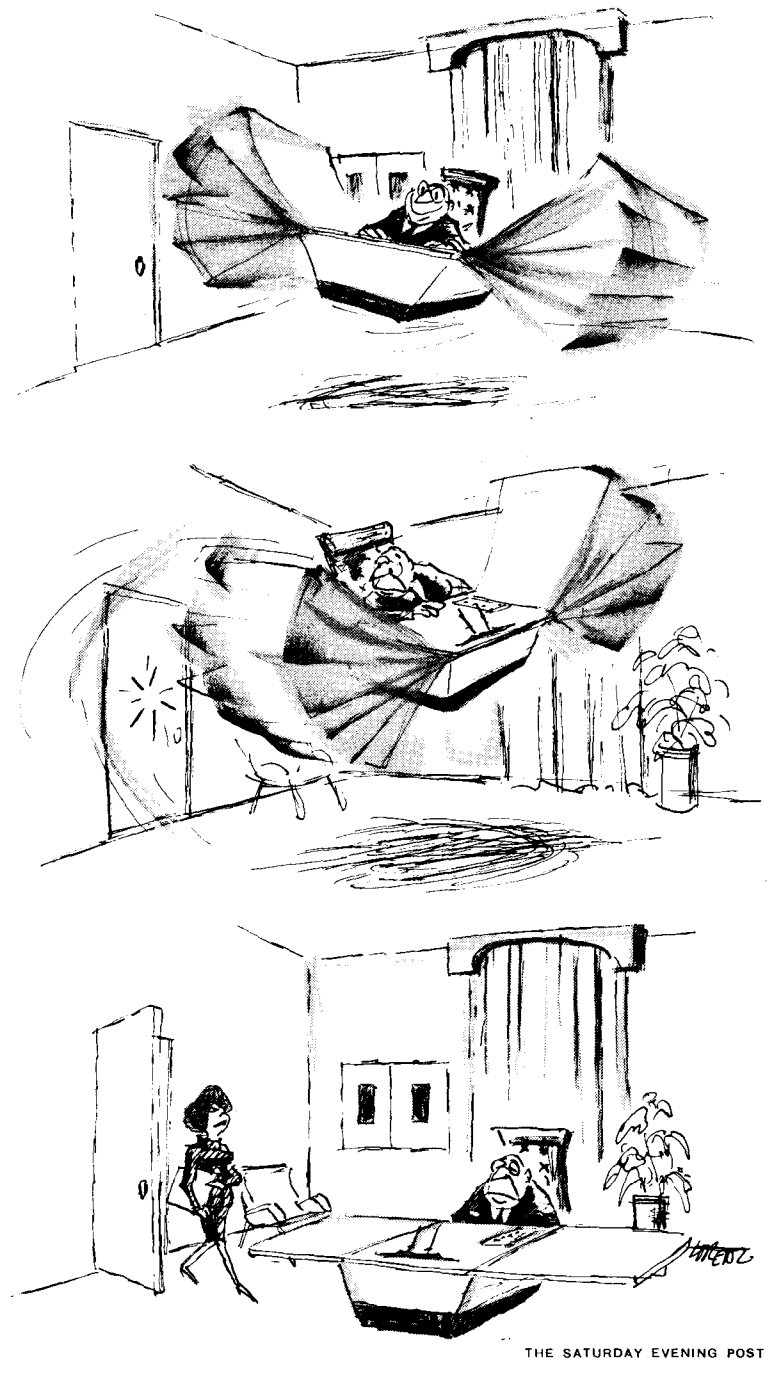
"Just this year."

"What made you?"

Jack thought: "Well," he said in a moment, "I realized in this class I had that I loved poetry. I mean I could really *feel* it. And the more I read and thought about it the more I loved it. And then there was this wonderful teacher, Professor Drum, who taught us and I wrote some for him. And then I decided. This was what I wanted to be. A poet."

Guy smiled happily. "I'll bet you were really good," he said.

Jack looked at Guy sideways and his eyes went to the looseleaf notebook the boy carried at his side, and he recalled the picture of the two lovely lines of trees he had seen on the page when the notebook





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had fallen to the ground open; perhaps this was the time to correct the boy's attitude, catch him up in that little lie about having drawn the trees.

"No," Jack said. "I wasn't very good. I wasn't terrible. But I wasn't particularly good."

Guy looked at him, shocked. "What do you mean?" he said.

Jack spoke gently. "Nobody's good to start with, Guy. Not really good. Nobody's good at anything without practice. I have the ear, yes. Professor Drum told me that. And I have the appreciation." His voice became firmer now, and not so gentle. "And I know I want to *be* a poet. But to be one is going to take a lot of work. Work, practice. Work, practice. That's what you have to do when you want to become *anything*."

Guy looked worried. Or was it puzzled? "But what if you worked and worked and then you still weren't very good? I mean not really good?"

Jack smiled. "I could face that if it happened," he said. "But it's not likely. Practice will do it."

Guy still didn't look satisfied. "But shouldn't you have a sign or something? I mean that you can become the thing you want to be?"

"You mean a poem that somebody thought was really good?"

"Yes."

"No," Jack said. "You don't need to have that. A man can become anything he wants."

Guy shook his head in wonderment, but his expression of concern dissolved now. Then he said, "Maybe that's what I'd like to be too."

"A poet?"

The boy nodded. "I'll try one. I'll try that dee dùm dee dùm dee dùm dee dùm dee dùm beat. The one the old man used."

Jack smiled. "Iambic," he said.

"Yes."

"Why not?" Jack said.

"I'll do it after lunch in my notebook." He was excited. "Then I'll bring it down and show you. And we can go on talking and stuff." He paused thoughtfully, then said, "How many lines should I do?"

"As many as you need to get your feeling out, your meaning out."

"I think I already know what I'll do it about," Guy said. "It should be around"—he calculated—"about sixteen lines."

They were silent for a few moments and then Jack said, "Don't expect too much of yourself. I mean it probably won't come out just as you planned it. Don't forget it takes practice."

Guy looked up at him again, again slightly puzzled. "Maybe it won't," he said. "Maybe it'll come out perfect. My drawings didn't take any practice. I mean I could just *do* them, that's all."

Jack thought; yes, definitely, definitely, he must call the boy on this now. Guy was charming and bright certainly; but this self-lie, this necessity to maintain this picture of himself, was a flaw. It was almost a delusion.

"Guy," he said, making his voice as soft and uncensorious as possible. "You really shouldn't call those things in your notebook drawings."

Guy looked up at him, his round face inquiring. "Why not?" he said.

Jack suddenly remembered he had seen only one picture, the one of the trees. "Well, perhaps some of them are drawings," he said, "but the one I saw, the trees in the wind; that was a tracing. And you said you drew it."

Guy stopped, looking at Jack now in pure pleasure, beaming. "I *did* draw it," he said. "It *isn't* a tracing. It's my own drawing. I did it with a pencil."

Jack looked at him; this was really serious. Good Lord. He *knew* those trees, that drawing. He had seen it before. "With a pencil and a piece of tracing paper, Guy," he said as gently as possible.

Guy shook his head vigorously and laughed delightedly. "No," he said, "no. I did them myself. My mother and some other people thought I traced them too. But I didn't. I drew them. They're some trees I saw in the path up to the dump near my house." He paused, inexpressibly flattered and pleased at the strange expression of shock on Jack's face. "Here," he said, and he handed the notebook to Jack. "Take a look."

Jack took the notebook and held it uncertainly.

"Start at the beginning," Guy said. "You'll see."

Jack opened the notebook to the first page. It contained a pen-and-ink sketch of a table with a bowl of fruit on it. It was scrawly and roughly done, a child could have done it; the legs of the table were skewed and the fruit bowl was above the table, floating in air, and the fruit was above the bowl.

"Now turn the page," Guy said.

The next page was the same drawing but this time there was a vast improvement—the table was in proportion, the legs firm little monoliths, the bowl firmly placed on the table and the fruit within it

"Turn the page again," Guy said.

The same drawing; but now it was a beautiful and lyric sketch, mature; it was clearly no tracing but the astonishing development of the rough sketch on page one.

"I do them rough," Guy said, "and then I do them finished."

"How long did it take you to do the whole three?" Jack said.

"About two hours," Guy said. "About a morning."

"But you've practiced drawing before?"

"No, this is my first notebook. I never drew anything before until the doctor made me. I mean for my muscles, you know."

Jack thumbed through the notebook now. There was always a rough sketch or two and then the finished drawing; all of them were good, he could tell, and some truly extraordinary, full of grace and of the beginnings of authority, immediate evocations. There was a fresco of rearing horses with intertwining legs, a marvel of lyrical movement, and somehow highly simplified; there was another double line of trees more perfect than the one Jack had originally seen; several still lifes, quite heavy and real; amazing.

He went through the entire notebook in complete silence with Guy looking on, now silent himself, but his cherubic countenance beaming with pleasure. When Jack closed the book and returned it to the boy, he shook his head in wonderment.

"I'm very, very sorry, Guy," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," the boy said. "I sort of like it when people think I trace these things."

They were about fifty yards from the house now and they heard the lunch bell suddenly sound again. Looking up, they could see Jack's mother on the porch beckoning for them to hurry. They resumed their walk in silence.

After a while Jack said, "Those are really wonderful drawings, Guy."

"Thanks," Guy said.

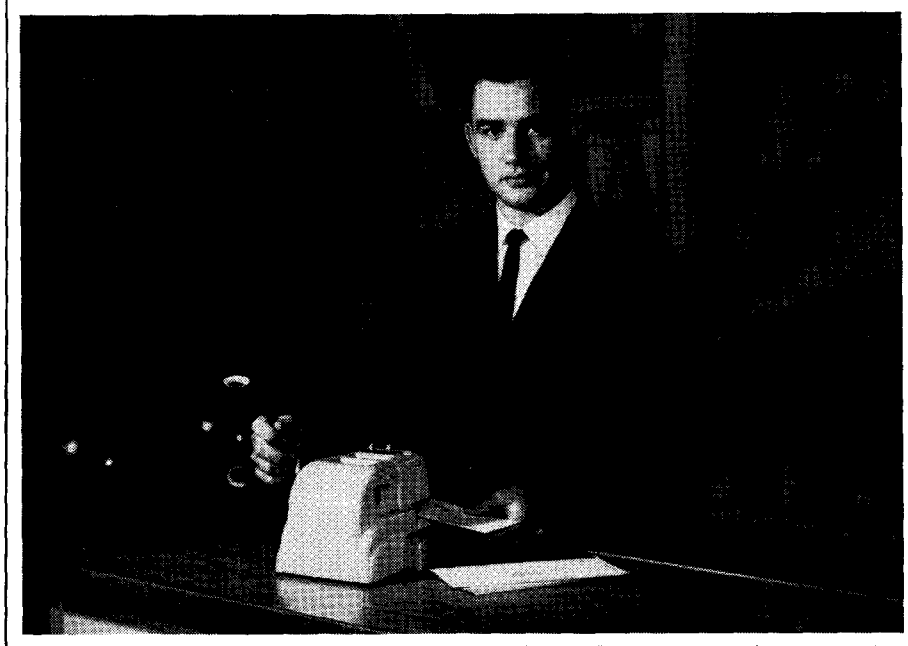
"And you really never practiced drawing before?"

"No, honest. I could just do it right away." He corrected himself; "I mean almost right away. After a sketch or so."

After lunch Jack went back to work and Guy stayed on the porch to write the poem in iambics. At the woodpile Jack resumed his chopping at once. But a deep gloom, a black cloud of melancholy and despair had settled over him. This did not even start to lift until, coming across one of the rare cedar logs in the pile, he split it and put one of the cleft pieces to his face, inhaling the wonderful familiar odor. The fact that it was such a delight to him, this cedar odor, steadied him a bit and his dark mood began to lighten, though only slightly.

But he did not stop his work to practice his rhythms anymore. The only interruptions to his work now were when, every now and then, he moved for a moment to the edge of the great mounds of wood that obscured his view of the farmhouse to see if the cherubic boy were approaching with his sixteen lines of iambic poetry.

THE END

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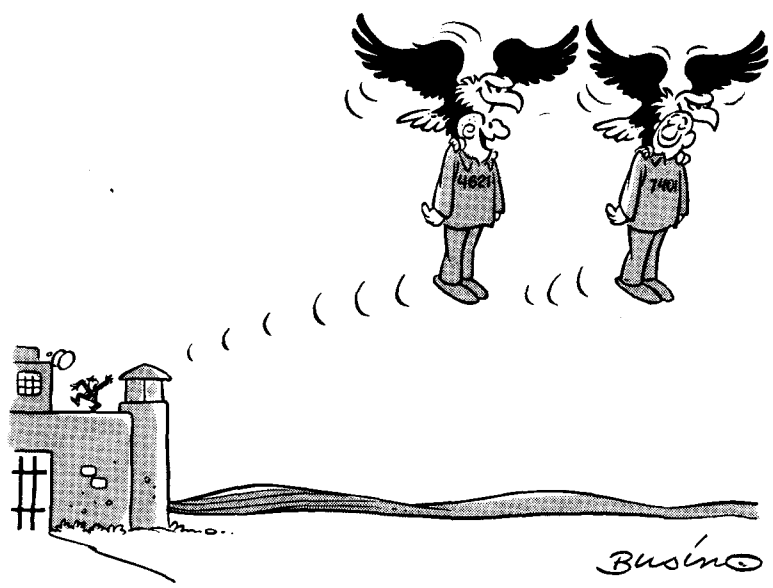
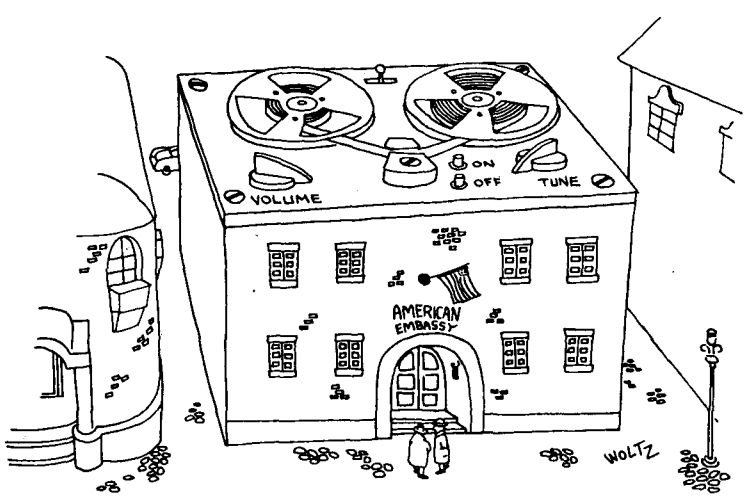
# post scripts



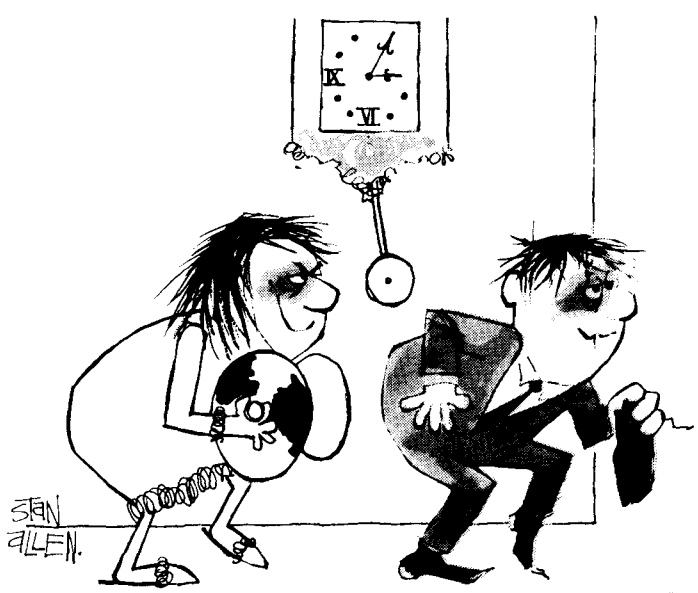

*"I bet that's the last time they'll let anyone keep pets."*

*"'Tweety-tweet' is bad enough, but who the hell was going 'too-whit, too-woo'?"*




*"First thing, let's look for hidden microphones."*

*"I hate it when it's high tide."*




*"Er . . . when I asked what previous experience you had, Miss Schneider, this isn't exactly what I meant."*

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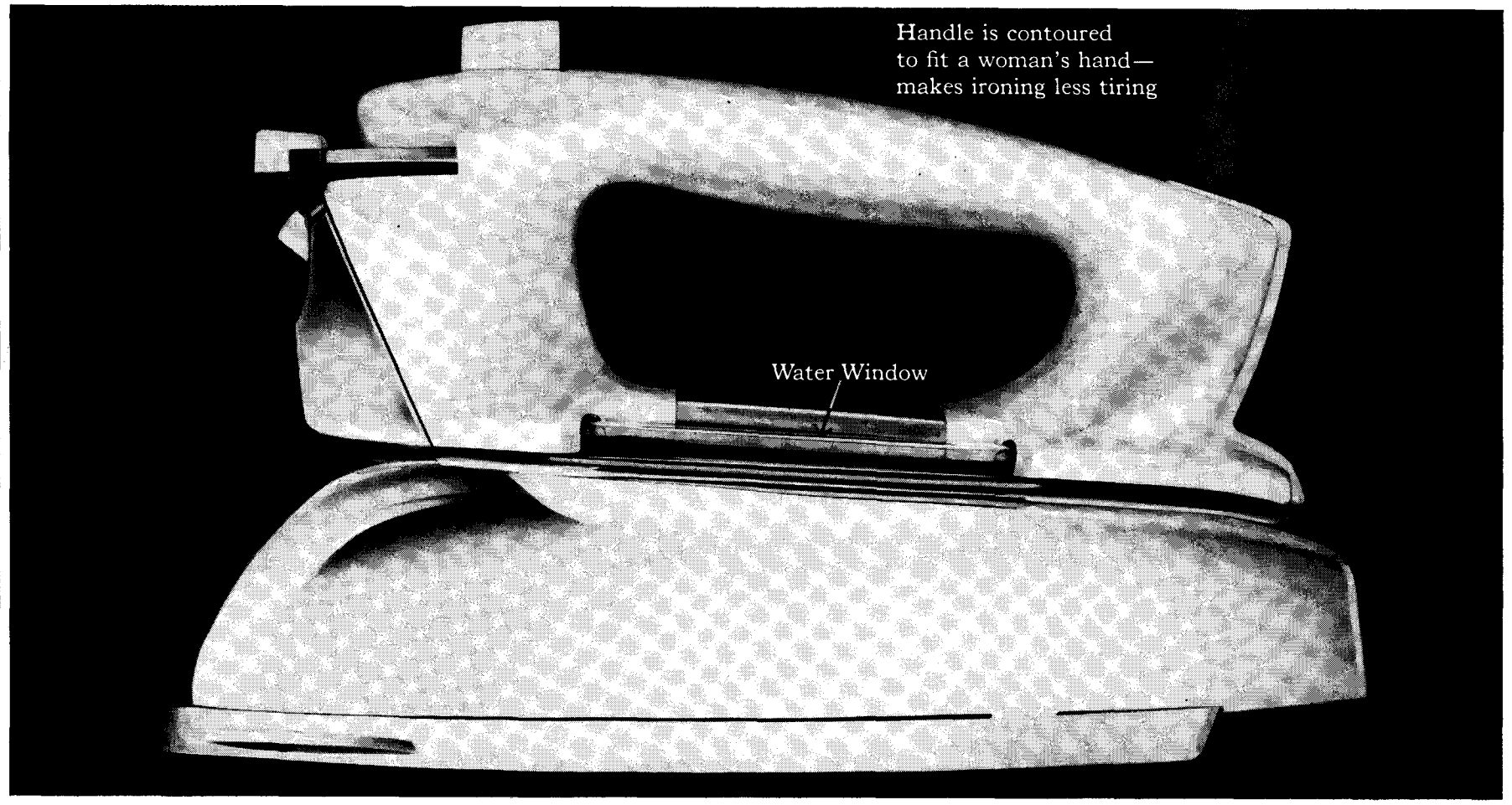
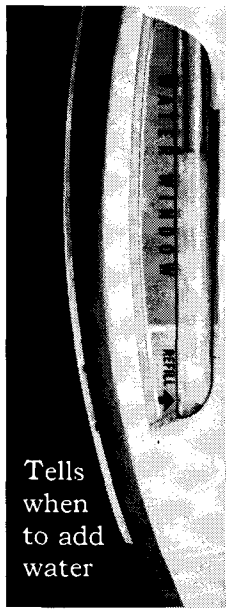
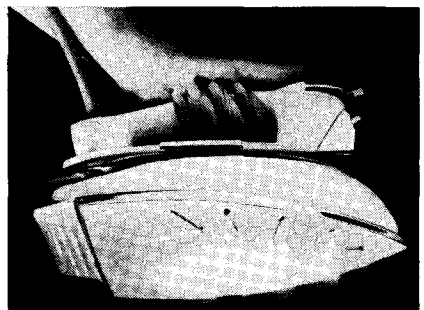
# *This iron tells you when to add water: General Electric's Spray, Steam and Dry Iron (the one with the Water Window)*




Tells when to add water



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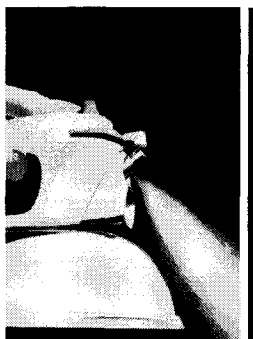
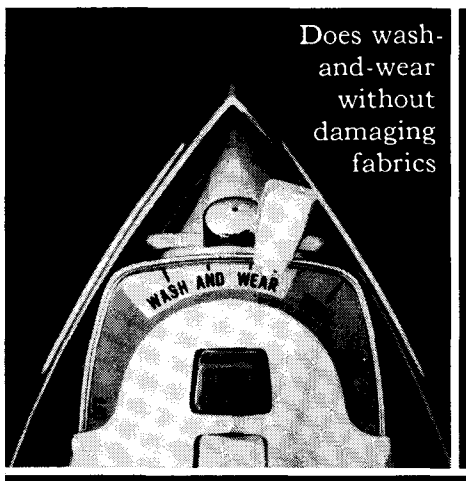


Sprinkles without spotting

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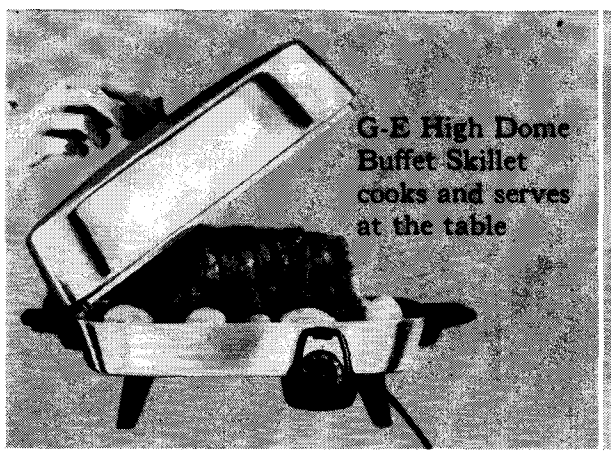
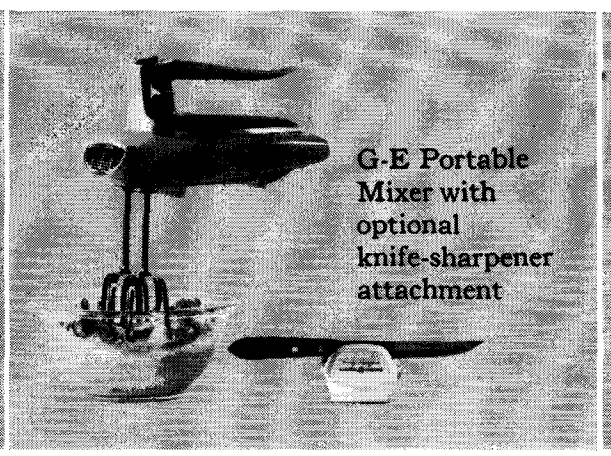


**G-E High Dome Buffet Skillet cooks and serves at the table**



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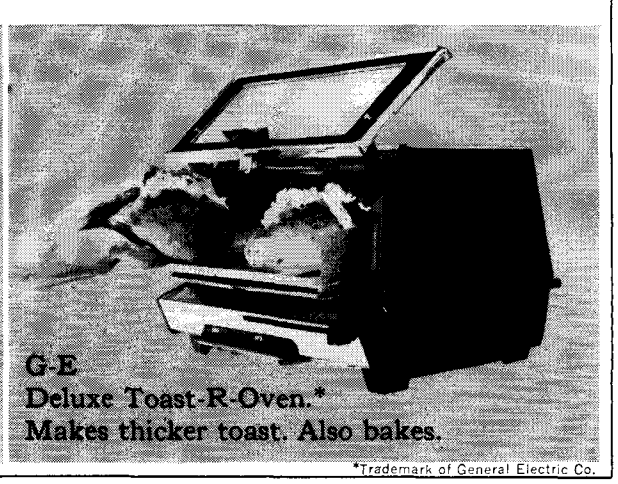

**G-E Deluxe Toast-R-Oven.* Makes thicker toast. Also bakes.**

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# 'THAT SO NECE$$ARY INGREDIENT'

*It was "a tremendous example for aspiring youth" when the Hershbergers of Wichita invited 1,400 guests to their folksy little palace-warming.*

Sally Hershberger's letter inviting the press to her big party last June began with an announcement of the dimensions of her new house in Wichita, Kans.

"It's 192 feet long and 50 feet wide," she wrote, ". . . not counting the basement and the four-car garage, we have 14,000 square feet of living space. As a matter of fact, this is the largest single resident structure to be built in the United States in the last 18 years."

There then followed a catalogue of the in- and out-door appointments, among them "a patio, quite large, approximately 120 by 60 feet," a tennis court "considered the best court in Kansas," "a trained masseur who is part of our household," and "a 500-piece chandelier from Europe, which, upon arrival, took over eight hours just to assemble."

Although sufficiently impressive, the size, furnishings and obvious expense of the house seemed trivial next to Mrs. Hershberger's husband, Jim, the oilman. She introduced him in the fourth paragraph.

"The house in itself is enough to warrant comment, but the most unusual feature of all is my husband. . . . He is one of the most widely known men in Wichita, and I wouldn't even hesitate to say in all of Kansas. His outlook on life is very unorthodox; his friendliness is universal, and his friends number in the thousands, literally. His story is a true success story, as everything he has, he achieved himself, and yet he has retained that so-important ingredient for life, the ability to enjoy life to the fullest. . . . He would be a tremendous example for aspiring youth."

Knowing any number of young men in need of such an example, I deemed it advisable to go to Wichita for the party. At least 1,400 other people had been invited, all of them "close friends," and some of them, as Sally explained in her letter, "from as far away as Rome, Italy."

The party also seemed an appropriate way to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the publication of the first of Horatio Alger's uplifting novels: *Frank's Campaign; or, What Boys Can Do on the Farm for the Camp.* Alger's novels, much in vogue during the late 19th century, invariably told of a poor but honest youth (Frank Frost, Luke Larkin, Carl Crawford, *et al*) who, through a combination of moral fortitude and blind luck, managed to live happily ever after with one million dollars in cash. That lovely dream apparently sometimes still comes true.

Jim and Sally Hershberger were waiting at the airport. Blessed with fine teeth and a winning smile, Jim at 32 looked five or six years younger than his age. His appearance recalled Alger's description of his most famous hero, Ragged Dick, the newsboy:

> His face was attractive, and an observer skilled in physiognomy would have read in it signs of a strong character, a warm and grateful disposition and a resolute will.

Jim wore a blue silk suit (with velvet trim at the cuffs), a white shirt and a white satin tie. His gold-plated cuff links and tie pin were shaped like oil derricks.

Sally, three years younger, and pretty in the traditional manner of contest queens, smiled as if for a newspaper photographer. She had auburn hair and baby-blue eyes. Around her neck she wore a crucifix inlaid with diamonds.

"Call us Jim and Sally," Jim said. "We're just run-of-the-mill people."

In the car on the way to their house, Jim and Sally held hands in the front

*Casually clad for the work, Jim and Sally prepare for party whose lavish details included a rented fountain with spotlight and 720 candles in the trees.*

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By LEWIS H. LAPHAM

*While as many as 400 guests stand queued up in the street, Jim and Sally (right) do the handshaking at lucky end of the line.*

seat and told about Jim's success. A placard mounted on the dashboard identified the car, a Buick Riviera, as one "especially crafted for James W. Hershberger." It had a stereophonic music system and a white telephone.

"London comes in real good," Jim said of the phone. "My bill for just this one phone comes to $500 a month."

Sally, smiling, squeezed Jim's hand. "Tell how you got started, Jim," she said. "Tell about the oil business."

A restless and impatient man, deeply tanned from his recent honeymoon in Miami Beach, Jim spoke in quick, nervous sentences, as if embarrassed to talk about himself. Having come to realize, however, that the example of his life might prove helpful to others less fortunate, he began with his track coach at the University of Kansas.

"The coach always said, 'Quitters never win, and winners never quit.' I've never forgotten those words."

At college Jim enjoyed a reputation both as a wrestler and as a sprinter in the 220-yard dash and the mile relay. He belittled his value to the relay team.

"I ran last," he said; "usually the best guy runs last, but the team carried me; I wasn't that good really."

Graduated from college without once having read a book ("I memorized all the stuff they gave me in class"), Jim served two years in the Air Force (as an athletic officer in Topeka) and so returned to Wichita with hope of a job in the oil business. Although he had been born in that city, the son of a distinguished lawyer, he found none of the local oil companies prepared to offer him a suitable position. Remembering the words of his track coach, he borrowed money and began to deal in oil leases.

"Success," he said, "is first a dream."

Acting as a go-between, he bought leases from farmers scattered across Kansas, collected them into extensive holdings and sold the properties to oil companies. If a man moves quickly enough, traveling from farm to farm as the annual leases expire, he can, with luck, show a tidy profit.

"I drive real fast," Jim said. "I used to get up at five A.M. and allow myself eight minutes for lunch."

His speed rewarded him that first year with $50,000. Thus heartened, he established himself in 1960 as an owner and operator of oil wells, most of them small offset wells within a few miles of producing fields. His luck held. The first six holes he drilled struck oil.

"I made my first million by the time I was twenty-nine," he said. "I think that's all I ought to say about money. I don't want to seem ostentatious. Wichita is an informal place, nothing fancy, a cow town. If I go to borrow $100,000 from a guy in a bank, I don't mind leaving my ice-cream cone in his ash tray."

On the stereo tape in the car a string orchestra was playing *My Blue Heaven.* Jim fondled the back of Sally's neck.

"Sometimes I think it's too good to be true," she said.

They were married in Rome in April, the second marriage for each. Sally had been working as a secretary for an oil company with which Jim negotiated a deal. The afternoon he met her he took her out for coffee, and two hours later they agreed to get married as soon as their respective divorces became final.

"That's the way I do things," Jim said, "fast, just like that."

They intended to spend five weeks in Europe on their honeymoon, but after doing seven countries in three weeks, Jim decided he did not much care for foreigners, and so they went to Miami Beach.

"Europeans are too slow-moving," he said, "too involved with the past."

"Jim's more energetic than most people," Sally said. "He hates inefficiency. Probably he could be elected to any political office he wanted, even President of the United States, but he couldn't stand working with inefficient people."

Intent upon passing a slow-moving truck, Jim nodded approvingly at Sally's evaluation of his temperament. He changed the subject. "Say," he said, "do you think I look like Jerry Lewis?"

He turned slightly in his seat, offering an improved view of his profile. Somebody in Las Vegas once mistook him for Jerry Lewis, a mistake that Jerry, who happened to be sitting at the next table, remarked upon.

"You see this wrist watch," Jim said. "Jerry has one just like it. He said if I looked like him I ought to have the same kind of watch; only his is silver and mine's gold."

Asked if his sudden good fortune had changed his attitude toward other people, Jim slowed down from 70 to 50 miles per hour and gave the question serious thought.

"No," he said, "I'm a democratic guy. I still eat breakfast in a coffeeshop where the highest guy there except for me is a window washer. At the country club I make all the waiters call me Jim."

"Jim can't stand hypocrites," Sally said.

Within a few miles of his house, just beyond the James W. Hershberger playing field (a gift to the local Y.M.C.A.), Jim stopped at a drugstore for a Coca-Cola. He drinks as many as 15 or 20 Cokes a day, usually while riding along in his car. Searching for money to pay the 40-cent check, he thumbed through an envelope containing a number of $100 bills.

## "A calculated risk"

"Some change for the help," he said, indicating the envelope. "I guess there ought to be maybe forty people behind the scenes tonight."

He had chosen Saturday, June 27, for the party because last year on that date a torrential rain fell on Wichita, the heaviest rainfall in 50 years. He assumed the same thing could not happen on the same day two years in succession.

"I figure the odds in whatever I do," he said. "Life's like the oil business, a calculated risk."

His house, two stories high and constructed of whitewashed brick in an imitation of the Georgian style, commands three acres of sloping ground in the Vickridge Estates, a residential development proclaimed EXCLUSIVE on the signs posted in the vacant lots. The letter H, two feet high and cast in black iron, ornaments the low pillars marking the boundaries of the property.

As it was then already late in the afternoon, Jim had time to mention only a few of the points of interest in the house before dressing for the party. Hurrying past a table in the front hall, he said, "That comes right out of the Hearst estate in California. You can tell it's an antique because of the cracks in the bottom."

Leading the way to the downstairs playroom, he motioned expansively toward the innumerable doors leading off the main corridor.

"Twenty-six rooms and nine baths," he said, "but that's not the important measurement; it's the 14,000 square feet of living space that counts. Divide the rooms into ordinary size, and there would be at least sixty rooms."

The playroom contained his tennis, track and Ping-Pong trophies, stuffed fish, a collection of beer mugs, a photograph of himself breaking the tape at the finish of a relay race, his fraternity paddle, bullfight posters and a pair of lampstands made from the bits of oil drills. A strenuously athletic person, Jim once played 180 holes of golf in 12 hours. He still works out on the parallel bars and tumbling mats in the basement every morning before breakfast and runs two or three miles every afternoon.

"Sports are my favorite thing in life," he said. "Once I've made enough money, I'll just do sports eight or ten hours a day."

Outside in the garden, below the swimming pool and tennis court at the back of the house, tables had been set up under the oak trees. A bandstand dominated the east end of the tennis court; at the west end, under the basketball net, a rented fountain sprayed plumes of water colored by an amber spotlight. Workmen had begun to light the 720 candles supported by black-iron candelabra in the trees. Jim looked at the view and saw that it was good.

"The party's for Sally," he said, "a sort of welcome home and a chance to introduce her to my friends. I'm embarrassed to say that there are a lot of people I know real well whom I forgot to ask.



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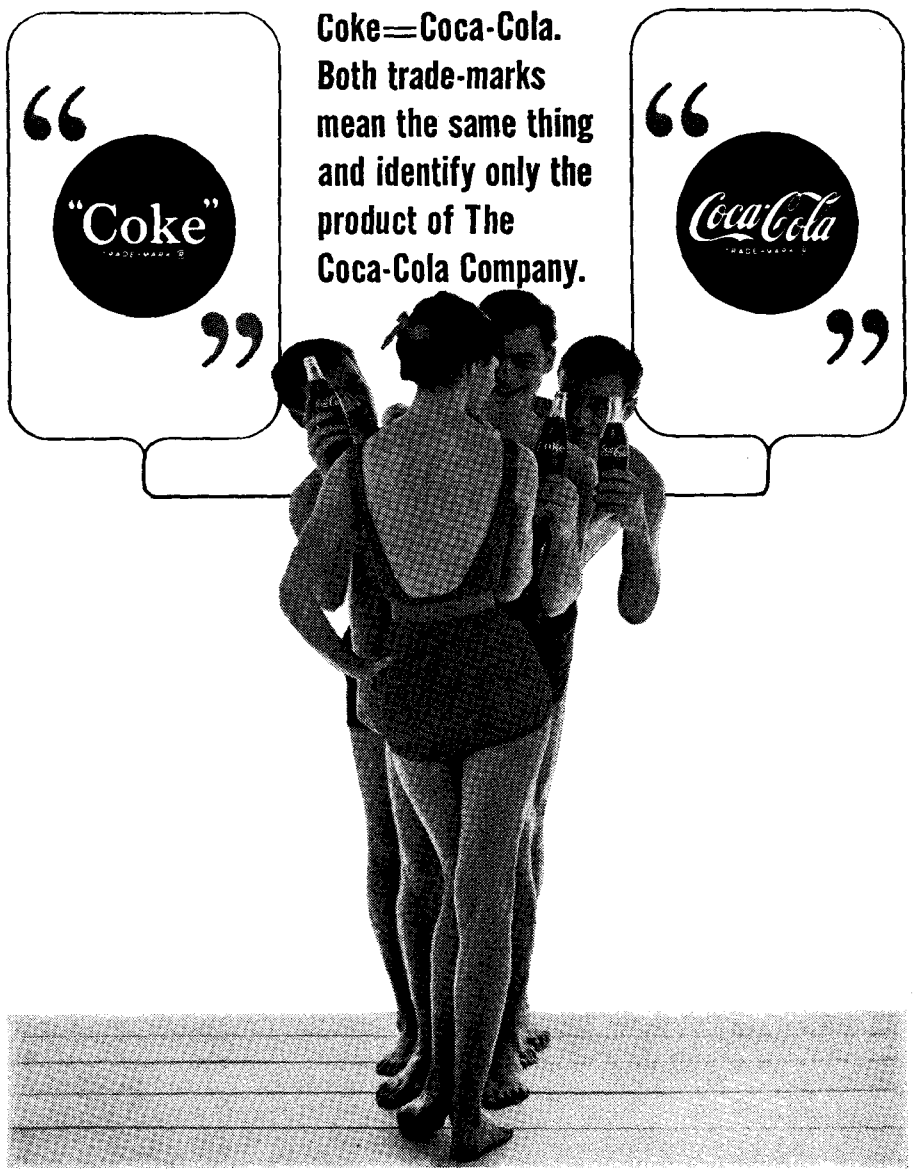
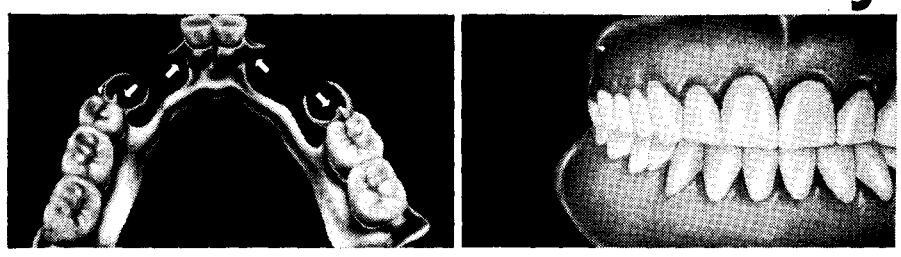



# Dentures or 'Bridges' Must Be Cleaned Like Fine Jewelry



Modern dentures are expensive – and like precious jewelry they may be damaged easily. What's more, they are harder to clean and keep clean than natural teeth – more surfaces where mucin can cling and food particles can lodge. Fermenting food and plaques when partly removed can cause erosion of natural tooth enamel and foul breath.

Because they are harder to clean and easier to damage, dentures and "bridges" must be cleaned with painstaking care. Do not risk hard brushing with abrasive pastes and powders. The safe – the more effective way – is the KLEENITE triple-action *soaking* method that many dentists are showing patients. Triple-action KLEENITE – solvent, detergent, oxidizing – reaches into "food traps" and crevices where brushing alone cannot.

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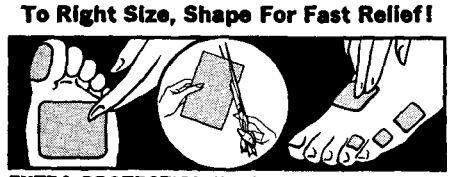

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*With 11 plainclothesmen at her call, the*

## Wichita Palace-Warming

The best asset you can have is your friends; that's why we live in Wichita."

Promptly at nine P.M., the hour specified on the invitation, the first guests began to arrive. Jim and Sally received them under the 500-piece chandelier from Czechoslovakia, at the end of a long red carpet that reached from the driveway into the front hall. Jim, wearing a maroon evening jacket and a ruffled shirt, stood with his left arm around Sally's waist. She wore a white lace dress, with a short skirt and bare in the back, a red satin cummerbund and rhinestone clips in her hair.

His handsome face set in an eager smile, Jim shook hands with each guest, introducing each to Sally and perhaps contributing a personal remark. He knew every name.

"Hi, Bert," he would say, "this is Sally; Sally this is Bert; I play handball with Bert."

Just off the edge of the red carpet, behind a lectern decorated with a velvet tassel, stood Mac Smith, gardener, handy man and masseur in the Hershberger household, presiding over a guest book that everybody was required to sign before proceeding farther into the house. The signing, with a ball-point pen, slowed the progress of the receiving line. At 10:15, as many as 400 people stood in the street, shuffling patiently forward, waiting to pass between the sterling-silver carriage lamp on either side of the front door.

Once beyond the guest book, the guests lingered to admire the house before seeking out the music and champagne on the tennis court. Most people began their tour in Jim and Sally's suite on the ground floor. Aside from the bedroom, the suite consisted of a sitting room, a library and two bathrooms. Sally's bathroom, the more splendid of the two, was distinguished by a sunken tub and gold-plated faucets. The ornamental bottles on the edge of the tub suggested a scene from a movie set in Imperial Rome, a motif extended elsewhere in the suite with the gilded bronze horse affixed to the wall of the sitting room like a frieze on a triumphal arch.

The main attraction in the bedroom was the headboard over the triple-sized bed. The design in carved wood overlaid with gold leaf had been copied from the door of a 17th-century church in Rome.

Jim thought the design appropriate. Earlier in the afternoon he explained that he became a Catholic on May 17, 1952, before which date, by his own admission, he was "nothing but an ornery kid." He did not read any of the books necessary to his religious instruction, but, as with his classes at college, he memorized the information imparted to him by the priests.

The few books on the shelves in the library were displayed as in a bookstore, balanced on edge, the front covers facing into the room. The four books placed in the center of the arrangement were *The Making of an Oilman*, *An Illustrated History of the Olympic Games*, *The Holy Bible* and *Who's Who in Greater Wichita*.

In both the bedroom and the sitting room the folding doors of the several closets had been left conveniently ajar, thus inviting any curious sightseers to look within. In answer to subsequent questions from admiring friends, Jim said he had 110 pairs of pants and that the clothes in Sally's closets were only her summer clothes.

The 1,400 invited guests walked through the house in respectful silence, as if at a funeral or museum. They took note of the newly arrived furniture from Spain (Jim bought six crates of it during his two days in Madrid); they admired the communications system connecting all rooms, the stereophonic loudspeakers in each room, the gilded cameos from Las Vegas, the broadsword on the wall of the den that a Spanish priest had verified as an authentic relic of the Crusades.

Scattered unobtrusively through the crowd, 11 plainclothes policemen watched to make sure nobody stole anything. (Sally later remarked on the high standard of good behavior. "There was," she said, "no rattiness.")

Uniformed maids also stood guard in the larger rooms, cleaning the ashtrays as soon as anybody dirtied them, mopping the terrazzo floor of the entrance hall, removing glasses from the hands of guests who spilled or threatened to spill champagne on the thick white rugs. The maid posted in the upstairs guest room (1,500 square feet in area) only once relaxed her professional calm. Shaking her head in disbelief, she said, "It's make-believe; nobody lives here."

The whispered asides exchanged among the guests, however, testified to the collective approval of Jim's taste and style. His father-in-law, Hugo Pugh, visiting for the week from Arlington, Va., expressed the majority opinion.

"I'm so proud for Sally," he said. "It's like a fairyland."

Another man, overwhelmed by the proportions of the rooms, said to his wife, "Gee, honey, don't let's get lost."

A blond woman, openly envious of the sunken bathtub, remarked to a girl friend who, like herself, had failed to marry a man as rich as Jim, "Think of all those years we spent at the Sigma Chi house (Jim's fraternity at the University of Kansas) and look what got away."

Jim and Sally joined the party shortly after 11 P.M. Hand in hand they walked out into the patio, past the gardenia trees in wooden tubs, around the heated swimming pool, down a flight of stone steps and so onto the tennis court to mingle with their guests. Candles glimmered in the trees. Pete Fountain's Dixieland Jazz Band (imported from New Orleans because Jim heard he rated No. 1 in Wichita) played familiar blues tunes.

The party had the air of a king's levee or a presidential reception. Few people danced. They milled around on the tennis court listening to the music, showing off their best clothes, drinking the New York State champagne. Across the public road at the rear of the property a motley crowd of college students and residents of lesser neighborhoods stood and marveled at the flickering lights.

As Jim and Sally moved among the



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*…stess was pleased to observe "no rattiness."*

guests, still holding hands, still smiling their steady smiles, they left behind them, like foam in the wake of a ship, little bubbles of gossip.

"He's flamboyant," said a man in a gold brocade coat, "that's Jim's manner, flamboyant; he'd be the same kind of guy if he manufactured tennis shoes."

"Strongly motivated," said somebody else, "an idealist, if you know what I mean; where else but in America could a guy start out with nothing and end up a millionaire; I ask you, where else?"

The man's question sounded like the rhetorical question inevitably asked by the loyal blacksmith on the last page of a Horatio Alger novel. The blacksmith usually asked it of a street urchin as the two of them stood by the side of a dusty road watching Ragged Dick (now rich and famous) ride past them in a handsome carriage.

At the far end of the garden, beyond the guests eating barbecued beef under the oak trees, fireflies glittered in the soft, Kansas night. The wind smelled of wet grass. The moon had risen above the tennis court; a few stars showed in the clear sky.

"It's such a nice night," said a fat man with his arm around a giggling woman in a pink satin dress, "you'd think Jim bought it."

"I sure hope he never goes broke," said the lady. "He loves it, and so do we."

At one A.M., just as it said on the invitation, Jim silenced the music and stopped the champagne. He and Sally resumed their places at the end of the red carpet. Once again the long line formed. Everybody shook hands on the way out, thanking Jim for the wonderful party.

As he watched the last of the guests depart, standing in the front door, sipping a sloe-gin fizz from a silver beer mug, Jim permitted himself a small word of congratulation.

"It was the best party of the year," he said. "I mean, people postponed their vacations for it. . . . We had five members of the 1952 Olympic basketball team, two owners of the Desert Inn in Las Vegas and the three richest guys in Kansas. . . . It's pretty hard to beat that."

Behind him, in all the rooms and corridors of the house, the vigilant maids had already completed their assigned tasks. No glasses were left lying around; no ashes stained the rugs; nothing had been broken; no drunks had made unpleasant scenes. The house looked as if nobody had been there. THE END

*Along red carpet that stretched to driveway, guests enter under 500-piece chandelier.*


**You can't clean your lungs**

**the way you clean your Tar Gard.**

The piece of facial tissue shown in this unretouched photograph was used to clean a Tar Gard. Smeared on the tissue are the hot tars and gluey soots that Tar Gard captured from a single pack of filter cigarettes.

Tar Gard is one of the most important advances in protective smoking ever developed. Operating on a principle of aerodynamics, it traps irritating hot tars before they're inhaled into your system. Yet it leaves the flavor and aroma and satisfaction of smoking unimpaired.

Tar Gard is priced at $2.95. A bargain. Especially since there are no cartridges or replacements and particularly since the manufacturer will refund the price within 30 days after purchase if for any reason you are not fully satisfied.

If you smoke, you owe it to yourself to buy a Tar Gard — and see for yourself. Tar Gard Company, San Francisco, California.

TAR GARD

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# MASTER OF THE BULLS

## Bill Kornell is 20—the youngest, most ambitious champion bull rider in the history of rodeo.

*By Bill Ballantine / Photographs by Lawrence J. Schiller*

Bill Kornell is a jug-eared, freckle-faced, redheaded cowboy. In most ways he looks like any other cattle puncher from Oklahoma to Montana. In one way, however, he's different, because last year he earned $16,652 while riding his way to a world championship on the backs of wild rodeo bulls. That made him the youngest bull-riding champion ever. But the money and the fame don't show on 20-year-old Kornell. All that really shows is his bone-deep knowledge of bulls—how to stay balanced on their backs for the eight furious seconds his event requires, and how to get off again without getting killed.

At Phoenix fairgrounds one day this season Kornell's "draw" (so-called because the contestant's animal is drawn by lot) was not one of the usual humped Brahmas, but a huge 1,650-pound, bald-faced Hereford. Its stumpy horns were blunted but still capable of creasing a rider's skull. Its great size almost filled the cattle chute in which it was held before the wild ride into the arena.

Kornell wanted to get an early look at the critter behind Gate No. 5. First he tossed his heavy leather chaps over the top board of the gate front and then, poking his boot toes into the cracks between its slats, he climbed. When he got to the top, he leaned into the pen to size up his bull. If it was a good one—that is, if it would give him a spectacular ride, not an easy one—it might mean $2,000 in prize money. If it wasn't, then this trip was wasted, and it would be hit the road to the next rodeo.

Of course, you could go out of here in an ambulance too. Kornell doesn't worry much about that, he says, but he hasn't been immune to injury either. Bulls have given him three or four concussions, pulled his muscles, torn his cartilage and broken his bones. A pulverized left wrist once kept him out of action for five months. But, leaning over the top slat of the chute, looking down on a runway filled with hairy, heavy-muscled bulls' backs, there was no way to know for sure which one might stomp a rider or which one might just turn slow and lazy. Kornell studied his big Hereford, listened to him slobbering and grumbling in the stinking cattle chute, then, almost casually, he swung over the top board and went inside with the bull.

The crowd noises were picking up now. Bull riding is usually the last event on a rodeo program, and it is a popular one. Kornell wasn't listening to the mob however. Bracing himself on the sides of the chute, he straddled the bull but didn't settle his weight onto the animal's back. "Easy, darlin'," he said softly to the bull. "Move over, darlin'."

He drew a yellow, soft leather glove onto his right hand and resined it. The bull rope and its flat-woven handhold also were made thoroughly sticky. The rope, which encircles the bull just back of the shoulder muscles, and which provides the rider with his only anchor during the brief punishing fling in the arena, had been threaded lasso-style through a hondo loop and pulled up tight. Kornell eased down onto the twitching back and "took his wraps": Through the handhold he thrust his riding hand, the right, palm upward, and wrapped the bull rope's "tail"—the flat-plaited part that remained loose—once around it. The champ's hand now closed in a strong grip on the handhold and drew in tight against his groin. He was ready. Compared to some bull riders, he was also calm. His stomach tightened a little, his tongue went so dry he couldn't spit, and he wasn't in any mood for talk. But he was immensely sure of himself. He has a right to be. "Kornell is champ," says one of the other riders, "because he is just too hard to beat—because he rides bulls so damn good."

But it hasn't always been bulls. In the beginning it was a horse that Bill Kornell rode—and that's how he got started in rodeo. His father and mother had broken up when he was an infant, and a grandfather, William A. Serruys, a rancher in Klamath Falls, Oreg., helped bring the boy up. While young Bill was still in school, his grandfather gave him a $2,000 calf-roping horse on which to contest part-time at amateur rodeos. He didn't turn professional until he was graduated from high school in 1962. Then his grandfather gave him a Chevrolet as a reward for achieving a B-plus average. Also at this time, Bill decided he would switch his rodeo specialty from calf roping to bull riding.

"No sir, nobody suggested it to him to be a bull rider," Mr. Serruys says. "You can't push him. Why, he even gave up aimin' for a place on the Olympic swimming team when a coach got a little rough on him—and he had one of the greatest breast strokes ever seen. He just decided he was goin' to ride bulls instead of ropin' calves. An' I remember already way back then he said, 'You're goin' to see my name in lights; I'm goin' to be champion.'"

Bull riding was quite a change from calf roping, but Kornell mastered it. "You just can't anticipate," he says. "This ain't like basketball, or baseball, or tennis. A bull might do the same thing eight or nine times, then when you set a trap for him, he'll change an' throw you. You gotta think fast enough to go along with him on that somethin' else."

In Phoenix, clinging to the back of the big Hereford, Kornell faced the unexpected. The crowd was whooping it up, waiting to see the champion do his stuff. The chute men stood at their posts, waiting a signal from Kornell that he was ready to go. Then the rider nodded, almost imperceptibly, and the men holding the gate leaped back, pulling it along with them in a violent arc. Flank men yanked

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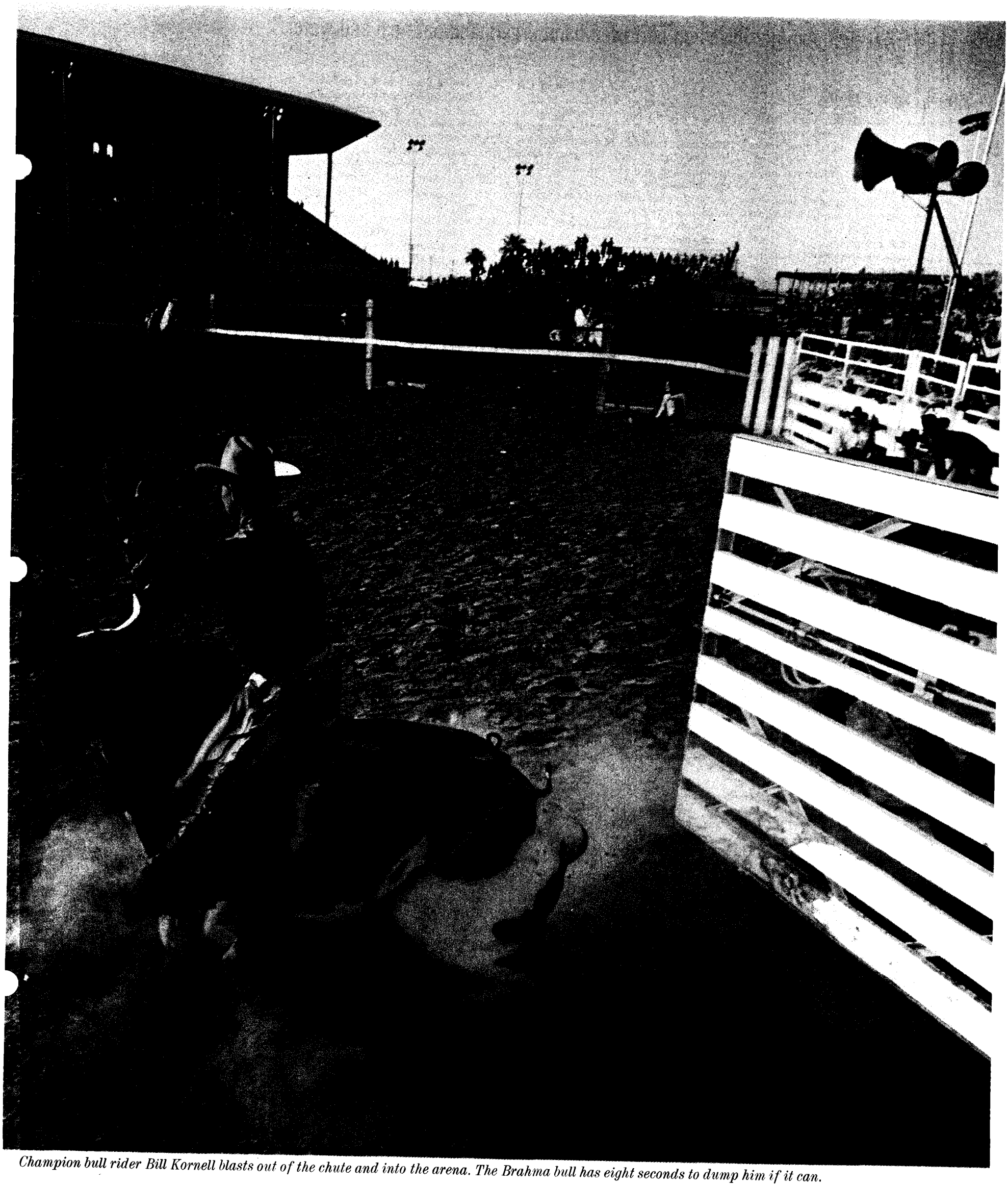

*Champion bull rider Bill Kornell blasts out of the chute and into the arena. The Brahma bull has eight seconds to dump him if it can.*

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"That first summer I lived on borrowed hamburgers and oatmeal and water."

## Master of the Bulls

viciously to tighten the bull's buck-inducer, a tormenting sheepskin-lined strap encircling the animal close to its loins. Simultaneously, from the gangway, the chute boss jabbed the bull's rump with an electric cattle prod.

The enraged bull exploded from the pen in a powerful sidewise buck, kicking up a spatter of clods and dust. A roar rose from the grandstands. Loud clanking from a cluster of cowbells under the bull's belly added to the din.

But the big Hereford was sluggish. He'd buck once, snort, sway and stagger like a drunk, then buck again. For Kornell the ride was lively enough, but from the sidelines it seemed dull.

Kornell sat straight as a flagpole, never tipping once. His head and free arm controlled his balance beautifully. The insides of his knees held tightly to the loose, shifting hide; his toes turned out almost at right angles as the spurred boots clawed and dug at the bull's rib cage—mainly for balance, but also to put some energy into the animal.

The buzz horn, signifying the ride's eight-second time limit, sounded and Kornell was still aboard. Rules mean nothing to bulls however. They keep on bucking after the finish signal. Since the animals are much too dangerous for a mounted pickup man to rescue the rider—as in bronc riding—the man gets off the bull as best he can. Kornell waited until his bull had all four feet fairly well committed to terra firma, then with a free hand he pulled loose the "wraps." The rope dropped from the bull because of the cowbells' weight. Kornell flung one leg over the bull's backbone and disembarked in a kind of sliding broad jump.

Kornell's score was only 50 points out of a possible 100. That meant he was out of the running for the Phoenix bull-riding money ($6,715.50 to be split on a percentage basis to the six top placers of 76 entries). Two judges scored each ride, awarding points to both man and bull. The "ranker" (livelier) the bull, the higher its mark—and therefore the more desirable as a mount.

Kornell arrived in front of his chute looking disgusted.

"No use cryin' over a sorry draw," he said. "Just ain't much you *can* do with one that ducks an' dives an' wallers around." He peeled off his sticky yellow glove, spread-eagled his stiffened fingers.

The champion looked tired. He claims that riding one bull is like playing four quarters of high-school football against any team in Nebraska. But riding isn't all that takes the starch out of bull men. There's also the endless driving from rodeo to rodeo. They stay at the wheel until they can't keep their eyes open any longer, then trade places with a buddy, snatch some winks in the backseat until they get bleary-eyed, swap places again and push on. One night 350 miles, 500 the next, then maybe a run of 750, 900 or a thousand—midnight to dawn to noon.

Kornell had staggered into Phoenix from a rodeo in Lake Charles, La., a hop of 1,350 miles. To win his championship in 1963, he drove 140,000 miles, and traveled additional thousands by air in both scheduled and chartered planes.

During his most strenuous push last year Kornell rode 11 bulls in 15 days at rodeos from Huntington, W. Va., to Ellensburg, Wash., with stop-overs in Kentucky, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Colorado and Wyoming—4,500 highway miles and 3,000 airborne. About two thirds of the driving was done swing shift with other cowboys. Except for one three-hour stretch in a real bed, Kornell slept only in the backs of cars or the dusty shade of rodeo chutes.

A cowboy picks any rodeo he wants, pays an entry fee, and travels to it independently, standing his own expenses. Last season the Rodeo Cowboys Association, the sport's governing body, sanctioned 583 rodeos with 1,740 performances in 41 states and five Canadian provinces. Bill Kornell made 90 of them, twice the number of most other riders.

"I decide where is the most money," he says. "I don't care *who* is ridin'; don't care *where* it is. As long as they're givin' them checks away, I'll go."

### Many miles between bulls

Points merely help a man win his event at a particular rodeo; the same number of event-winning points may bring different amounts of money at different rodeos, because their purses vary greatly, ranging from $250 to over $37,000. At the season's end, the cowboy who wins the largest amount of money in his event is declared champion.

Bill Kornell became a champion partly because he was willing to get on more bulls than anybody else and at bigger, better-paying rodeos. But this cost money to do. His 1963 expenses almost equaled his winnings. This was the price of becoming champion.

But Kornell not only had to ride a lot of bulls, he also had to stay on them. For a 20-year-old, his performance is considered remarkable. For instance, the greatest bull rider in the history of organized rodeo, the legendary Jim Shoulders—seven times champion from 1949 through 1959—didn't make the top until he was 23.

"Ain't *nobody* knocks Kornell's ability to ride bulls," says an old timer, "but I grant that he might've come along faster than some others on account of he's got a millionaire for a gran'pap."

Ever since he entered professional rodeo, part-time back in 1961, young Kornell has battled the rumor that he has a millionaire backer. It's the one thing that makes him lose his temper.

"It ain't at all true," he told me. "I made it strictly on my own, 'cept for Ed LeTourneau, a college cowboy studyin' to be a vet'rinary, who packed me that first summer; kept me from starvin' to death. I lived on borrowed hamburgers an' hot dogs, some days only a bowl of oatmeal an' water—couldn't even afford milk. Some weeks I'd be two, three whole days without grub. Sleeped in the car."

Grandfather Serruys, 76, now lives in Palm Springs, Calif., and is Bill Kornell's chief adviser. He says he is "no millionaire, but not broke either." About all he's done for the boy, he says, was to give him the roping horse and the car.

Except when he's trying to squelch rumors of his secret wealth, Bill Kornell is a shy, quiet man. Cowboys are, by tradition, supposed to be taciturn, but Kornell is a real monument of reserve. "Might be a little Indian in me," he explains, "Klamath or Montana somewheres along the line." Even when he laughs, he makes no sound—just opens his wide mouth and vibrates his shoulders up and down like a fun-house dummy. Mostly you see only his long upper teeth. His lower lip is usually stuffed with snuff, his substitute for smoking.

When Kornell does talk, it's usually about bulls. He studies them like a Ted Williams studying opposing pitchers.

"There's so many different positions bulls can get you into," he said. "You gotta watch about goin' 'in the well'—droppin' down inside a bull's spin. It's a good way to get hung up, an' when that happens, after a while the bull'll hook you, or else jerk you loose, throw you, an' step on you—an' that's the worst that can happen."

Kornell doesn't let rodeo's gory side bother him. He ignores all cowboy mishaps unless they seem mortal. He is equally stoical about his own injuries. Every so often his quarter-sized callus (the bull rider's hallmark) gets ripped off the palm of his riding hand. ("Tain't nothin', just sprinkle on some sulfa crystals, tape it over, an' wear a surgical glove under my reg'lar one.") He's been horn-struck three times, and once "run up an' down on" by a bull. He's felt the humiliation of being a "stretcher case."

At the 1963 National Finals, in getting off a bruiser named Trouble Shooter, Kornell was hung up in a spur and landed heavily on his left elbow and pulled the ligaments in his riding arm. Unperturbed, he took pain-killing shots, then went on to win the world championship by riding seven bulls in the next seven days.

Among his peers Bill Kornell is renowned as the bull rider with the most "try"—the rodeo man's term for a combination of energy, will power, concentration and courage. Wick Peth, rodeo's most intrepid clown bullfighter, puts it this way: "Lots of others have the same ability, but when they get in a storm, they weaken. Bill's got that little extra 'try' to go on with it."

"Try" is something that Kornell doesn't just have while on a bull's back. Last July 4, on a Nebraska highway, driving to keep up with rodeo's relentless schedule, the odds of the sport caught up with the champion and two companions. Without warning, a car pulled out of a side road into the path of Kornell's car. There was a sickening screech of tires, the crash of glass, the smell of spilled gasoline. Kornell's two friends had to be hospitalized, one with a broken back. Kornell himself, asleep in the backseat, escaped with bruises. The automobile was a total loss. It took time to pick up the pieces, to see that his friends had care. Then Kornell chartered a plane, made it to the next rodeo in time to mount another bull and place third.

"Didn't win but $300," he says.

THE END

*Tormented by a strap around its loins, jangling bells under its belly and an electric prod in the rump, bull is mad at the world.*



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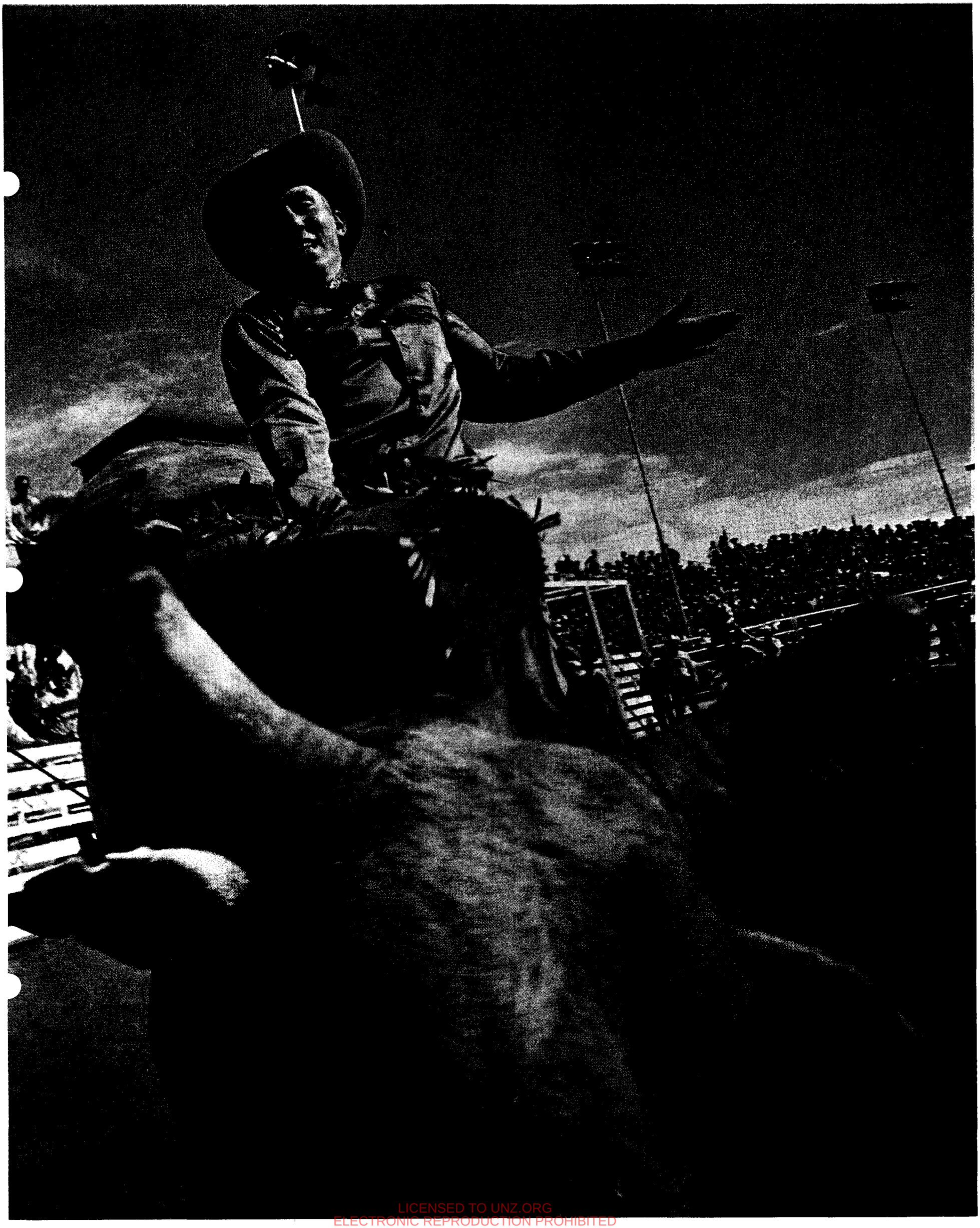

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THE RACE IS OVER. SHE'S MADE THE WINNER'S CIRCLE. IT'S CAMEL TIME RIGHT NOW.

# *Camel Time is pleasure time!*

***Time for easygoing taste...honest enjoyment ...choice quality tobaccos. Moments seem to brighten up every time you light one up.***

***Make it Camel Time right now!***

***THE BEST TOBACCO MAKES THE BEST***

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Super highways
Super speed
People have
No time to read

# GOODBYE BURMA-SHAVE

*By William K. Zinsser*

WITHIN THIS VALE
OF TOIL
AND SIN
YOUR HEAD GROWS BALD
BUT NOT YOUR CHIN
BURMA-SHAVE

The triumph of the Burma-Shave signs was that everybody thought of them as entertainment and not as advertising. This enabled them to bring off a remarkable feat. Amid the prevailing scorn for businesses that spoiled the motorists' landscape, they remained not only innocent but downright lovable.

Hardly a newspaper is now alive that hasn't railed at the pollution of our roadside by billboards, neon signs and other written symbols of commercial sprawl. Yet when the Burma-Vita Company announced three years ago that it had decided to doom its Burma-Shave jingles to a gradual death, columnists and editorial writers across the nation wept openly into their typewriters.

As it turned out, the reports of death were greatly exaggerated. Burma-Vita did not kill off its jingles, but merely reduced their number from 6,000 to 4,000, and they continued to spin their serialized song, perched on six sticks 100 feet apart, as they have for almost 40 years.

Now, however, the end is definitely in sight. The Philip Morris Company, which bought Burma-Vita in 1963, has started taking the signs down, and by fall they will all be gone. Philip Morris explains that the cost of maintaining the signs—$200,000 a year—will go much farther if put into TV advertising. It adds that the new superhighways carry America's families across hill and dale too fast to read such signs anyway.

"It puts people in shock when they hear about it," says Leonard Odell, president of Burma-Vita. "They say, 'Gosh, after all these years! It *can't* happen!'"

BROKEN ROMANCE
STATED FULLY
SHE WENT WILD
WHEN HE
WENT WOOLLY
BURMA-SHAVE

Of course it's Philip Morris's business to decide how to spend its $200,000, just as it's the country's business to decide how to spend its spare time, and evidently both have come to the same conclusion. The pursuit of leisure is now the most frantic sport in America—too important to be squandered on a leisurely drive through the countryside.

Roads are no longer for browsing; they are for getting as fast as possible from one place to another, preferably to a place where some certified form of leisure, such as television, is available. If that's the new American dream, the advertiser is foolish not to cater to it.

Still, it's a decision that leaves a hole in the American fabric that will not easily be sewn back together. A thruway or an expressway isn't leisurely. And certainly there's nothing leisurely about television. But the savoring of a Burma-Shave sign—now that was leisure.

No sight on the driver's horizon gave more pleasure of anticipation, not even the glorious sign EAT when the family was hungry, or CABINS when it was tired. There, far ahead on the right, poking up out of a field, loomed a thin stick with a board nailed across the top, and then another, and another—six all told, jaunty little sentinels, slightly askew.

Cries of expectation filled the car. Would the jingle be an old favorite? Better yet, would it be a new one, never seen before? "Whose turn is it?" "Can I read it?" "It's my turn!" "No, mine!" "You promised!" "We'll *all* read it."

"She kissed the hairbrush . . . by mistake . . . she thought . . . it was . . . her husband Jake . . . Burma-Shave."

It didn't matter if the signs were on the left side, meant for drivers coming the other way. Some child was always willing to read the jingle out the back window, however meaningless it might be, until all six were passed, and it could be reassembled in proper order: "Burma-Shave . . . movie star . . . a famous . . . now she's . . . tried a jar . . . the bearded lady." Of course there was never any question of passing a Burma-Shave sign without reading it at all. That would be as hard, as Alexander Woollcott once said, as eating one salted peanut.

Woollcott's remark was typical of the free publicity the signs harvested, so closely did they weave their way into the national vocabulary. Recently, they officially won immortality when the Smithsonian Institution, often called "the nation's attic," asked for a set of the signs.

I PROPOSED
TO IDA
IDA REFUSED
IDA WON MY IDA
IF IDA USED
BURMA-SHAVE

Hard as it is to imagine a time when no Burma-Shave signs brightened the American heath, there was such a time—before 1926. Burma-Vita was then a young family business in Minneapolis, of almost invisible assets, which made a liniment called Burma-Vita, and nothing else. The euphonious name was taken from the country that produced three of its essential oils (camphor, cassia and cajeput) and from the Latin word for "life."

The idea of shaving without a brush was then unthought of, though a young chemist named Carl Noren soon thought of it a good deal. Unemployed in 1925, he was befriended by Clinton M. Odell, founder of Burma-Vita, who sent him a "Christmas cheer" check for $25. Noren came around to thank Odell, and said he



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would like to work for the company, adding that he "didn't care if the firm paid him anything or not." That's just about what the company could pay, being on its last legs as well as its first.

Noren was installed in a lab, where he began his quest for a brushless-shaving compound. Of the 200 batches that he quickly created, some had no power over whiskers, and some had so much that the shaver scraped away not only his beard but his face. The perfect compromise between these two untidy extremes lay in Batch 153, which the company secretary just happened to have along on a business trip that he was making with Odell when Odell just happened to have forgotten his own shaving cream. What's more, there was only enough for one shave.

"Try this, Mr. Odell, it's Batch 153," the secretary said, or words to that effect, and rarely have words been used to that effect. Odell had the shave of his life, and the rest is history—or, at any rate, the history of the shaving industry has never been the same since. Noren later became a director of the company, and the company became rich enough to be worth buying by Philip Morris.

BENEATH THIS STONE
LIES ELMER GUSH
TICKLED TO DEATH
BY HIS
SHAVING BRUSH
BURMA-SHAVE

The early omens, however, augured no such success. Though the company had a product, it had little money for advertising in the competitive national market, and the ads that it did run—orthodox ads devised by orthodox admen—seemed, if anything, to be driving customers away. The vita was fast ebbing out of Burma-Vita when Allan Odell, Clinton's older son, then newly out of college, hit in desperation on the idea of putting sets of signs along the highway.

"I asked my dad for $200 to give it a try, and he said, 'We're going busted anyway—you might as well finish the job!'"

Advertising experts derided the plan, but Allan took his $200 to the Rose Brothers Wrecking Company, whose business was reclaiming burned lumber, and bought several hundred charred boards. He worked at night painting slogans on them with a squeegee and a brass stencil—"it was a very primitive way to operate"—and erected them in farmers' fields along the 100-mile road from Minneapolis to Albert Lea.

"I gave the farmers a jar of Burma-Shave and told them how good it was," Allan remembers. "They had never heard of it, and neither had anybody else."

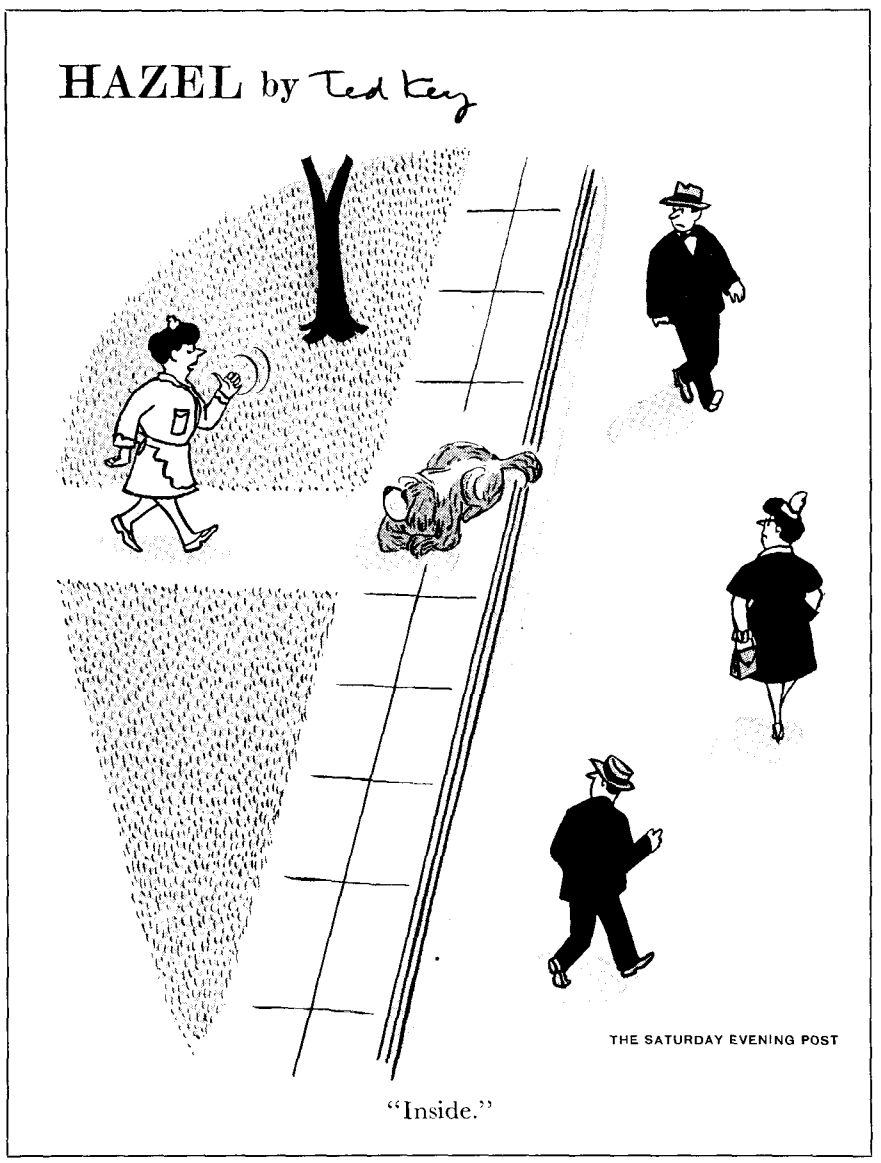
"Cheer up, face, the war is over—Burma-Shave," said the first sign. It didn't rhyme, nor did any of the other early signs, but their genial tone appealed to motorists immediately. Druggists in Albert Lea noticed a demand for Burma-Shave, which they had never noticed before, and sales multiplied.

So, needless to say, did the signs. The company quickly had them erected throughout Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa, and by the end of the year sales rose from near zero to $68,000. In the following year, 1927, the signs spread through the Central States, and sales doubled. It was in this year that Allan began to rhyme the shaving-cream jingles, thus fixing them forever in their immortal shape—and in the minds of their readers.

THE WOLF WHO LOVES
TO ROAM AND PROWL
SHOULD SHAVE
BEFORE HE STARTS
TO HOWL
BURMA-SHAVE

In 1929 the East and West coasts were successfully invaded, notwithstanding the financial crash, and in 1930 the firm continued to fly in the teeth of the ill wind that was blowing the rest of American business no good. It moved the signs into New England and the South, increasing its sales with every mile of new territory.

Getting space by the roadside was no problem. The company paid rent to the farmers who owned the fields, and they in turn took a paternal interest in the signs, partly because the Odells sent them an amiable newsletter called *Burma Shavings*. Eventually the signs reached every state except Arizona, New Mexico and Nevada, where traffic was considered too sparse, and Massachusetts, where the foliage was considered too thick.



"Inside."

A harder problem was to keep the poetic muse in felicitous form. Allan and his father wrote all the poems for three years. "Our jingles got worse and worse," Allan recalls, so they decided to hold a contest. Never has the American soil proved more fertile. Verse gushed out of every acre, inundating Burma-Vita, which paid a $100 prize for each of the 25 best jingles and promptly put them up. Obviously the company would never lack for jingles again, and in the contests that it held thereafter, almost annually, it received an average of 50,000 nationwide entries from amateur wits and poets vying to give their work a place in the sun.

ALTHOUGH WE'VE SOLD
SIX MILLION OTHERS
WE STILL CAN'T
SELL THOSE
COUGH-DROP BROTHERS
BURMA-SHAVE

World War II stopped the contests and the replacing of signs, which meant that the country had to subsist on the same diet from 1941 to 1946. Meanwhile, however, the form had become so indigenous to the American way of life that it was taken overseas. Ernie Pyle and other correspondents noted that the roads leading to the Army front in Italy and Europe were dotted with signs, many in the Burma-Shave meter: "A G.I. Joe . . . from Venafro . . . passed on a curve . . . now he's . . . six feet below." The Army evidently felt that if it had an important message, this was the surest way of getting Americans to read it. Luckily for Burma-Vita, this principle did not apply to its competitors in the United States. Many businesses tried to imitate the jingles, but their signs never worked—except to favor the company from Minneapolis, for drivers automatically tacked "Burma-Shave" on the end.

A PEACH
LOOKS GOOD
WITH LOTS OF FUZZ
BUT MAN'S NO PEACH
AND NEVER WAS
BURMA-SHAVE

After the war new signs went up—proof that rationing was over and the world was no longer in disarray. There was never any thought of trying a different kind of campaign; by this time the firm was grossing three million dollars a year, and the jingles were behind it all. Clinton Odell, incidentally, was chairman of the board until his death at 80 in 1958. Allan succeeded him as president and is now semi-retired, having been succeeded by his younger brother Leonard last year.

"We've had fun with this business," Leonard said the other day. "We were the last of the four independent brushless-shaving-cream companies to sell out to a big corporation. But it's increasingly important to compete in the modern market. The farmers have been wonderful about having the signs taken down. Still, there's a sadness in their notes to us—it's kind of like losing an old friend."

Allan is as wistful as the farmers as he watches the approaching end of the unique game and era that he started. "I don't know if I'd get the same response if I started putting up those signs today," he says. "Some of the fire and vigor have gone out."

THEY MISSED
THE TURN
CAR WAS WHIZZ'N
FAULT WAS HER'N
FUNERAL HIS'N
BURMA-SHAVE

The signs even made a game of counseling safety on the roads, and others urged drivers to buy Savings Bonds. But these were ideas that the drivers didn't necessarily want urged on them by Burma-Shave, and in the postwar years some people said that the fun was going out of the jingles. Maybe it was really that the fun was going out of driving.

Vast stretches of the American highway now began to look alike. Cities merged imperceptibly into suburbs, and suburbs merged imperceptibly into other suburbs, and the roadside took on a recurring pattern, like wallpaper: gas stations and used-car lots, motels and model homes, diners and bowling alleys, billboards and neon signs, souvenir stands encircled by birdbaths and pink flamingos. Housing developments were identical, and so were the houses in them, and so, presumably, were the people in the houses.

Even the road itself was brought into line—curves were straightened, hills eliminated, grades made gradual. It was no longer necessary to shift gears going up—or, more exciting, going down, when the sign warned STEEP INCLINE. Today the car does the driver's work; it is the car and not the man that goes adventuring.

So, perhaps, when we sigh for the Burma-Shave jingles, it is not for something going out of the landscape but for something that is going out of ourselves. We sigh for a time when the road was full of surprises, and so was the car that jogged along it, and the individual was still king in his own country.

We sigh for a time when a young man could capture the nation by painting droll signs on secondhand boards, though all slick advice told him he was crazy. We sigh for our younger selves, discovering these ads by our own methods and not having them force-fed to us.

The direction we are going in is called progress. Or are we only going in progressive circles, narrower every year?

IF YOU
DON'T KNOW
WHOSE SIGNS THESE ARE
YOU HAVEN'T DRIVEN
VERY FAR
BURMA-SHAVE

THE END



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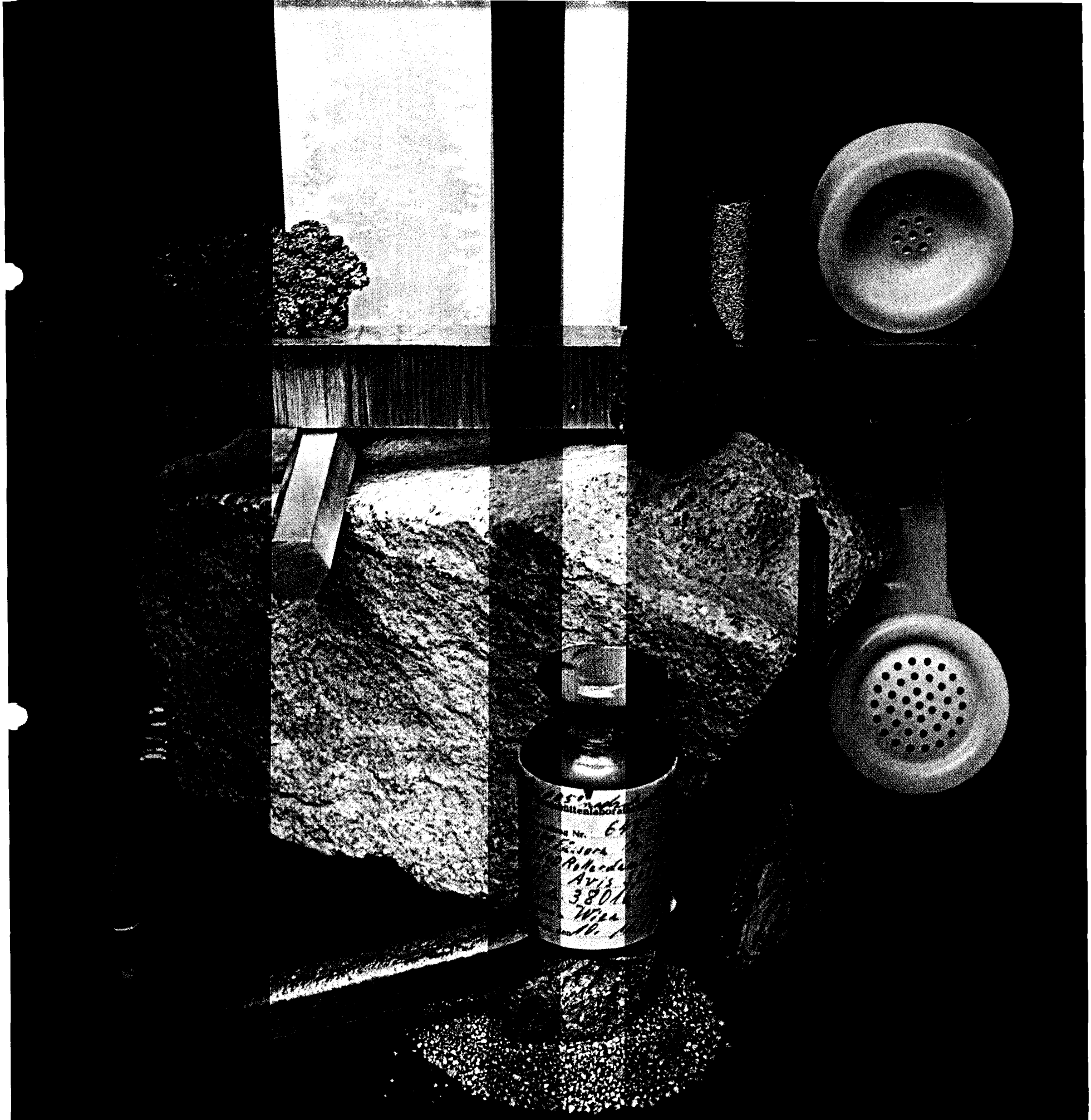

# To make a telephone call, start with...

. . . copper, lead, iron, zinc, gold, aluminum, and dozens of other raw materials from all over the world. Refine them. Combine them. Make 475 separate parts, each to meet strict standards of quality, and put them together precisely. Test. Retest. And—you've got a Bell telephone.

That's just the beginning. It takes hundreds of other telephone products to make your Bell phone work. Wire and cable, complex switching systems, microwave networks, for example. Western Electric's job: make these hundreds of communications products to work long and reliably in the nationwide Bell telephone network.

To do this efficiently and economically, we work closely with our teammates — Bell Telephone Laboratories and the 21 Bell telephone companies. We share with them the common goal of providing you with the world's most convenient, dependable telephone service at reasonable cost. We work best because we work together. **WESTERN ELECTRIC**

MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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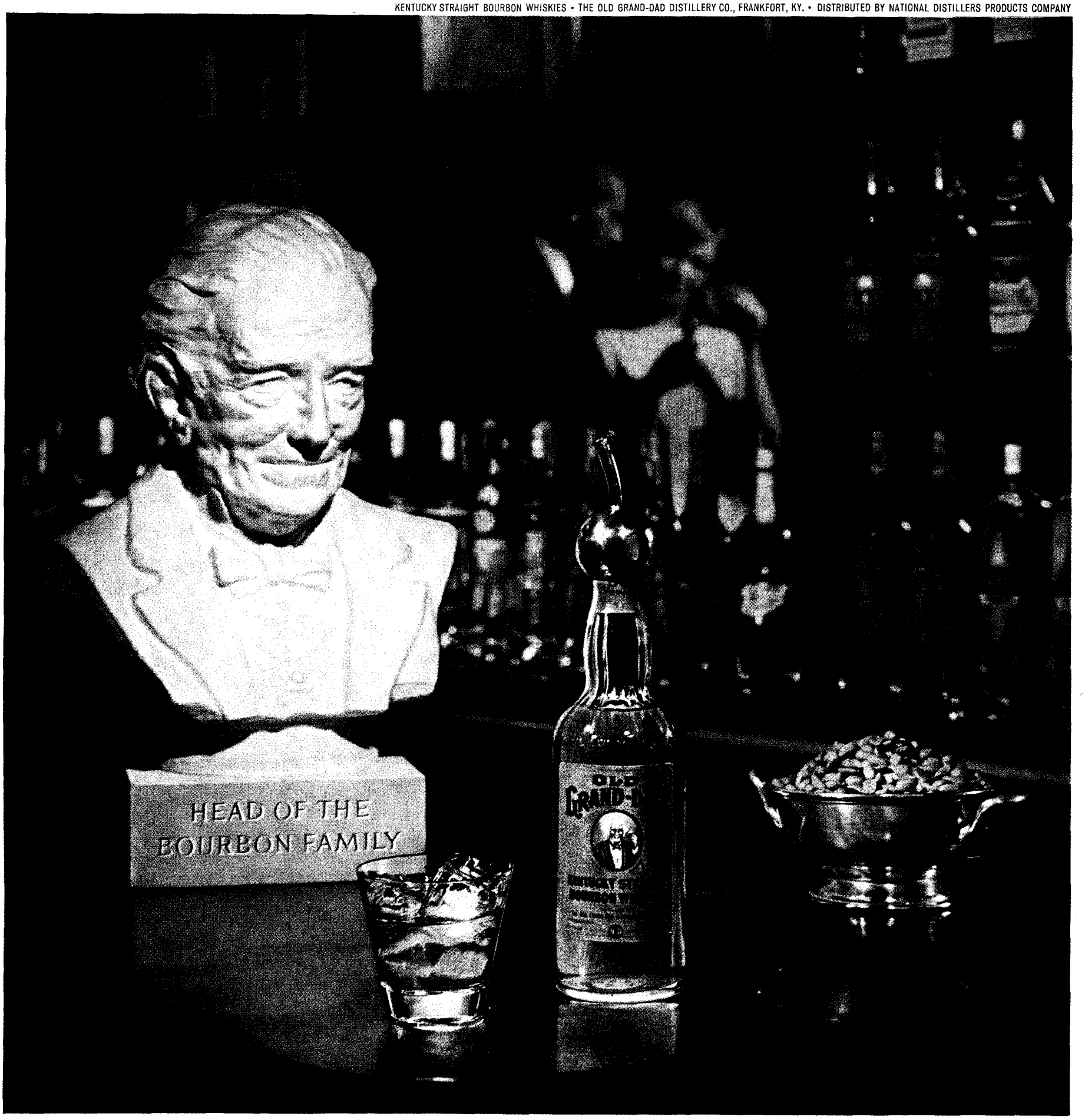
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES • THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY. • DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY




# The bourbon that's always there

Have you ever called for Old Grand-Dad in a tavern or restaurant and failed to find it? Probably not. America's hosts know that this is the most popular bourbon of its kind. They know too that only the finest will do for their guests. That's why, wherever you may be, you're sure to find Old Grand-Dad.

## OLD GRAND-DAD

86 PROOF AND 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND

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*Photographs by Lynn Pelham*

# WILL CHILE GO COMMUNIST?

**This week Chilean voters elect a new president. The winning candidate may very well be Salvador Allende, one of Fidel Castro's staunchest supporters.**

*By Trevor Armbrister*

The candidate rose and stepped to the microphone—a stocky, bespectacled man whose curly brown hair is turning gray. For a moment he surveyed his audience and was silent. Then he raised one finger of his right hand. A rhythmic chant swept over the crowded theater: "A-yen-dee, A-yen-dee, A-yen-dee." Young men and women waved crude posters. Spotlights played on flags above the speaker's platform. One was the red, white and blue flag of Chile; another was the hammer and sickle of Communism.

"I am going to be the first president who, with the people, makes the Chilean revolution possible," he cried. "This will signify a fight against monopoly, against imperialism, against banks. It will signify a social procedure here with no precedent. I can replace the cowards who pretend to identify with the desires of our people."

The man who made those statements is a 56-year-old Chilean senator, a doctor and former minister of health named Salvador Allende. He maintains that he is not a Communist, but he has openly embraced Marxism and has traveled to Moscow and Peking. A fervent admirer of Fidel Castro (a picture of the bearded premier hangs on his office wall), he has also visited Cuba five times. He says he would like to incorporate several "positive" aspects of the Cuban revolution in Chile.

In 1958 Allende came within 33,500 votes of winning his country's presidential election. He received more votes from men, in fact, than any of the four other candidates. Had it not been for his relatively small support from women voters, he would have emerged triumphant. Now he is running again. A Socialist himself, he heads a coalition of the Communist, Socialist, National Democratic and National Vanguard parties. Opposing him are a Christian Democrat named Eduardo Frei and a Radical candidate named Julio Durán. Chile's 2.9 million voters will make their decision this week. There is a very real possibility that Allende will win.

The implications of this election are immense. An Allende victory would be a significant gain for the Khrushchev theory of peaceful revolution. World Communism, for the first time, would have a major foothold on the Latin-American continent. The prestige of the United States—which has funneled nearly one billion dollars into the Chilean economy since 1945—would plummet. The Alliance for Progress—which is more successful in Chile than in most Latin nations—would suffer a damaging blow. Private U.S. investment would shrink. Allende has said he would nationalize the huge American-owned Anaconda and Kennecott copper mines that produce 83 percent of Chile's copper—about one seventh of the world total. Their combined output last year was worth $333 million and accounted for about 40 percent of Chile's foreign exchange. He has also indicated that "to improve public

*Beneath a hammer-and-sickle banner, Communist deputy Julieta Campusano shouts her support of presidential candidate Allende at a campaign rally in Potrerillos.*



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# "If this guy Allende wins," says a U.S. businessman, "we just dry up."

## Will Chile go Communist?

services," he would expropriate telephone and electricity companies affiliated with U.S. corporations. In the capital city of Santiago an American businessman shook his head. "If this guy wins," he said, "we just dry up."

On the surface it seems inconceivable that Chile, of all places, could be the first nation in world history to elect a Communist-dominated regime. For this beautiful, pipe-shaped republic, which stretches for 2,650 miles along the west coast of South America from Peru to Cape Horn, has long been among the most democratic of all Latin countries. Her judiciary is honest. Her press is free. (A leading humor magazine, *Topaze*, regularly subjects politicians to merciless ridicule—and gets away with it.) In a country where voting is obligatory, elections have traditionally been effective. Chile has had few dictators, and the military, which plays such a pivotal role in other Latin nations, has rarely intervened.

Chile is also one of the continent's most progressive lands. Her church is forward-looking. (Two years ago, impatient with the government's go-slow attitude, it pioneered a program of agrarian reform.) Her literacy rate is high at 80 percent. Her social-security program is one of the world's most comprehensive. Her women are fiercely independent—less subservient to husbands than in other Latin nations—and the percentage of women occupying professional positions is higher than in the United States. In Chile, even the buses run on time.

Nor is Chile burdened by the extreme social inequities that beset so many of her neighbors. There are few oligarchs in the classic Latin sense. Ownership of two cars is considered a sign of great wealth. By a crackling fire in her Santiago apartment, a charming woman named Nena Eastman pours wine for her guests. She is a direct descendant of Hernán Cortéz, the *conquistador*. "We are a humble people," she explains. "Not at all ostentatious. I'll bet you can't find more than fifteen or twenty mink coats in all of Santiago."

Chile's 8.2 million citizens consider themselves to be the most temperate of all Latin Americans. Over a glass of *chicha* at a roadside restaurant in the village of Curicavi, a newspaperman named Hernán Gonzales, who once lived in Sweden, says, "We are a European country in Latin America. Not just by climate but also by state of mind."

This European influence is omnipresent. A prominent Chilean Oldsmobile distributor is named John Gannon. An owner of *El Mercurio*, Santiago's leading newspaper, is Agustín Edwards. A leader of the insurance workers' union is Kasamir Ljiebujic. A widely read Chilean author is Herbert Muller. The liberator and national hero of Chile is Bernardo O'Higgins.

The Chileans, who have traditionally shunned violence to settle their disputes by legal means, are among the world's most tolerant people. Most of them dislike Fidel Castro, but they dislike even more the prospect of other nations "ganging up" on Cuba. Many Chileans disapprove of the striptease shows in Santiago, which are remarkably risqué. But they would not think of demanding that the police shut them down.

Salvador Allende, the Marxist candidate for president, does not belong to the exclusive *Club de la Union*, which has the second longest bar in the world (one in Singapore is about two inches longer). Yet he could become a member if he so desired. "But of course," a businessman explains, "he is, after all, a senator." Socialite Nena Eastman says, "In Argentina people shunned Evita Perón, because she had sung in nightclubs. Here she would have been accepted."

Ironically this characteristic tolerance is one of the most important reasons why Communism is strong in Chile today. Communism has been allowed to flourish, not necessarily because people agreed with it, but rather because they felt that in a democratic society its viewpoint should be heard. For 10 years—from 1948 to 1958—the Communist Party was outlawed. But even then the government did not persecute its members, and when, in 1958, conservative President Carlos Ibáñez restored the party's legal status, almost everyone approved.

## Communists make gains

Founded in 1921, the Chilean Communist Party is one of the oldest, strongest and most sophisticated in Latin America. Its membership is estimated at 32,000, but this figure does not begin to indicate its influence, which extends into almost every facet of Chilean life.

Today Communists control the giant Central Union of Chilean Workers, which represents roughly 80 percent of all organized labor. They maintain direct control over the construction, coal, nitrate and small copper-mine workers' unions. They share power with other parties in the metal and textile workers' organizations. In education they have infiltrated schools and universities with some success. They control student politics at the important University of Concepción, and several party members sit on the directorate of S.O.N.A.P., the national teachers' society. In *El Siglo* they have Latin America's most efficient Communist newspaper—a sensationalist daily which last year termed the loss of the nuclear submarine *Thresher* a United States plot to contaminate the Atlantic Ocean with radioactivity.

Chileans like to think of themselves as the most intellectual of Latins, and the party has spared no effort in attempting to win over members of the country's intellectual élite. It has enjoyed notable success. Pablo Neruda, the best poet in Chile, and perhaps of the Spanish language, is a staunch advocate of the Communist line. So, too, are artists José Venturelli and Nemesio Antúnez, ballet impresario Patricio Bunster and composer Gustavo Becerra.

In Santiago's grimy slums—called *poblaciónes*—are further signs of Communist strength: walls emblazoned with the hammer and sickle, Red banners strung over thoroughfares. Communist mayors run the governments of the outlying communities of San Miguel, La Granja and La Cisterna—the so-called Red Circle around Santiago.

Yet these signs disguise the fact that the Communists themselves have never exercised great power at the polls. They can claim only 16 deputies and four senators in a congress of 147 deputies and 45 senators; their percentage of the vote in the 1963 municipal elections was only 12.7. Their strength stems instead from their alignment with and infiltration of Chile's Socialist Party (11.5 percent of the vote) in a multiparty coalition called *Frente de Acción Popular* (FRAP).

The Chilean Socialist Party bears little resemblance to socialist parties in Britain and elsewhere. It contains a militant, vociferous, pro-Chinese faction, which favors immediate revolution and criticizes Allende on occasion for being "too soft." Estimates as to the size of this faction vary, but its strength is probably enough to justify one observer's conclusion that the Socialist "rank and file is even less democratically inclined than the Communists themselves."

In its campaign to elect Allende, this Socialist-Communist coalition is counting heavily on its efficient, grass-roots organization. But it is also counting on another vital factor: the thorough dissatisfaction of Chile's voters with the political right. In a *población* called Nueve Matucána, a bearded ragpicker named Oscar Romero sums up the feelings of many of his friends: "We have voted for people who were rich, and they have done nothing. Now it is time to vote for people who are poor."

Despite all Chile's impressive attributes, the nation has been buffeted in recent years by a series of social and economic problems which her conservative government has been unable to solve. Currency devaluations, wage ceilings, import restrictions—all these measures have been tried; all have proven immensely unpopular, and all have failed to achieve desired results.

The primary problem is one of inflation, caused by persistent government

*Outside her ramshackle house, papered with campaign slogans, a woman does her laundry. Allende has wide support among the poor.*

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deficits—despite government reform measures, many Chileans avoid payment of taxes—and by excessively liberal bank-credit allowances for speculative private investment. In 1961 the cost of living in Santiago rose 7.7 percent; by December, 1963, that figure had shot up to 44.3 percent, and for the first six months of this year the rise continued at more than 20 percent. Inflation has discouraged private savings and investments. Capital has fled the country. Interest rates have increased. In 1962 Chile had a balance-of-payments surplus. Last year she had a deficit of $93 million, and her rate of economic growth fell far below the projected goal of 5.5 percent.

Agricultural production—in a country where 10 percent of the landowners control 86 percent of the arable land—has not kept pace with population growth of about 2.5 percent. Chile has the capacity to feed her population and traditionally exported foodstuffs until about 25 years ago. Yet last year she had to import $100 million worth of food. Nor has school construction—in a country where 50 percent of the population is under 21—kept up with this growth, and today there is no room for 300,000 children who need an education.

Some of these problems, but by no means all, can be blamed on incumbent president Jorge Alessandri. A tall, austere bachelor who likes art and ballet, drives his own car and drinks nothing stronger than soda water (with a cracker), Alessandri has said, "I am proud there were no social disorders in my regime, no state of siege." His administration has, in fact, been characterized by some notable achievements. He created 120,000 new housing units, pushed a voter-registration drive and initiated construction of new roads, schools and hospitals. He instituted a program of agrarian reform and—for the first time in Chilean history—punished tax evaders. He might be reelected if the constitution did not bar him from succeeding himself.

So great is Alessandri's personal popularity ("He is our father figure," one Chilean says, "like your Eisenhower") that for a while the presidential candidate of his *Frente Democrático*, a lawyer named Julio Durán, was given an outside chance to win. But then in March the picture suddenly changed.

A deputy died in the farming province of Curicó, south of Santiago. A special election was called to fill his post. Allende's FRAP forces nominated as their candidate the deceased deputy's son, an immensely popular doctor named Oscar Naranjo, who probably could have won on any ticket. Yet because Curicó had always been a stronghold of the *Frente Democrático*, Durán unwisely termed the contest a "national plebiscite."

The result was disastrous. Naranjo coasted to an easy victory. Publicly humiliated, Durán resigned from the presidential race. Allende's supporters crowed, "Curicó is a manifestation of the popular will. It is an indication of our victory in September."

With Durán out of the race, President Alessandri's *Frente Democrático* disintegrated. A faction of Durán's Radical Party, which is Chile's second largest, bolted to declare support for Allende. But the Liberals and the Conservatives—

*Supporters of Eduardo Frei, Allende's Christian Democratic opponent, demonstrate for their candidate at rally in Quillota.*

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## "There must be a change, or eventually Latin America will go to Marxism."

### Will Chile go Communist?

mainstays of the Alessandri coalition—swung over to the side of Christian Democratic candidate Eduardo Frei, who had trailed far behind Allende in the 1958 elections, yet who now emerged as the only man with a chance to beat him.

A tall, gaunt man of 53 with a hawklike nose, Frei is a senator, a lawyer and widely traveled intellectual who looks rather like French President Charles de Gaulle. His critics have often called him *testarudo*—haughty—but they have mistaken his intellectual honesty (he refuses to make political deals) for arrogance. "My only compromise," Frei says, "is with the people of Chile."

In the glossary of U.S. politics Frei would be called a leftist. He has said that capitalism "dehumanizes the economy," and, at a rally in the port city of Valparaíso last month, he shouted, "What is democracy if my son can't go to school, or if he is hungry, or if I can find no place to work?" Yet he has also been severely critical of Communism, tells audiences that Marxists "have not had any new ideas in fifty years." What Frei represents is the fastest-growing and perhaps the most important political movement in Latin America today.

Basing its doctrines on the humanistic tenets of the Roman Catholic Church—particularly the papal encyclicals *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*—his Christian Democratic Party nonetheless spurns official links with the church. "We are not a confessional party," Frei says. Sen. Radomiro Tomic, a Frei associate whose oratorical powers have earned him the nickname "Golden Voice," explains, "There is nothing more obnoxious than the mixing of church and politics."

The bond that unites party members, then, is not religion, but rather a firm conviction that Communism's challenge can best be met and defeated on the battleground of the left. Frei and his supporters call for sweeping social and economic changes to deal forcefully with Chile's domestic problems. But they insist these changes can only be realized in the framework of democracy. "If the U.S. wants to preserve democracy in Latin America," Frei said recently, while riding to a political rally in his green Austin sedan, "it must put its confidence not in the high, but in the popular, class. There must be a change, or eventually these countries will go to Marxism."

Twenty-five years ago the Christian Democratic Party was the smallest in Chile. As recently as 1953 it received only 2.9 percent of the vote. Yet in last year's municipal elections it led all other parties with 23 percent of the ballots cast. It has scored spectacular gains in labor-union elections, and at seven major universities, traditional training ground for Latin politicians, it has wrested political control away from the Communists. Senator Tomic sums up their credo: "Blend Christianity and a willingness to work for the poor, and you have a blend the people understand."

The "Curicó disaster," as the March election defeat became known, dramatized the new trend. The political right had disappeared as a potent force. Chile was going to the left. The only questions that remained to be settled were with whom and how far.

In his drive to defeat Allende, Frei has three significant assets. The first of these is the support of the Roman Catholic church. In recent years the church in predominantly Catholic Chile has stayed out of politics, and it might have remained neutral in this election. But on June 23 a Communist senator named Jaime Barros made a particularly vicious speech in which he attacked the "immense fortune" of the church, and likened priests to "vultures."

It hardly mattered that Senator Barros recanted the following day. The church could now counterattack. It could not support Frei openly; the roots of anticlericism in Chile—where many people think of the church as the traditional ally of exploitative oligarchs— are too strong for that. But it could criticize his opponent. From pulpits all over Chile came the message: Catholics could not in good conscience vote for a Marxist.

A second factor helping Frei is a general uneasiness about Communism. Chileans know about the firing squads that brought so many Cubans to the "*paredón*," the execution wall. They have heard, too, about the pro-Castro terrorists who created violent disorder in Venezuela last year. Even more significantly, they have heard that living conditions in Cuba leave much to be desired, that housewives in Havana receive only one egg every 15 days.

Frei's propaganda is effective in exploiting this uneasiness. Plastered all over Santiago are red-and-black posters showing a Russian commissar standing over a terrified Chilean peasant. The caption reads, WHO DO YOU WANT KNOCKING AT YOUR DOOR THIS CHRISTMAS?

*On the campaign trail, Allende reminds voters that ballots will list his name first.*

### All stomachs are equal

But perhaps the most important of Frei's assets is his soft-spoken ability to convince Chileans that he has a positive, workable program. He promises that he will create 50,000 new jobs, 100,000 new landowners and 360,000 new homes in the next six years. He says he will initiate a more equitable system of taxation, stabilize the economy and end inflation. Such promises have great appeal. In the Santiago slum of Santa Adriana, a woman named Margareta Hernández—who has eight children—spoke vividly of that appeal. "I will vote for Frei," she said, "because he has promised to realize that we have equal stomachs."

Some of Frei's statements and promises arouse concern among Americans in Chile. He has, for example, criticized the Alliance for Progress as "inoperative" in his country. And while he is opposed to nationalization of the American-owned copper mines, he nevertheless favors "Chileanizing" them. He would insist that the companies refine all their copper in Chile (much of it is now refined abroad) and that his government maintain control over international sales. Yet businessmen feel they could live with Frei; they are convinced they would perish under Allende.

As the struggle entered its final month, both major candidates headed for the provinces in a final, whirlwind appeal for votes. "In this government of the workers," cried Allende in La Serena, "we are going to work more, study more, sacrifice more. We are going to eat more and drink less. The drama of women in Chile is that men drink too much, and women suffer the consequences." Over and over again he scoffed at Frei's program of agrarian reform. "It is the same thing as asking a fox to take care of a chicken, or a mouse to take care of cheese."

Frei seldom responded to Allende's attacks directly. He said he had time enough only to advance his own program. "Don't vote for me because you are afraid of Communism," he shouted. "Vote for me because I have a constructive program." At a rally in Valparaíso he even borrowed a page from President John F. Kennedy. "Ask not what your country can do for you," he told a cheering crowd of 3,000 women, "ask only what you can do for your country."

Political experts in the capital view the contest as "*una carrera de caballos*"—a horse race. The addition of Liberal and Conservative support gave Frei a tremendous boost in campaign funds and manpower. Almost overnight an unofficial group called *Frei a la Fuerza* (FALF) sprang up. It was composed of voters who—while at best lukewarm to Frei as a candidate—felt that they had nowhere else to turn.

There was another choice, but not a very realistic one. In an attempt to preserve his party and to divert support from Allende, Radical candidate Julio Durán overcame his humiliation a month after the "Curicó disaster" and re-entered the race. But he cannot possibly win; his only chance of influencing the outcome of the election lies in a constitutional "technicality." The law provides that if no presidential candidate receives an absolute majority, Congress must choose between the two top candidates. Congress has always endorsed the voters' first choice, however, and few Chileans doubt that Congress will select Allende if he receives more votes than Frei.

While moderates worried about the enthusiastic reception that Allende received as he toured the countryside, his campaign may well have "peaked." The general uneasiness about Communism has swung many previously undecided voters over to Frei. It appears that Allende has not been able to make the gains he needed among the female electorate. "The women of Chile," says one observer, "saved our country once—in 1958. They will do so again." It also appears that Allende has failed to sway a majority of the country's 466,000 new voters. Currently most responsible polls give Frei a slight edge.

Yet the margin is hardly enough to comfort his supporters. "Just think of it," exclaims a Santiago secretary, shaking her head in disbelief. "Only a few more days and our whole democracy hangs in the balance. Can you imagine this happening here? In Chile?" THE END

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*Backed by his own giant portrait, Frei appeals for voters' support. His program is far less extreme than Allende's, but advocates extensive reforms.*

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# EDITORIALS

## R.F.K.'S UNFINISHED JOB

We believe that a vital question of political morality was overlooked in the emotional debate over whether or not Bobby Kennedy should seek the Democratic senatorial nomination in New York. A torrent of words was spent on the ethics of such an adventure by a resident of Virginia who votes in Massachusetts. Very little was said about the Attorney General's willingness to quit the important job he already had without finishing it.

We can sympathize with the aspirations of the leader of the nation's most famous family for an electoral power base of his own, but we wish he would not place his personal political survival ahead of duty to the nation.

As Attorney General he undertook with characteristic Kennedy vigor the twin tasks of enforcing federal civil-rights laws and combating organized crime. His performance in both of these challenging areas deserves high marks, but he is hardly ready for graduation. Congress has just passed the most important civil-rights act in its history, but the new legislation needs diligent enforcement by the Justice Department before it will be worth anything. Kennedy, with his proven administrative talents, would be far better employed in putting teeth into the new law than in listening to lawmakers' oratory from the back row of the U.S. Senate. Similarly, a man who had the persistence to get a conviction of Jimmy Hoffa—and direct the FBI for the first time in its history to keep every known Mafia leader under continuous surveillance—would serve the country better as Attorney General than as a freshman senator. Despite Kennedy's efforts, organized crime is a big business getting bigger fast and exerts a nefarious influence on American politics, as *The Post* has reported in its comprehensive series on crime in America.

Not long ago, Kennedy was quoted as saying he was "tired of chasing people," the implication being that he would soon go on to something else. It is hardly the mark of a mature man to quit a job just because he tires of it, especially when the job is far from finished and so important to the nation Kennedy professes to want to serve.

## CAN WE ABOLISH POVERTY?

"Go to the poor if you're in trouble," Ma Joad said in *The Grapes of Wrath*. "They're the only ones who will help you, the only ones." That may have been true in the terrible first years of the depression, when it was still literally possible for an American to starve. It is no longer true. Though Barry Goldwater says that nobody in this country owes anybody else an "average" living, the fact is that the American consensus has long since guaranteed a minimum living to everybody, whether he works or not. In a sense, that has made poverty more terrible, since, knowing that no one will starve, we can turn our backs upon it.

Because of this, it is heartening news that Congress, in a social experiment unique in human history, has just authorized $947.5 million to begin finding out whether poverty can be eradicated from America. Its target is the 9.5 million families whose income is less than $3,000 a year—35 million people of whom 11 million are children.

Only a beginning is being attempted. While a single massive handout of about $12 billion—the amount of the recent tax cut—could raise the whole 9.5 million above the "poverty line," the root causes of their misery would not be removed at all. Those causes are bad housing, inferior education, unemployment because of lack of skills. Above all, the roots lie in the self-perpetuating "culture of poverty"—of ignorance, apathy, resignation, defeat and despair—by which one generation of the poor infects the next, until, among thousands of families now on relief rolls across the land, poverty has been perpetuated into the third and fourth generations. Some people are born on relief, marry on relief, breed on relief, and when they die are mourned by grandchildren on relief. The heart of the problem is not so much to raise the incomes of all, but to break this fatal chain by helping one generation break free of the cycle and enter the sunlight of normal society.

This is the wise goal of those who are now setting up the President's anti-poverty campaign. They plan to enroll about 40,000 young men and women this year in job-corps camps and 200,000 by next year, and establish 200 camps all over the country. They are seeking some 5,000 volunteers to lead the program—the same sort of dedicated, unselfish Americans who have made the Peace Corps as successful as it is popular—to help give these youngsters the education (many are dropouts) and job skills that will enable them to move on into work-training programs. The program will stand or fall on the amount of public support and enthusiasm it can engender. It needs help in finding and recruiting those who most *need* the help it is intended to offer. Anyone who wants to enter the program, either as volunteer or trainee, can get full information by writing to the Bureau of Economic Opportunity, Washington, D.C.

Poet Robert Frost used to infuriate his do-gooder friends by saying, "I agree with the Bible where it says, 'For Christ's sake, forget the poor some of the time.'" When they challenged him as to where such an injunction appeared, he would sweetly reply: "Don't you remember where Jesus says, 'For ye have the poor always with you'?"

Now, for the first time in man's long struggle, America is testing the validity of this age-old proposition that poverty is ineradicable. If even a beginning can be made at disproving it, that will mark a truly revolutionary new phase in what has already been the greatest peaceful revolution in history—one which has created the world's first truly abundant society. What the Peace Corps proved, despite the scoffers who, like Eisenhower, called it "naïve," was the tremendous reservoir of practical idealism in thousands of Americans who were eager for some selfless and valid cause to call forth their energy and devotion. Now, in the task of abolishing poverty, they have a greater one.

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